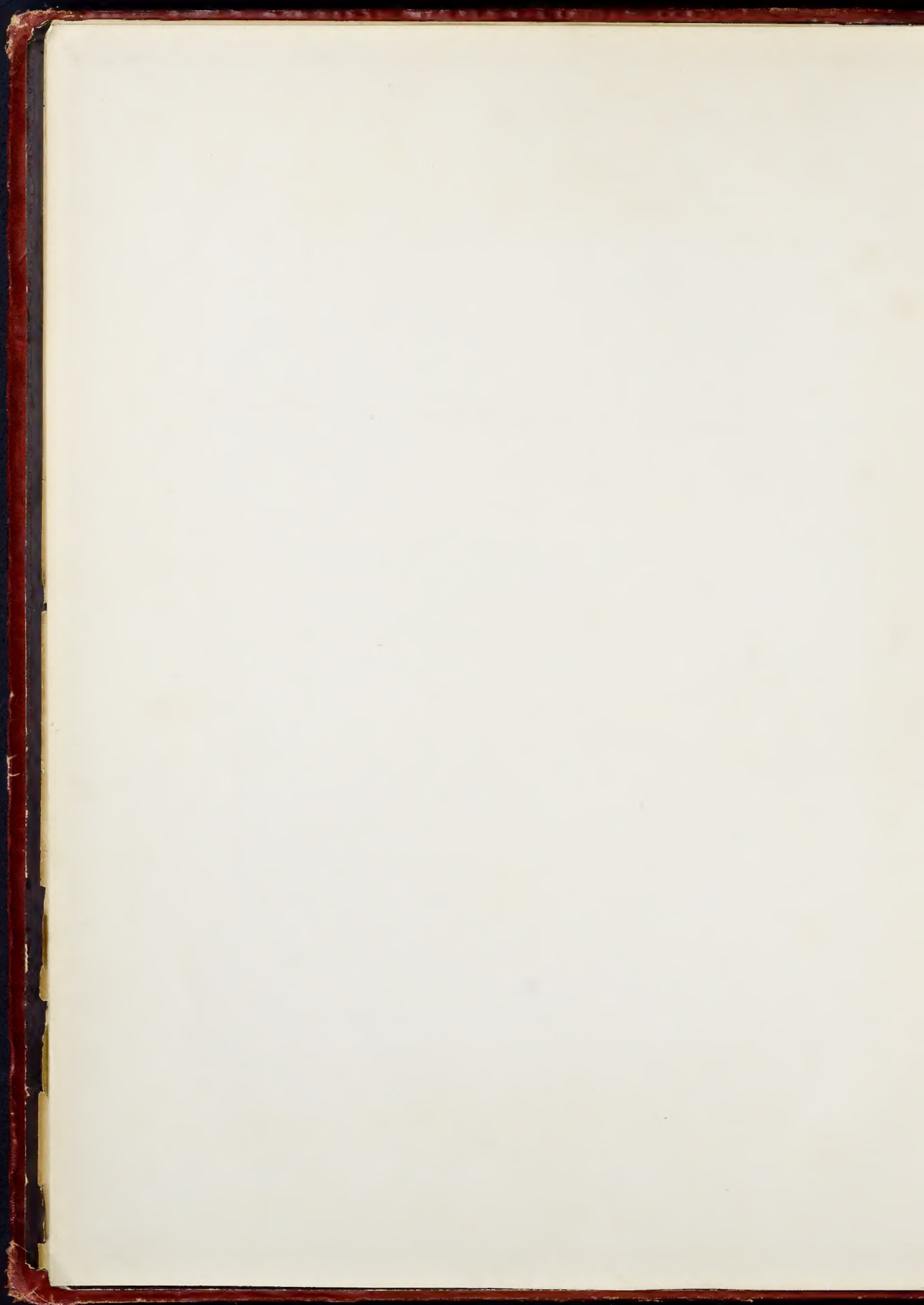




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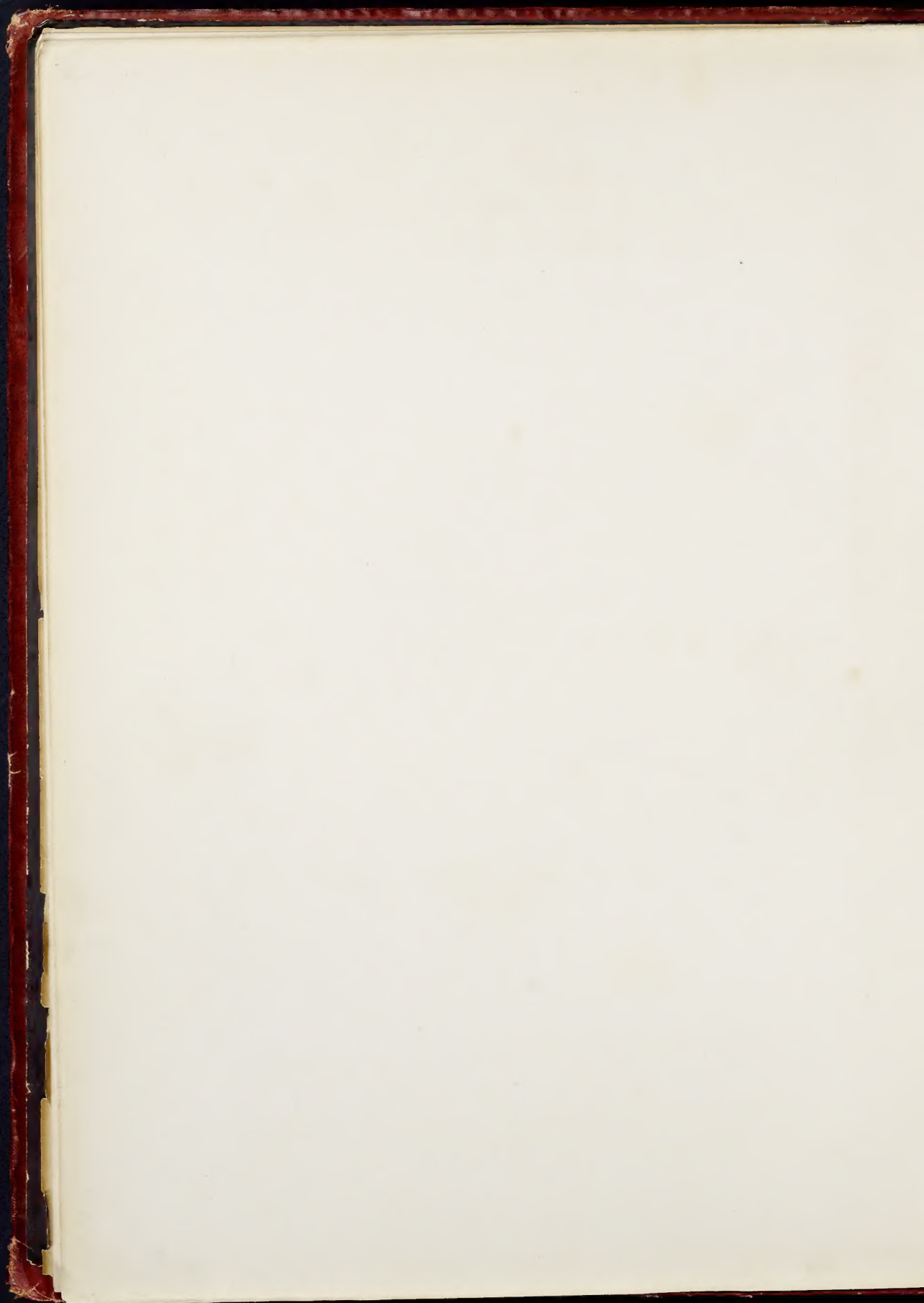




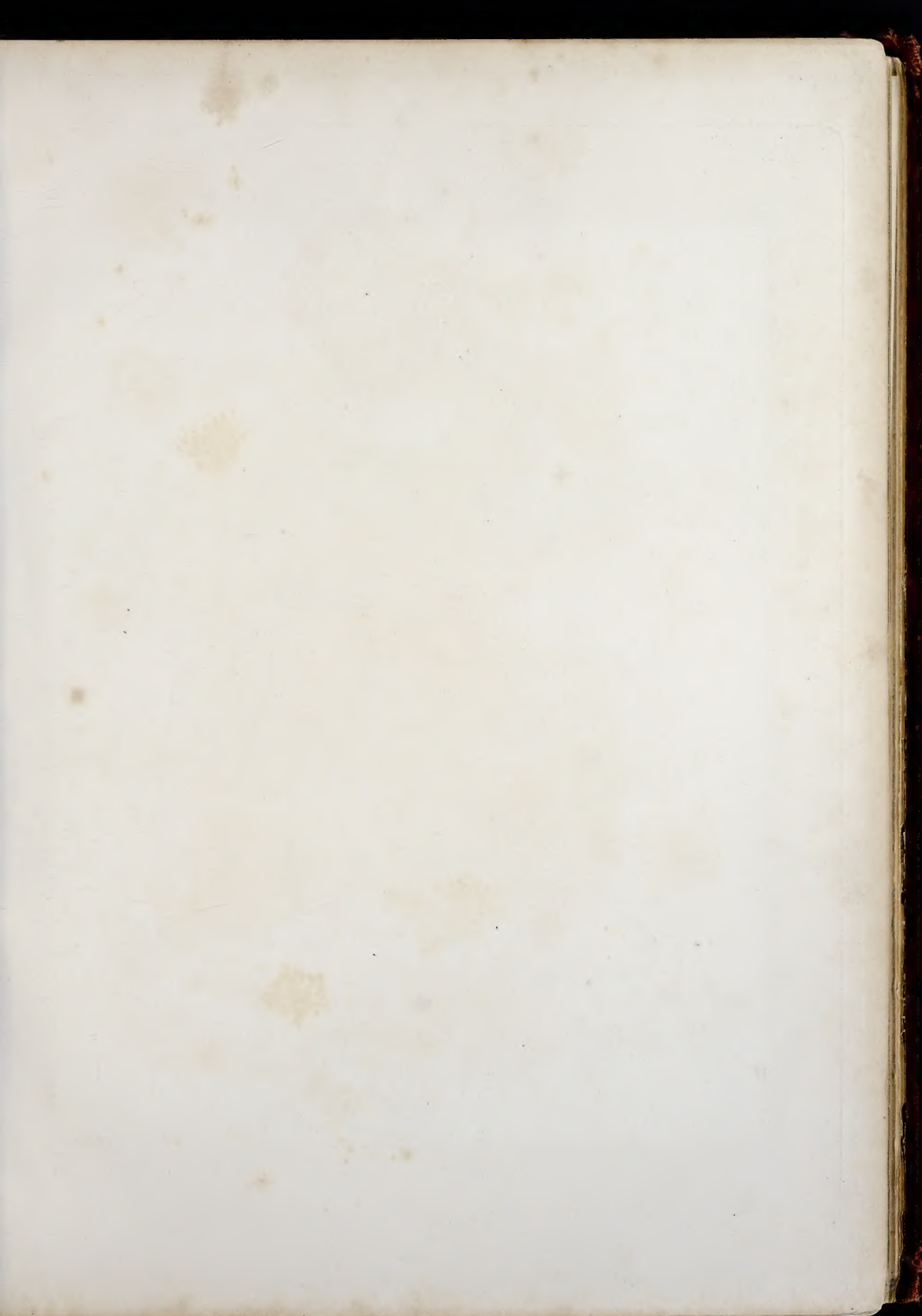


THE LIFE OF DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.











Yours truly  
David Roberts



THE LIFE  
OF  
DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

*COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND OTHER SOURCES*

BY  
JAMES BALLANTINE

WITH ETCHINGS  
AND FACSIMILES OF PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES BY THE ARTIST

EDINBURGH  
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, NORTH BRIDGE

MDCCCLXVI

No 67.

PHILIP CLARK 1757.



TO

CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.,

WHO, FROM YOUTH TO AGE, WAS EVER

THE AFFECTIONATE, APPRECIATING, AND VALUED FRIEND OF

DAVID ROBERTS,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY HIS FRIEND

JAMES BALLANTINE





## PREFATORY NOTE.

IN an invaluable manuscript volume left by Mr. Roberts, which contains pen-and-ink sketches of almost all his pictures, he says :—

‘ I have jotted down from time to time the chief incidents connected with my career as an artist, thinking it might be interesting to my dear daughter Christine, and instructive to her children, to know something of the difficulties I have had to encounter and overcome. Should she and her husband, Henry Bicknell, in whose judgment I have the most implicit confidence, think that these jottings may be in any way useful to young artists who may be similarly situated with me, they are welcome to publish such portions as may seem best adapted to serve such a purpose.’

These ‘ jottings,’ together with many other memoranda, journals, and letters, having been put into my hands, and feeling sure that they will be instructive and interesting to all who can appreciate sterling worth and genius, I have throughout, as far as possible, given the story of his life in the words of the artist, convinced that its simplicity and power would have been marred by any attempt at interpolation or digression.

I have gratefully to acknowledge the loan of many important letters addressed by Roberts to his early and much-attached friend D. R. Hay, who, by a singular coincidence, died while these sheets were passing through the press. I am also indebted to Messrs. Dawson, Macniven, Nasmyth, and Hunter for similar contributions; and to E. W. Cooke, R.A., for the drawing of the house in which Roberts was born.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

DAVID ROBERTS was elected—

Honorary Member of the Royal Scottish Academy (founded 1826), February 27, 1829.

Associate of the Royal Academy of Arts, London, November 5, 1838.

Member of the Royal Academy of Arts, London, September 26, 1841.

Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Antwerp, September 6, 1853.

Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam, February 14, 1855.

Honorary Member of the Society of Belgian Artists, Brussels, July 1, 1862.

Honorary Member of the Academy of Philadelphia, U.S., March 9, 1863.

One of the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

He received the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh, September 21, 1858.



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*These facsimiles are printed from blocks produced by Mr. Ramage of Edinburgh, through a photographic process discovered by him, and are more perfect counterparts of the originals than could have been procured by any other method.*



HOUSE AT STOCKBRIDGE, EDINBURGH, WHERE DAVID ROBERTS WAS BORN 24TH OCT. 1796

## CHAPTER I.

**M**Y parents moved in a very humble sphere of life, but by unwearied industry and frugality maintained and educated their family. My father, who was the second son of a small farmer near Forfar, and by trade a shoemaker, married and settled in the village of Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, where I was born, the first of five children, on the 24th October 1796. Three of these children, a sister and two brothers, died when very young, and within a short time of each other, and the heavy expenses attending their illness and death caused my dear father to work with a heavy heart almost unceasingly day and night. My mother also was very industrious; and although we were very poor, my beloved parents never asked or received eleemosynary assistance.

The villagers were almost all equally poor. There were three or four shops kept by old women, and the men generally were engaged

in out-door occupations, such as masons, carpenters, quarrymen, and carters—a somewhat primitive, and, as my poor mother used to say, ‘a godless race.’ My parents, on the contrary, were strictly religious, and on the Sabbath-days our family turned out regularly to church, tidily and well dressed. My schooling cost but little, some threepence or fourpence a-week being paid to an old dame in the village, more to keep me out of the way of being run over by carts or drowned in the Water of Leith, than for anything she could or would teach me. At eight years of age I was sent to a school in Edinburgh, where, like other boys at that period, I was very cruelly treated, often getting the skin flayed off my legs and fingers. This gave me a dislike to the school, and on expressing my determination to leave, it was resolved that I should be apprenticed to a trade. Long previous to this, however, I had acquired an intense love of pictures, although those which came in my way were of the humblest description, consisting of half-penny picture-books, such as ‘The Life and Death of Cock Robin,’ ‘Little Red Riding Hood,’ and similar productions. Panoramas and collections of wild beasts were frequently exhibited on the Earthen Mound, the site of the Royal Scottish Academy’s Exhibition; and the outsides of the wooden structures and caravans were generally decorated with representations of their contents, painted on cloth. These were sources of great attraction to me, and I was wont, on going home, to attempt to give my mother an idea of what they were by scratches on the whitewashed kitchen-wall, made with the end of a burned stick and a bit of keel,\* which representations she obliterated by whitewash whenever her curiosity had been satisfied.†

My aptitude for copying whatever attracted my attention increased, and I began to imitate such pictures or engravings as I could

\* A kind of red chalk.

† In connection with this description, and as an illustration of its graphic fidelity, I give the following anecdote, related to me by an octogenarian still alive:—

This gentleman employed Roberts’ father to make and mend his shoes, and on calling one day he found the side of the wall covered with representations of lions, tigers, etc., done with red keel and charcoal on the wall, so boldly and truly delineated, that his attention and admiration were both excited, and he inquired of Mrs. Roberts who was the artist. ‘Hoot!’ said the honest woman, ‘it’s our laddie Davie; he’s



procure. A lady, whom I recollect with profound respect and gratitude, took a deep interest in me, and gave me drawings to copy, after which she showed my productions to Grahame, then the Master of the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, with a view to my becoming an artist-pupil there. Grahame, however, took the correct view of the case, and gave judicious advice, saying, that as the parents of the boy were poor, he had best be apprenticed to a house-painter, where he might still practise drawing, and learn an art by which he could earn his living. 'When his apprenticeship is completed,' Mr. Grahame added, 'he can attend the Academy, and if his love of art and his acquirements warrant him, he can then endeavour to support himself as an artist.' This advice was followed, and I was apprenticed for seven years to Mr. Gavin Beugo. At first my apprentice-master was very kind to me, allowing me occasionally a little time to practise drawing; but he was passionate, fitful, and tyrannical, and as he kept more apprentices than men, the newest comer was always the favourite; and when a younger apprentice came to the shop I lost his favour, and any opportunity I had previously enjoyed of improving myself in my favourite pursuit. My remuneration was two shillings weekly during the first year, with a rise of sixpence weekly every succeeding year. During the first year I had to go to my master's house for the key of the shop every morning at five o'clock. I often knocked loud and long before I could rouse him, and had to take care and keep behind the outer railing when he opened his bed-room window, from whence he threw the large key in my direction, as if he meant to hit me, making it whistle over my head. His house was distant about a mile from the shop, which, during

been up at the Mound seeing a wild beast show, and he's caulked them there to let me see them.' 'And what are you going to do with the boy?' inquired my friend. 'I fancy,' said Mrs. Roberts, 'he'll just need to sit down on the stool aside his father there, and learn to mak and mend shoon.' 'That will never do,' said my friend, 'Nature has made him an artist; he must be a painter.' I may here add, that the result of this and similar efforts on the part of the boy was, that he was apprenticed to Beugo, a celebrated ornamental house-painter, and it is a curious coincidence, and evinces the kindness of the artist to his early friends, that in the last years of his life the daughter of his apprentice-master, and the person who communicated this story, were both partakers of his bounty.—J. B.

eight months in the year, I was obliged to have open before six o'clock. The smell of this dungeon, after being shut all night, was very nauseous, and often made me ill; but here I had to grind colours all day long till eight at night, excepting an hour each for breakfast and dinner, during which I had to run to and from my father's house, which was above a mile distant. In the winter months, however, the hours were from nine till four, so that I could devote my evenings to drawing and reading. So closely did I apply myself, that I felt quite unhappy in the morning if I could not see something I had done on the previous evening. As my poor father worked at night, he kept a well-trimmed lamp, which served us both, and a chest which stood close by was used by me for a drawing-desk. Here was I to be found at work night after night, and my father's customers, when they came in, were wont to examine my drawings and exclaim, 'Hoo has the callant learnt it?' I cannot say that my father ever encouraged me much, but my mother did, and was very proud of her 'Davie.'\*

My reading was very desultory, and consisted of such books as could be had at a small village library, and were paid for by the penny which my father allowed me to buy a roll with at midday. Arnot's 'History of Edinburgh' and Scott's 'Border Ballads' inspired me with a love of antiquities, and the 'Life and Adventures of Captain Boyle,' 'Blackbeard the Pirate,' 'Gil Blas,' and 'Don Quixote,' with a love of adventure and a desire to visit foreign countries. Among other books I had read one on fortune-telling and the indication of moles; and as I had a mole on my leg, the book said it indicated that I was destined to be a great traveller. This pleased me much, and after the wandering life I have led I have sometimes thought that mole might have had

\* The following anecdote, told me by an old lady still alive whose parents resided in the same tenement, or, in Scotch parlance, were 'next-door neighbours wi' the Robertses,' may be introduced here:—One day when Mrs. Roberts was 'redding up' the house, her 'next-door neighbour' called, and, as the old lady was very proud of her artistic son's productions, she opened the rude portfolio in which his drawings were kept, to show some of them to her neighbour, when, to her amazement, a one-pound note appeared. She felt alarmed lest such a sum of money should have come into her son's possession in any improper way; but, without mentioning the circumstance to her husband, she followed the advice of her neighbour, and resolved to

something to do with it. It is sometimes difficult to ascertain whence the young mind derives the impressions that guide it through life.

Years passed on, and though severely treated by my master, I got little sympathy at home. Sometimes, after having told how I had been kicked and cuffed, the only response I got to my complaint was, 'Respect and obey your master.' This would have rendered my situation unbearable, had it not been that several of my fellow-apprentices were fond of drawing, and as some of them were my seniors, I derived considerable benefit from seeing their productions. By far the best artist among them was my late friend William Kidd, who afterwards painted many excellent pictures, embodying the humour and pathos of Scottish life in a most delightful manner. He had for some time previously been with Howe, a celebrated animal painter of the day, and was of course looked up to by us as an authority in art. Another of my neighbour apprentices was named William Mitchell, and he had a half-brother called John Dick, who used to paint such subjects as Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Lochleven Castle, but was chiefly employed repairing and copying pictures for a dealer called Anderson, then considered the Woodburn of Edinburgh. Mitchell occasionally ground Dick's colours and set his palette, which invested him in our eyes with great dignity; and he used at the breakfast-hour to gather round him half-a-dozen of us, and excite our admiration and astonishment by taking out of his pocket and exhibiting little pictures in oil which he had painted over night. Mitchell was considerably my senior, and I looked up to him with grateful admiration. His mother, a widow, occupied a low flat in Picardy Place, and in her house we drew and painted together, he directing my progress, and giving me the benefit of his experience. He had a brother a picture-frame maker, who agreed to make a frame for my first picture for 2s. 6d., to be paid in instalments of 6d. weekly. I remember, as vividly as if it had occurred yesterday, the supreme happiness at the callant when he cam hame hoo and whan he had gotten the siller.' Davie, on being asked, burst out into a loud guffaw, and told his mother that, on the previous evening, Beugo had given him a one-pound note to pay to a merchant whose shop was shut, and that, as the figures on it had excited his admiration, and he had to keep it all night, he had made a copy, which he was proud had been so like as to deceive his mother.—J. B.



piness I experienced in seeing that picture framed. To have painted it was a great achievement, but to have it actually placed in a gilt frame was a glory of which I had scarcely dared to dream.

Mitchell's mother afterwards removed to an old-fashioned house in Mary King's Close, immediately under the Royal Exchange buildings. The entrance was by a flight of steps leading from the close, and the house was dark, but the apartments large and commodious. The only light was from windows that faced the north, and looked out into a back-green. The rooms at the back of the house were beneath the Exchange Court, and were quite dark during the day. One of these rooms at night, however, under the joint direction of Mitchell and Kidd, was converted into a Life Academy, and became most attractive to a host of their young artistic aspiring friends. The first model we had was a donkey, which being kept in this dark cell at night alarmed and annoyed the neighbours by its braying; but as certain houses in the neighbourhood were said to have been haunted, the unearthly sounds which issued from this subterranean den were but what might have been expected in a locality associated with such gloomy superstitions. I remember well the dread with which I descended the staircase, totally dark even at mid-day, leading to this mysterious close. A number of huge heavy doors there were said to have been shut ever since the great plague. They were choked up with rubbish, covered with cobwebs, and rusty iron bolts were drawn across them, fastened with large antique padlocks. It was generally believed that any one daring enough to peep through some of the keyholes might have seen numberless uncoffined and unburied skeletons. In spite of all these horrors, even in the darkest and wildest winter nights we enthusiastic students made our way to our self-instituted Life Academy, where, in addition to the donkey, we alternately stood as models, and derived much benefit therefrom, instructing and encouraging each other. The progress we made was so great, that we ventured on opening an exhibition of our pictures. Kidd and Mitchell took the lead, and I produced a large picture of the Battle of Trafalgar. For this I was dubbed by my chums 'The Young Vanderveldt,' and my neighbour artists were compared to artists equally famous in their respective departments of art.

These exhibitions were repeated during three or four successive years, the number and quality of our contributors and contributions yearly increasing.

At length, having completed my seven years' apprenticeship, I left my old master without regret, and, to the grief of my parents, went to Perth, where I was engaged as foreman by Mr. Conway, a house-decorator, who had come from London to paint Scoon Palace. This was in the summer of 1815, and I remained there till the spring of the following year, when I returned to Edinburgh.

At this time, in addition to the Theatre Royal, there was a Circus opened in North College Street. The entertainments here were originally confined to feats of equestrianism, gymnastics, and the usual *ring* performances, and the establishment was conducted in a highly respectable manner by a very gentlemanly person of the name of Bannister. He had during several winters been very successful in his visits to Edinburgh, and had now resolved to add to the attractions of his house a *stage* and a company of pantomimists. Of course scenery was required, and as I was at that time unemployed, a friend who had confidence in my artistic powers proposed to me that I should attempt to paint the scenes. I thought that it would be presumptuous on my part to make such an attempt, but my friend insisted on my meeting Mr. Bannister and showing him my drawings. I shall never forget the tremor I felt, or the faintness that came over me, when I ascended to the second floor of a house, No. 5 Nicholson Street, and after much hesitation at length mustered courage to pull the door-bell. I was very kindly received by Mr. Bannister; my drawings were approved, and I was engaged to paint a set of wings for a palace. Canvas was bought, and laid down on the dining-room floor; and after having ground the colours I completed the painting.

This was the commencement of my career as a scene-painter—at that time the highest object of my ambition; for my knowledge of art was chiefly derived from the scenery of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, as seen from the shilling gallery. I knew little of the ancient and still less of the modern masters. The scenery of Aladdin and the Forty Thieves had irresistible charms for me. Bagdad, with its countless minarets,

was quite familiar to me, and scarcely a night passed on my return from the theatre without my having made sketches of what I had seen. When I got the palace-wings finished my employer was very much pleased with my work, and treated me with great kindness. At the close of the circus for the season, I was engaged as a regular member of the company, to go with them to England, at a salary of 25s. a-week, my travelling expenses to be paid by the manager. The following is a copy of the terms of my engagement:—

‘*Edinburgh, 10th April 1816.*

‘I hereby agree to give David Roberts the sum of one pound five shillings sterling per week for the space of twelve months from the above date; for the which sum he, David Roberts, does oblige himself to paint all scenery, etc., that may be required for J. Bannister’s Circus, and also to make himself useful therein; his travelling conveyance to be found him.

‘JAS. BANNISTER.

‘DAVID ROBERTS.’

I entered upon this agreement much against the wishes of my dear parents, but it was an opening for which I had long wished. To travel in company with strolling players and equestrian performers might not be very respectable, but it gave me an opportunity of seeing England, and of painting pictures on a large scale. The same month I left Edinburgh along with a part of the company—viz. the members of the band and their wives—in a caravan, for Carlisle, and the treatment we met with on the road soon opened my eyes to the low place we held in public estimation. On our arrival at the village of Middleton, about fourteen miles from Edinburgh, we were refused upputting; but as the night was wet, and we were very weary, the landlady consented to allow us to sit by the fire. After some conversation, during which she learned my history, she expressed a deep interest in me, and said she was astonished to find me in such company. She urged me most strenuously to return to my poor old mother, and afterwards provided me with a good supper and bed. The following morning she got quit of the ‘*vagabonds*,’ as she termed my companions; and partly in accordance with her injunctions, and partly from the disgust with which



I had witnessed the conduct of my fellow-travellers, I started at day-break by myself, and reached Hawick in the evening.

At Carlisle I painted my first series of scenes in the Town-Hall, which had been hired for the occasion. This hall was where the unfortunate followers of Prince Charles had been tried and condemned; close by was the castle where they suffered; and this kept me in a continual state of excitement. The scenes I painted here were chiefly after the sketches I had made, and the recollections I had of those in the Edinburgh theatre, and I am afraid they must have been very indifferent. They were painted during the six weeks we were at Carlisle to enable Mr. Bannister to open the circus in Newcastle with a *stage* as well as a *ring* company. About midsummer he opened a new building called the Forth with a comic pantomime; and here, in accordance with my agreement to make myself generally useful, I first appeared as an actor. My part was a barber, who was to have shaved, but is shaved by, the clown. I liked the fun, and, on the whole, I believe gave general satisfaction, rather overdoing than underdoing that and other similar parts with which I was entrusted.

At this time the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, was under the management of Macready, father to the eminent tragedian of that name, and he in courtesy allowed all the members of the 'Forth' company free entry to his theatre. The scenery was painted by Dixon, many years scene-painter at Drury Lane, who was, with the exception of old Phillips of Covent Garden, unquestionably the best painter in England of architectural scenery. I visited the theatre often, and studied Dixon's works with great care. The drop-scene was a copy of the celebrated one in Covent Garden called the Shakspeare Gallery, and represented a hall leading to a domed chamber by a flight of steps, on which stood the great dramatist, surrounded by the muses, and supported by leading dramatic authors. The original scene at Covent Garden was designed by Smirke, and a great portion of it painted by Dixon. Many years afterwards, when I belonged to that establishment, that scene—certainly one of the most chaste and elegant in design and execution that ever was produced—was brought to me to paint out; this I refused to do.

I made a literal copy of the Newcastle drop, which was afterwards

produced at Hull when we went there. Indeed, it was only by literally copying what I saw in Dixon's scenes that I could produce what was required; for at that time I was entirely ignorant of perspective, and did not know what was meant by the point of vision.

While we remained in Newcastle a new piece was produced every week, the scenery for which kept me continually employed. We then went to Hull, to which I sailed in a collier along with a poor player who had been discharged, and who had a wife and child to provide for. I paid their passage-money, gave up my berth to the mother and child, stood godfather to the baby, which was only three days old, and interceded successfully with the manager, who again gave the poor fellow employment. We were now pretty well provided with scenery, and I had many opportunities of visiting the surrounding country, which, although not what a painter would call picturesque, is rich and luxuriant. The clean, cheerful villages, with which that portion of England is so thickly studded, pleased me much, and I was charmed with Beverley Minster; the rich and florid style of its architecture excited my admiration, and it remains still as fresh in my memory as when I first saw it.

We remained some months in Hull, and left for York in the latter end of autumn. The Theatre Royal in York was closed, but I contrived to get access and to see some of the scenes. The act-drop was a composition of ruins, and charmed me. The artist, whose name I think was Wallace, excelled in aerial perspective, and blent his objects together without showing the hard and accurate lines of Dixon; and in many pictures I have painted since may be traced the effects of the lesson I learned from this scene in the York Theatre. The magnificent Minster overpowered me, and besides making a general view of the building, I drew in detail canopies, crocketing, mouldings, and tracery. During the winter days I have been amid snow for hours, sketching without feeling cold; and there are few of my early studies I look back to with so much pleasure as those of York Minster.

In January 1817 we left York and returned to Edinburgh, where our company was to open its campaign; and our manager, Mr. Bannister, entered into partnership with an Italian musician named Corri, pro-

prietor of a music hall called Corri's Rooms, on the site of the present Theatre Royal. A stage was erected, a ring made for equestrianism, and the house was opened under the name of the Pantheon. The speculation turned out a failure, the house was closed in May, and my career of scene-painting terminated for a time. Bannister went with his company and horses to Portugal—was unsuccessful—and died a ruined man. Corri struggled on a little longer, and, I fear, ultimately shared the same fate.

Being thrown out of employment, I was obliged reluctantly to return to work at house-painting, and I entered into an engagement with a Mr. Irvine in Perth as foreman and principal workman. I was chiefly employed at Abercairny, a large mansion newly erected from the designs of Mr. Gillespie Graham, an architect at that time extensively patronised by the leading nobility and gentry in Scotland.

While here I began to work at five in the morning, and continued, with the usual interval of an hour each for breakfast and dinner, till seven in the evening. We lived in a temporary bothy—cooking our own meals and making our own beds. I never neglected the beauties of nature, and after my long day's work made many drawings in the woods of Abercairny. I was afterwards engaged painting imitations of woods and marbles in Condie, a new mansion upon the Earn, and was very kindly treated by my employer; but at the earnest desire of my parents I returned to Edinburgh in January 1818, when I engaged with Mr. John Jackson, a well-known decorative painter, and a sincere lover and patron of art. During the spring I was employed, first at Dunbar House, the seat of Lord Lauderdale, and afterwards at Craigerook, the seat of Francis Jeffrey. My imitations of woods and marbles were much commended, and I painted the library of Jeffrey imitation of dark old oak, to match some carvings that he had purchased belonging to Stirling Castle. I never neglected to cultivate my artistic powers, and while at Dunbar made many drawings of the old castle, the church, and other objects of interest in the neighbourhood, and these had always the warm approval of my kind employer Mr. Jackson. All this time I had been fretting and worrying myself at not having an opportunity of pursuing my career as a scene-painter. The Pantheon

had been opened with a London company, who had brought with them their own artists, and of course there was no opening for me. At last, however, a gleam of sunshine shone through the darkness. The London company left, and Corri resolved to have the house newly decorated, and meeting me in the street, asked me whether I was willing to assist in the decorations, and make myself generally useful afterwards in the painting-room. This was a most unlooked-for chance, and I did not fail to take full advantage of it, for I never had any doubt of my own artistic capability. The following letter from Mr. Corri shows the terms of my engagement :—

*Edinburgh, July 25, 1818.*

‘ Sir,—I agree to engage you as a scene-painter for the ensuing season at the Edinburgh Pantheon; salary £1:5s. weekly. You are not to give your assistance at any other theatre or public place of amusement, during our season, within fifty miles of Edinburgh.’

‘ For SELF and Mr. N. CORRI,

‘ To Mr. David Roberts.

M. D. CORRI.’

The chief scene-painter was a Mr. Deerlove, an artist, and an ingenious man, who could make paper helmets, banners, etc., such as may still be seen in pantomimes. It was intended that the decorations of the theatre, previous to its opening, were to be done under the direction of this gentleman, and I was expected to assist him; but an engagement which I had with Mr. Jackson prevented me from coming to the theatre till it was opened for the winter season, when I commenced my labours in a state of great glee and excitement. Deerlove had a very limited capacity for art, which, as I was engaged as his assistant, opened the way for my advancement. There was no painting-room, and we had to paint the scenes on the stage; but as it was occupied during the greater part of the day by rehearsals, and in the evening by the usual performances, we worked under many disadvantages, and in getting up a new piece, with a series of scenes, we had to paint the principal scenes during the night. On these occasions I generally went to bed in the early part of the evening, and made my appearance fresh and ready for work in the theatre as the curtain fell. Poor Deerlove, who,



in addition to painting and rehearsing during the day, acted in almost every piece during the evening, was often so overpowered by fatigue that he was obliged to lie down and sleep, after indicating what he wished done, leaving the execution to me, although he very frequently gave the work what he called a few finishing touches—disgusting me by obliterating any artistic feeling there might have been. In painting thus by snatches, I acquired great rapidity and decision; and on one occasion, when a new scene—a street in Rome—was to be painted, I advised Mr. Deerlove, who was much exhausted, to go home to bed, and I would take care to have the scene ready in time for the rehearsal on the following morning. He took my advice. I had the stage all to myself—finished the scene—had it rolled up and put away, so that it was not seen until it was lowered during the performance in the evening, when it excited much astonishment, and the general wonderment was who could have been the artist, for everybody knew it could not have been Deerlove. I was in the front of the house; the stage-manager, Monro, one of my earliest and best friends, stood behind me. He touched me, and inquired whether I was the artist, and on being answered in the affirmative, asked me where I was going when the theatre closed, which would be in a few days. I told him I had no alternative but return to my original profession of house-painter, and that I had every reason to believe Mr. Jackson would again give me employment. Mr. Monro then said that he had been engaged as stage-manager by Mr. Mason of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, and that he would recommend me as scene painter. I, however, placed little reliance on this promise, and again worked for Mr. Jackson as a journeyman house-painter; but six weeks after the Pantheon had closed I received from Mr. Monro a letter, stating that he was authorised by Mr. Mason to engage me at 30s. a-week. This unexpected burst of good fortune was hailed by me with grateful enthusiasm, as I felt it would give me an opportunity to make my way onward as an artist.

An incident occurred at this time which I may as well mention. A week previous to my receiving this offer from Mr. Mason, I had obtained permission to study in the Trustees' Academy, of which Andrew Wilson was then the master, and during that week I had only copied two heads.

Mr. Wilson was wont to claim me for his pupil, and I always remembered one of his remarks on one of the two drawings I made in his school. I thought I drew well in outline, and was proud of doing so. 'Ah!' said Mr. Wilson, 'in nature there are no outlines.' I never forgot this remark.

I had been for some time unwell, and on my journey to Glasgow became so ill that I had difficulty in finding my way to a lodging. Here I remained for some time in a high state of fever, and without a friend. A doctor attended me, who, unlike the great majority of his brethren, had little compassion for my poverty, and complacently relieved me of my last shilling; for when I experienced joy at the hope of being able to leave my bed, and told him that my first study would be to call on him and settle his bill—'Why,' he said, 'it is only 30s., and you must pay it now.' It was all I had in the world, so I emptied my purse into his hand, and wrote to my dear mother for a little money, which was forwarded me without delay. This was the only pecuniary assistance I ever asked or received. In the meantime my friend Mouro, who had now heard of my illness, lost no time in visiting me, and brought with him Dr. McLeay, father of my friend, the eminent miniature-painter, Kenneth McLeay, R.S.A., who was the very reverse of him who had taken from me my last shilling. Thank God, I had it in my power afterwards, in London, to make this excellent man some return for his kindness.

I thus commenced my career as principal scene-painter in the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. This theatre was immense in its size and appointments, in magnitude exceeding Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The stock scenery had been painted by Alexander Nasmyth and his family, and consisted of a series of pictures, far surpassing anything of the kind I had ever seen. These included chambers, palaces, streets, landscapes, forest scenery, etc. One, I remember particularly, was the outside of a Norman castle, and another a cottage, charmingly painted, of which I have a sketch. But the act-scene, which was a view on the Clyde, looking towards the Highland mountains, with Dumbarton Castle in the middle distance, was such a combination of magnificent scenery, so wonderfully painted, that it excited universal admiration. These productions I studied incessantly, and on them my style, if I have any, was originally

formed. Talking of styles, by the way, I may here introduce a little anecdote, related to me by Stanfield, whose acquaintance and friendship I afterwards made in Edinburgh. Stanny had shown his sketch-book to the veteran Nasmyth, and told him that he wished to form a style of his own. 'My young friend,' exclaimed the experienced artist, 'there is but one style an artist should endeavour to attain, and that is the style of nature. The nearer you get to her the better.'

During my stay in Glasgow I saw all the leading London actors—Miss Stephens, Miss O'Neil, Mrs. Davidson, Clara Fisher, Kean, Macready, Farren, Dowten, etc. Sheridan Knowles then resided in Glasgow, and I painted the scenery for his play of *Virginius*, which was first brought out at this theatre. I also painted the scenery for *Rob Roy*, the well-known Mackay playing the Bailie. Mr. Murray and his sister, Mrs. Henry Siddons, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, came to play two nights, and Mr. Murray was so pleased with my scenery, that at his request Mr. Mason allowed me to go for a short time to Edinburgh, where I painted two scenes for the *Heart of Midlothian*, which met with general approval. One morning after my return from Edinburgh Mr. Mason came to me, and expressed in the warmest terms his deep obligations to me for the manner in which I had got up the scenery for so many pieces; and said, 'I am sorry that, notwithstanding all my exertions, the theatre is not paying, and it is not in my power to add to your salary; but I have been thinking of a plan by which you may be equally well rewarded:—You know Edinburgh scenery well, and what is wanted for the *Heart of Midlothian*, and suppose you were to get up a series of new scenes, we will get Mackay through to play *Dumbiedykes*, bring out the drama, and you shall have the opening night for your benefit.' This offer I at once closed with, and worked night and day to get this heavy undertaking completed. The scenes were numerous, and exceeded those at Drury Lane by a yard in height. Yet, to save expense to the management, I refused to have an assistant. The play had been very successful in Edinburgh, and painting the scenery of my native town had given me much pleasure. I expected that the opening night would yield me fortune, and the after-representations permanent fame. My astonishment may well be guessed when one morning, on my way

to the theatre, I saw the walls covered with large placards, giving a list of the entire new scenery, painted by Roberts, regardless of expense, and stating that the first representation was to be given for the benefit of the manager Mr. Mason. This was a stunner, and you might have knocked me down with a straw. This gross act of injustice and ingratitude the manager attributed to his necessities. Notwithstanding this conduct on the part of Mason, I completed my engagement with him, and went with the company to Ayr and Dumfries.\*

This year, 1820, I married; and having accepted the offer contained

\* The following extracts from a letter by W. L. Leitch, the eminent artist, show how early Roberts had acquired artistic skill, and how his productions, when a scene-painter in Glasgow, had inspired Mr. Leitch with a love for the art in which he has now become so eminent:—

Mr. Leitch, writing in 1865, after Mr. Roberts' death, says—'It is impossible to give any idea of the extraordinary effect the first productions I ever saw by Roberts had upon me, and nothing has ever weakened that effect. Whether it was chance, or fate, or providence, that made me familiar with these early works of my dear friend, it was a happy piece of good fortune. At first I was captivated by their beauty, and every succeeding year of my life has more and more convinced me that they had all the sterling qualities of true art.

'The act-scene was the first thing I saw when, in 1819, for the first time, I entered Mason's Theatre, Glasgow. I spent most of next day attempting to copy it from memory in distemper on a sheet of brown paper, and I have the most lively recollection at this moment of its leading features. My first introduction to Mr. Roberts was when I was fourteen years of age. I was an apprentice to Mr. Hubert, a house-painter, who worked for Mason, and was sent to the theatre with a small pot of colour, which I was instructed to take to the stage-door. When I got there I told the doorkeeper that the paint was for Mr. Roberts, and must be delivered immediately. The dignitary, who was somewhat burly and gruff, said—'Hoot, laddie, just tak in the parcel yoursel'; your legs are fitter to carry you than mine are. You'll find Mr. Roberts in the pentin'-room at the vera tap o' the house.' Accordingly, after passing through a mysterious confusion of dark labyrinths, ascending stair after stair, and trudging along a platform surrounded by quantities of unearthly-looking machinery, I at last reached a place where on a monstrous frame was stretched a sheet of canvas like the mainsail of a ship, in front of which stood Roberts busy painting. I recollect his asking me some questions, of my telling him who and what I was, and of his saying some kind things to me.

'In 1824 I was engaged as scene-painter in the same theatre, and began to study the works of Roberts with deep interest, and found that, especially in architectural scenes, the simple beauty of his outline, combined with the masses of light and shade, gave them a grand and most impressive effect; and it is impossible for me to say how much good I received from their excellent teaching.'



in the following letter from Mr. Murray of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, I sent my wife to reside with my parents, while I went with the company to Ayr and Dumfries.

*Edinburgh, July 17, 1820.*

'Sir,—You appear to have misunderstood the terms of my last letter, as I think it is there stated that your employment will be constant. If you like to find your own *colour-boy*\* the salary will be £2; but pray answer this by return, as the last offer I made exceeds what Pyett would return for, and we are anxious to decide.—Yours,

W. H. MURRAY.

*Mr. David Roberts, Artist, Theatre Royal, Glasgow.'*

To this note I returned the following answer:—

*Theatre Royal, Glasgow, July 18, 1820.*

'Sir,—I have this moment been favoured with your reply to my last, and close with the offer made therein. You will be good enough to favour me with fourteen days' notice previous to the time you will require my services, and you may rely on my punctual attendance.—Yours,

DAVID ROBERTS.

*W. H. Murray, Esq., Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.'*

At Ayr, during leisure hours, my principal places of resort were Alloway's auld haunted kirk, and the banks and braes o' bonny Doon. I made drawings of the Auld and New Brigs, the Wallace Tower, Burns' Cottage, the Brig o' Doon, etc. etc. After a short season here we left for Dumfries, walking the distance, as we had previously done from Glasgow to Ayr. Players are proverbially happy, and we were particularly so during these walking excursions, notwithstanding our poverty, for we had not for weeks been paid our salaries; and here let me record an incident which illustrates the generosity of Edmund Kean.

\* In the autumn of 1822 I had the honour of being colour-boy to Mr. Roberts in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. I had just entered on my apprenticeship as an ornamental house-painter with the person who executed the painting work of the theatre, and supplied colour for the scenes; and having evinced some aptitude for art, I was selected as likely to be useful to Mr. Roberts.—J. B.

That celebrated actor had entered into an engagement with Mason to play three weeks in Glasgow, Ayr, and Dumfries, agreeing to take half the receipts. Kean was much attached to Mason; and having been deputed to present him with a very elegant silver snuff-box, subscribed for by the company, addressed him thus:—‘Now, Mason, I know that you have laboured under great disadvantages in the management of the Glasgow Theatre. The money due to me’ (amounting to £700 or £800) ‘I am in no hurry for; and being anxious to promote your success, if you give me your bills for it at four and six months, it will satisfy me, and may benefit you.’ This offer of course the manager readily accepted, took the Belfast and other theatres in Ireland, lost all he had, left his company without a penny, and Kean’s bills unpaid.

I started from Dumfries for Edinburgh one fine autumnal morning, minus many weeks’ salary, and having little in my pocket, but with a heart buoyant with hope. My traps were easily carried, and after walking twelve miles, I breakfasted at a cottage on the roadside, for which I paid a shilling. This lasted me all day; and after crossing the Moffat hills—a romantic and wild mountainous district—I reached in the evening a small inn called the Bield, thirty-six miles from Dumfries. Next morning I started very early, breakfasted at an inn called Noble House, and by midday reached Edinburgh, having walked seventy odd miles in a day and a half.

I entered on my duties as scene-painter in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in October 1820, and do not recollect anything worthy of being noted, save that in the following summer I painted scenery for the second part of *Henry IV.*, in which the ceremony of the coronation of George IV. was to be introduced. During this period the minor theatre called the Pantheon was opened with a very powerful company, under the management of Mr. William Barrymore, and Mr. Stanfield came as their scene-painter. He had a letter to me from his father, whom I had known as an actor in Glasgow, and called on me at the Theatre Royal, where we met for the first time. We soon became fast and true friends, and the scenery he produced at the rival theatre astonished and delighted me, as it did everybody else. I profited much by the works and conversation of my new friend; for Stanfield had not

only seen the best specimens of scene-painting in London, but knew personally many of the leading artists of the day. In addition to his scenes he painted pictures in oil, several of which appeared in the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1821; and at his suggestion I had painted and sent one there, which was rejected, while those of my companion were the talk of the town. I had, however, previously braved too many hardships to be easily frightened, and I went on painting on a small scale, which I found of immense advantage to me as a scene-painter, in teaching me composition, light and shadow, and, above all, aerial perspective. I sent three pictures to the Exhibition of the following year, and on the opening of the rooms was astonished to find that they were all hung, and two of them were sold at 50s. each—one to Baron Clerk-Rattray, and the other to James Stewart of Dunearn.

My hopes from this time began to brighten; and many a night, after my hard day's work at the theatre, did I light my lamp and paint till midnight. During the recess of the theatre I made an excursion to Melrose, walking there and back, and made a number of sketches of Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys, which have been of great service to me. Mr. William Barrymore, well known as the getter-up of spectacles and pantomimes at Drury Lane, was engaged by Mr. Murray to bring out a Christmas pantomime this year, the scenery for which I painted. He was so pleased with my productions that he advised me to try my fortune in London, and promised to recommend me to some of the managers there, but I felt little inclination to leave Edinburgh. I had furnished a snug little house from my earnings, consisting of 37s. 6d. per week from Mr. Murray (for I paid 2s. 6d. a-week for my colour-boy off the 40s. I received), and the price of an occasional picture or transparent window-blind, which I painted and sold cheap. Thus, being very comfortable, and knowing that the artists engaged as scene-painters in the capital must be men of very high talent, I felt that I had little chance, when Stanfield, so immeasurably my superior, was only painter in Astley's, a minor house.

There was at this time in Edinburgh an actor named Alexander, who played the character of Radcliffe in the Heart of Midlothian, and made a great point in the play. Murray and he quarrelled; and he, being

anxious to try his fortune as a manager, had taken the minor theatre in Glasgow, but had neither properties nor scenery. The latter I undertook to paint for him, although I had to do the work at night, unknown to Murray. I painted half-a-dozen of the scenes in my house in the Canongate, and Alexander and his brother carried them on long barrels or rollers on their shoulders across the Calton Hill to the Convening Room, whence they were removed to Glasgow. Alexander's funds were low, and he offered me £5 or £6 on account; but I refused to accept it, and said to him—'Keep it, my dear fellow, till I want it. You will require all the money you can get till you have your theatre opened. You are sure to succeed, and if you do I know you will pay me liberally.' We supped together, and drank success to the future manager, and he promised to pay me handsomely; but I left shortly thereafter for London, and never asked, nor did he offer, payment. He was very successful in Glasgow, and became proprietor of the Theatre Royal, which he rebuilt, and there amassed a considerable fortune.

NOTE.—The following facsimiles are from Mr. Roberts' journal, in which he made pen-and-ink sketches of almost all the pictures he painted, and from which a number of others will be given in the course of the work.—J. B.



1821

6. The first Picture I attempted, in oil of which the following is an outline - was done for the purpose of exhibiting at the Annual Exhibition at Edinburgh but was rejected.

I afterwards sold it to Elder a dealer - who informed me that he sold it to James Stewart of Duncarn.



New-abbey Dumfriesshire The Picture to the best of my recollection - was about 18 P. by 14 -



Old Houses in the Congate Edinburgh  
Purchased by Baron-clerk. ~~Baron~~ Rattray  
£ 2-10-0



The Nether Bow Edinburgh  
Purchased by James Stewart of Duncarn  
£ 2-10-0



## CHAPTER II.

EARLY in the year 1822 Mr. Murray sent me a letter stating that he would dispense with my services for three or four months in summer and autumn, and that if this should lead to my retirement from the theatre I would carry with me his best wishes. I was puzzled how to act on receipt of this unexpected and unwelcome announcement, when I suddenly recollected the promise of my friend Mr. Barrymore, and wrote him a letter, to which I received the following reply :—

*‘ Royal Cobourg, August 4, 1822.*

*‘ My dear Sir,—I have had an interview with Mr. Elliston of Drury Lane, and recommended you as an artist worthy his notice. He requests me to say, if you are desirous of becoming a member of his establishment, he will be happy to hear from you immediately, stating terms, etc. At all events, if you feel inclined to visit London, either at his theatre or mine, we shall be happy to give you good employment.—Yours sincerely,*

*‘ Mr. D. Roberts.*

*W. BARRYMORE.’*

On receiving this note, I popped myself into a Leith smack for London, and was there as soon as any letter could have been. Barrymore received me cordially. Elliston was out of town, but his stage-manager, Houston, suggested that, until his return, I should assist a Mr. Andrews, who, with Marinari, was the principal painter there. This my friend Barrymore objected to, saying that I should paint my own scenes or none; and he suggested that, in the meantime, I should paint along with Stanfield one or two scenes for a piece called *Guy Fawkes*, to which I agreed, and my first efforts in London were in the

Cobourg Theatre. One scene was the vaults under the old House of Lords, the other a Gothic screen, long afterwards used as a stock scene in the theatre. On Elliston's return I agreed to paint two scenes—old and modern St. Paul's—on trial, and while I remained with him was paid £4 per week, that being the salary I had at the Cobourg. Meantime I felt a strong desire to return to Edinburgh, and wrote to Mr. Murray, asking if he would give me three guineas a-week, which I thought would be equal to the £4 I got in London. To this he at once assented, stipulating that six weeks' notice of parting should be given on either side. Elliston was astonished when he understood that I had engaged to go back to Murray, and was determined honestly to fulfil my agreement. Elliston then proposed that I should go to Edinburgh and complete my six weeks' engagement with Murray, after which I should enter into an arrangement with him on terms so liberal that I could not refuse. The following was the agreement:—

*' Drury Lane Theatre, 12th October 1822.*

*' Mr. Elliston agrees to engage David Roberts as a scene-painter at Drury Lane Theatre for the term of three years from the above date, at the weekly salary of five guineas for the first year, and six guineas for the last two years: And the said David Roberts agrees to engage with the said Mr. Elliston for the term and salary above mentioned: And it is further agreed that the said David Roberts shall have leave of absence from Drury Lane Theatre until the 1st of January 1823.*

*' DAVID ROBERTS.*

*' R. W. ELLISTON.'*

I returned to Edinburgh in October, and remained there till the end of the year, painting for Mr. Murray new scenery for the Christmas pantomime and what else he required that season. Early in January, having arranged all my affairs, I selected the best portions of my household furniture, took leave of my dear father and mother, and many other friends, and sailed from Leith in a smack for London, where my wife and I arrived after a long and tedious passage of three weeks. This being a month behind the time at which I should have entered upon my engagement with Elliston, it was of course cancelled.



On presenting myself at Drury Lane I learned that Elliston had written to Murray, requesting him to let me away in time for the pantomime, and promising to let him have me double the time in summer; but Murray not having consented, Elliston had been obliged, at heavy expense, to bring up Nasmyth from Edinburgh to supply my place. I learned also that the proprietor of the Cobourg Theatre having fled from England, Stanfield and Marinari were installed in the painting-room of Drury Lane. Notwithstanding this, however, and although my engagement had been forfeited, I heard no grumbling or demur, so I commenced operations at once for the next new pieces. I soon found out that Marinari had his choice of all architectural scenes, and knowing that in the other departments I had little or no chance with the great talent of Stanfield, I quietly resigned myself to my fate, which was to have the refuse of the others as my share. Here I found that having been accustomed to dabble in all sorts of things at the Edinburgh Theatre was of great service to me, and I quietly worked on, striving to make indifferent subjects effective, until at last I contrived to win myself a name. Stanfield soon got decidedly the lead of Marinari, and my name was generally associated with Stanfield's in all the important new scenery.

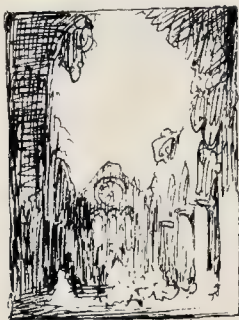
I was not so constantly employed at Drury Lane as to prevent my having some time to devote to painting pictures, and an event occurred at this period which induced me to pursue that branch of art more than I had hitherto done. During the winter of this year the Society of British Artists, who exhibited their pictures in the Suffolk Street Gallery, was formed. My friends John Wilson and Stanfield had joined the society, and, on their recommendation, I was admitted a member, chiefly because I painted architectural subjects. This association was much wanted at that time from the encouragement given to art and the rapid progress and success of its professors. The rooms of the Royal Academy at Somerset House were not large enough to contain the numerous pictures sent for exhibition, and the British Institution was exclusively under the direction of its members, the nobility and gentry, the artists having no voice or control whatever. The new society was to be conducted entirely by the artists themselves, among whom were Glover,

Hofland, Linton, Martin, Wilson, Stanfield, Hawkins, Nasmyth, and myself, painters; Ross and the two Hennings, sculptors; and Heath, Burnet, and Meyers, engravers. Nash undertook to build the rooms for £5000, and the yearly ground-rent was £300. Each member on entering was to pay £10, or more if he chose, and was to receive interest thereon. Other subscribers were invited, who were to be paid five per cent on their money. A number of the nobility and gentry gave handsome donations, so that we were able to pay Mr. Nash £1000 on taking possession. I may here, in a few words, state something of the early history of this society. By our laws all the offices were to be held by the members in rotation, but however well this might look in theory, it did not work well in practice; and in consequence of the inefficiency of some of the office-bearers the affairs of the society became confused; and this, coupled with a lawsuit into which we got with Nash, and which, after years of litigation, was decided against us, caused a number of the leading members to withdraw. After having given the matter mature consideration, and done all I could to extricate the Society from its difficulties, I also withdrew, paying the statutory fine of £100, and forfeiting the sums I had paid from time to time, amounting to about £50.

In the spring of 1824 I exhibited, for the first time in London, a small picture at the British Institution. It was a view of 'Dryburgh Abbey,' and was afterwards engraved. This year I also sent two pictures to the opening Exhibition of the Suffolk Street Gallery—one the 'East Front' and the other the 'South Transept of Melrose Cathedral.' They were bought by Sir Felix Booth at twenty-five guineas each—a large sum of money to me at that time.

During the vacation at Drury Lane I went to Edinburgh, and got up the scenery for *Cherry and Fair Star*—a piece that was highly successful. This year I accompanied my much-esteemed and talented friend, John Wilson, to France, where we visited Dieppe, Rouen, and Havre de Grace, when I made a series of drawings, from which I painted pictures that brought me both profit and fame. I afterwards went to Harris's Theatre, Dublin, and, without any assistance whatever, painted for a new pantomime a series of fourteen views in as many days, for

New-Abbey Dumfriesshire



Exhibited at Edinburgh together with the two former  
in the Spring of 1822

East-front of Melrose Abbey



South Transept of Melrose Abbey



Exhibited at <sup>The</sup> Society of British Artists, Suffolk St. in the Spring of 1821  
Both Pictures purchased by Sir Felix Booth at £26-5 each;  
- Previous to this and before leaving Edinburgh - I painted  
two small pictures of the same subject and presented them to  
William Murray Esq. Manager of the Theatre Royal Edinburgh





which I was paid £100. These were so successful, that I received offers from many of the leading towns in England to get up something similar, which I was obliged to decline. During that autumn Stanfield and I painted a series of scenes for a moving panorama, illustrating the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth. These were executed for a Mr. Laidlaw, and were exhibited on the Continent.

In the Suffolk Street Gallery I exhibited, in the spring of 1825, a picture of the 'West Front of Notre Dame, Rouen,' which was purchased by Sir Felix Booth for eighty guineas. This picture was noticed in the *Times* as follows:—'The bold and masterly style in which this rich and beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture is executed places Mr. Roberts among the best who have excelled in similar productions. It is a feature in the arts of this country that may challenge competition, both in drawing and painting, with the highest of our Continental neighbours.'

This picture also led to the following letter from one of the earliest and kindest of my patrons, Lord Northwick, whose knowledge and love of art were equal to the generosity with which he fostered and encouraged it:—

'2 Connaught Place, April 30, 1825.

'Lord Northwick writes under the cover of an enclosure to Mr. Stanfield, to say how much he has been pleased with Mr. D. Roberts' admirable picture of 'Notre Dame de Rouen,' and that the oftener he has seen it the more gratification it has afforded him, and that he has found it more and more attractive every time he has visited the gallery. Indeed, he likes the picture so well, that he should be glad to have one painted for him of the same size (and if Mr. Roberts could vary it to his own satisfaction) of the same cathedral, for one of the Exhibitions next year. He has also proposed that Mr. Stanfield should paint him a companion picture of the same size; and Lord N. proposes, if both accept the commission, that the two pictures be exhibited together next season.

'Lord N. would be glad of the favour of a line from Mr. Roberts, and desires that he will name the price that he shall expect for his picture, which he begs may be proportioned to the time and labour he may feel inclined to bestow upon it, in order to make it a highly-finished

production, and creditable to the talents Mr. Roberts has already evinced.'

I also exhibited 'Entrance to the Church of St. Maclou, Rouen,' and 'South Transept of the Cathedral, Rouen,' which were purchased by Michael Angelo Taylor, M.P., at twenty-five guineas each; also a small picture of the 'Lady Chapel of St. Jacques, Dieppe,' purchased by W. Robins, Esq., for twelve guineas.

In Somerset House I exhibited in 1826 'Exterior of Rouen Cathedral,' and in the British Institution 'Chancel of the Church of St. Jacques at Dieppe,' both of which were painted for Lord Northwick. The price of the first I had fixed at £80, and the second at £60; but his Lordship was so pleased with the pictures, that he presented me with £200, being £60 more than the price fixed. This was felt by me as being so noble and generous, that it made an impression on me which time has never effaced. His Lordship also sent the following very kind letter:—

*'Northwick Park, February 4, 1826.'*

'Dear Sir,—I was agreeably surprised to find that your picture of the 'Interior of St. Jacques, Dieppe,' is exhibiting at the British Institution, and that justice has been done to it by giving it an advantageous situation, where it has met with such well-merited praise. I esteem myself fortunate in being the possessor of this much-admired picture; and I trust that your success on this occasion will be an encouragement to you to devote more of your time in future to this most attractive style of painting, on which your fame as an artist will hereafter eventually depend; and that both the British Gallery and the Royal Academy will more frequently than heretofore be enriched by the exhibition of your pictures, in both of which places works of sterling merit are sure to be justly appreciated.

NORTHWICK.'

In the same year I also exhibited in Suffolk Street 'The Interior of St. Genevieve at Paris,' which was bought by the Duke of Sutherland, then Marquis of Stafford, for eighty guineas; also the 'Rue de Change, Rouen,' purchased by Hodgson, of Hodgson and Graves, for £30; and 'Exterior of the Church of St. Jacques at Dieppe,' bought by Beckford,

of Fonthill Abbey, for fifty guineas. The *Times*, in reviewing these works, says:—'Roberts, whose pencil seems to acquire force and beauty in every new picture, has two street views—one in Rouen, another in Dieppe, which are as true as nature itself. The latter is particularly remarkable for the effect of sunlight and shade. In the 'Church of St. Genevieve at Paris' he has been equally successful.'

This autumn I left Drury Lane, and transferred my services to Covent Garden, the proprietor of which agreed to pay me £10 per week for working six hours a-day. When I entered on this engagement I commenced a series of scenes for a new opera called the *Seraglio*,—the views consisting of seventeen scenes, with wings, borders, set-scenes, etc. These were entirely painted by me without any assistance, a feat unprecedented in the annals of scene-painting. I was occupied nearly eighteen months on this work, and the piece was produced with great success in December 1827. The following quotations show how the work was noticed:—'The whole of the scenery has been painted by Roberts. This was a stupendous task for one person, but it has been performed in a manner which stamps that individual as a genius of no common power. We cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the opening scene, the 'Temple of Bacchus at sunrise.' The 'Barras Palace and Canal, with the approach to the Gondola,' also forms a gorgeous picture,' etc. etc.—*Times*. 'The scenery is, without exception, the most beautiful we have ever seen exhibited in a theatre, comprising a succession of the richest classic pictures which could be imagined as belonging to a Greek island adorned with the noblest remains of ancient art, and shown in the most delicious lights that ever were by sea or land. It is entirely painted by Roberts, whom Drury Lane has lost, and who on this occasion has certainly left even Stanfield behind him.'—*The New Monthly Magazine*.

In 1827 I painted two small pictures for Mr. Colnaghi—viz. 'Entrance to the Church of St. Germain, Amiens,' and 'Interior of the Choir of York Minster.' I also painted for Robert Vernon the 'Marché au Blé at Abbeville,' which was exhibited in the British Institution, and for it he paid me sixty guineas. I also had in the same exhibition

'Part of the Hotel de Ville at Louvain,' purchased by Sir Francis Freeling for forty guineas; and 'Interior of the Church of St. Gudule, Brussels, with its oaken pulpit,' purchased by a dealer. In the Suffolk Street Gallery was a picture by me of 'Roslin Chapel,' which was purchased by Lord Carysfort for fifty guineas; as also at the Exhibition the 'Shrine of Edward the Confessor at Westminster Abbey,' and 'Antwerp Cathedral,' both of which were purchased by Lord Northwick. The price I asked for the first was sixty guineas; his Lordship paid me eighty. For the second, which was the largest picture I had painted, my charge was one hundred and twenty guineas; his Lordship generously presented me with a cheque for one hundred and fifty, saying—'You cannot live by painting at your prices; accept mine.'\*

In the autumn of this year Stanfield and I painted four pictures, each 27 feet high by 38 feet wide, for a Mr. Hamlet. The subjects were—'St. George's Chapel, Windsor,' the 'Ruins of Tintern Abbey,' the 'Kent East Indiaman on fire,' and a 'View of the Lago Maggiore.' They were exhibited early in the following year in the Royal Bazaar, Oxford Street, now the Princess' Theatre, and we received £800 for the four pictures. The exhibition was very successful.

In this year the first exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy took place, and as Mr. Roberts was always a warm and steady supporter of that institution, year after year sending his works to the exhibitions, and presenting to it his magnificent picture of 'Rome,' the following account of its origin has been deemed necessary here.

In 1819 an Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland had been established in Edinburgh, and the management of its affairs was vested in directors chosen from among the subscribers. No artist was eligible to be elected on any committee, or of voting as a governor, while he continued a professional artist. The exhibitions were at first confined to the works of the ancient masters,

\* Facsimile pen-and-ink sketch of this picture given at end of Chapter II.



but were afterwards extended to those of living artists. In 1824 the directors proposed to associate a limited number of artists with the institution, but these were not to have the power to vote and take part in its immediate management; and although the exhibition of their works constituted the principal source of revenue, the exhibitors were not permitted to exercise the slightest control over the application of the funds. Sir Henry Raeburn had written to the directors of the institution protesting against this, and proposing the establishment of an Academy in Edinburgh similar to the Royal Academy in London; but his lamented death deprived the scheme of the benefit of his powerful influence, and it was only after various unsuccessful attempts had been made to get the directors of the institution to countenance this project, that the artists of Scotland formed themselves into an association under the name of the Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture—a national institution of which every Scotchman is justly proud. The following letter from the eminent decorative painter David Ramsay Hay, the fellow-apprentice and devoted friend through life of David Roberts, will be read with interest, as it explains very clearly the motives of the originators of the Scottish Academy:—

*Edinburgh, January 9, 1827.*

‘ My dear Roberts,—Annexed you will find a communication from the Scottish Academy, of which you most likely have already heard. This is their first exhibition, and they are particularly anxious it should be a good one; and I am sure that were you aware of all the circumstances connected with this institution you would be amongst its warmest supporters. Their views are to place the Scottish artists on as independent a footing as those of the sister kingdom, and to let them have the management of their own concerns—a privilege they

have not hitherto enjoyed. I am quite certain this will harmonise with your views in these matters, and therefore calculate on the pleasure of seeing some of your productions at their exhibition. Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Peel are warmly interested in their favour, and are kindly using their exertions for a royal charter.—Your affectionate friend,

D. RAMSAY HAY.

Roberts replies as follows:—

‘18 *Mount Street, Lambeth, Hogmanay 1827.*

‘My dear Friend,—While I write you my mind is in Auld Reekie, thinking of the jolly manner in which you are finishing the old year, and the jovial welcome you are giving the new. I should like again to see a new year's morning in Edinburgh. All is dull here to-night; but I shall have a few friends to dinner to-morrow, and the toast ‘absent friends’ shall not be forgotten.

‘Stanfield and I are now engaged on a panorama, so that I do not expect to be able to exhibit a picture here this season, but I have one on the easel which I hope to have ready for the Scottish Academy. Please let me know, per return, the latest day on which it can be received. I have also a picture, which has already been exhibited in London, which I promised Mr. Allan to send to the Royal Institution in Edinburgh. Now, my dear friend, you must not say I blow hot and cold with the same breath, for although I by no means approve of the management of the Institution, I cannot attach myself to either party exclusively; and my word having been pledged to Mr. Allan as well as to you, I must either send to both or to neither.

D. ROBERTS.’

In 1828 I exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery ‘Tower of the Church of St. Rumbold, Mechlin,’ bought by the Duke of Bedford for twenty-five guineas; a ‘View of Abbeville,’ purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne for twenty-five guineas; ‘Church of St. Wulfran, Abbeville,’ for Mr. Buchan, Southampton, price £40; and ‘Entrance to a Church,’ for Mr. Westmacott, price eight guineas. I also painted ‘Bargate, Southampton,’ for Mr. Buchan, price fifteen guineas; and the ‘Town-Hall of Louvain,’ sold to Mr. Wells of Redleaf for twenty guineas; also a duplicate of the ‘Tower of St. Rumbold,’ for twenty-five guineas.

I painted for the Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden a series of many scenes representing the naval victory at Navarino. A voyage to Gibraltar was first shown, then the Archipelago, and finally the battle. I also painted a new drop-scene of a monument supposed to be erected in the metropolis in honour of our great dramatic poet. This represented a temple, with a statue of Shakespeare in the centre, supported by Thalia and Melpomene; around were ranged the other muses, and the dome and campanile tower of St. Paul's were seen in the background. Many were the commendations bestowed by the public journals on these productions, and in noticing the drop-scene the *New Times* concludes a commendatory notice as follows:—'The effect is actually magical. The edifice appears to form a fourth side of the theatre, with which it harmonises perfectly in tone and colour, and one feels disposed to imagine he can walk right through the canvas.'

I may here mention that for the purpose of having the harmony between the drop-curtain and the other parts of the theatre complete, the decoration and painting of the audience department were done under my superintendence.

In the spring of 1829 I painted for my kind patron Lord Northwick 'Chapel of the Virgin in the Church of St. Pierre, at Caen,' for which he paid me eighty guineas; a small picture of the 'Church of St. Remy at Amiens' for Mr. Samuel; and the 'Town-Hall of Louvain,' all of which were exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery. I also fulfilled my promise, and sent two pictures to the exhibitions in my native city—a duplicate of the 'Chapel of St. Jacques at Dieppe' to the Scottish Academy, and a repeat of 'Antwerp Cathedral' to the Royal Institution. The first of these was purchased by Mr. Trotter, Lord Provost of the City, the other by a Mr. Gritton.

These pictures, which were the first Mr. Roberts had sent to Edinburgh since leaving his native city, were much praised by the press; and among other laudatory letters was one from his friend Mr. Hay about 'Antwerp Cathedral,' from which the following is an extract:—

‘No wonder that the nobility of England will scarcely allow a picture of yours to come to poor Scotland, but I trust that some of our rich nobs will prevent those works which have at last reached us from returning. I own I was prepared to see something very fine, but could form no idea that in so short a time you could have reached such perfection. There is such Rembrandt depth and clearness in your shade, such sparkling brilliancy in your lights, such delightful management in the *chiaroscuro*, and such exquisite perfection, that it gives me an idea of looking on reality through a diminishing-glass. There is one excellence which I do not recollect ever having seen in any picture of the kind before,—I mean the aerial effect you have given to the upper part of the spire. It makes the illusion complete.’

The following letter from Mr. William Nicholson, the first secretary of the Scottish Academy, shows the progress that association was making in public estimation:—

‘*Scottish Academy, Waterloo Place, 1st May 1829.*

‘Dear Sir,—At the time I received your letter of the 14th April we were so engaged preparing for our first Academy dinner that I had not time to answer it, or to thank you for the liberal contribution to the funds of the Academy, by which it was accompanied. You will, no doubt, have received the newspaper containing an account of our dinner, which, I can assure you, went off with great *éclat*, and has made a very powerful impression on all who were present, as well as the public at large.

“The members of the Scottish Academy have had a severe struggle for the independence of their profession, but I am happy to say that the public are beginning to be sensible of their claims, and are coming forward with their support. The influence and prejudice against us is much weakened, whilst the favour of Lord Hopetoun and other influential characters has completely paralysed the attempts of those who wished to crush us.

‘The artists who clung to the Institution are at last ashamed of the connection, and have thrown off their allegiance, but without any settled plan what to do. In the meantime we go steadily on gaining friends



according as our views begin to be understood. With the best thanks of the members, who are deeply impressed with a sense of your liberality, I remain, etc.

WM. NICHOLSON.

*'David Roberts, Esq.'*

During this summer I painted the 'Town-Hall of Ghent' and the 'Church of St. Maclou at Rouen' for J. Pickering Ord, Esquire—the price sixty guineas. I also painted a small picture of 'Hindoo Architecture' for Captain Grindly, and a duplicate of the 'Church of St. Rumbold' for Lord Flamborough—the price of the first being twenty, the second fifty guineas. In the latter end of June I accompanied Mr. Watson and Mr. Shields of Edinburgh, and my attached friend Mr. Alexander Fraser, to Paris, which tour occupied us fully a month. On our return, Mr. Fraser and I went to Scotland, and visited Falkland, St. Andrews, Stirling, Lochlomond, Inverary, Staffa, and Iona, where I made numerous sketches, returning to London by Glasgow and Edinburgh.

I painted, along with Stanfield, a second series of dioramic views for the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, which promised to be as popular as their predecessors; but the premises took fire shortly after the opening, and the pictures, as well as those of the preceding years, were burned. This series consisted of four views—the 'City of York, with the Minster on fire' and the 'Entrance to the Village of Virex, in Italy,' by Stanfield; and the 'Temple of Apollonopolis' and the 'Interior of St. Sauveur, in Caen,' by me. For these we received £800. I also painted for the Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden some views representing the march of the Grand Russian Army to Turkey.

This year I also painted the historical picture of the 'Israelites leaving Egypt,' which was exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery much against the wish and advice of Lord Northwick, for whom it was painted, as will be seen by the following extract from his letter:—

'Your engagements with the Suffolk Street Gallery are unknown to me. I think you have at all times deserved well of that institution in having so largely contributed to their exhibitions, and that it would be unworthy and unjust in them to exact from you any stipulation that might operate to your prejudice, and that on the present occasion having

painted a picture of a character superior to any of your former productions, drawn entirely from the resources of your own mind, and on which both you and your friends confidently rely as on a work that is to establish your fame in a totally new career, which you will from this time have open before you, as a young man, I think it both due to yourself and to your family to pursue that course which will lead most to your advantage; and as your sincere friend (putting aside any influence I may be supposed to have in having commissioned the picture), I am bound to tell you that it would be more for your interest to send it to the Royal Academy, where its merits would be more extensively appreciated, and might secure for you the highest patronage in the kingdom, than to Suffolk Street, where it would probably be (as several of your pictures have already been) overlooked or but slightly regarded, and that by a limited number of visitors. Be persuaded, my young friend, that it is your interest only that I have sincerely at heart in giving you this advice, and I shall make no apology or attempt to justify this well-intended interference, but leave it with you to determine what course you will pursue.—Your friend, NORTHWICK.'

I regret to say that I did not follow his Lordship's kind and sensible advice. The picture was highly praised by the public journals. The *Morning Journal* said:—'The Egyptian architecture is splendid in the extreme. The tens of thousands of the chosen people depart from the house of bondage arrayed in the borrowed jewels of their masters, who gaze on them with fear and anxiety from the hanging gardens of their rich palaces. It is impossible to look on this work without the deepest interest. In conception and execution it is without a rival in this department of art. The perspective, the distant effect of scene, and the eternal pyramids wrapt in the mist of the morning, are painted with the utmost delicacy and care.'

In the spring of 1830 I exhibited at Suffolk Street 'Church of St. Pierre, Caen,' bought by W. Wells of Redleaf for eighty guineas; 'Chapel of the Virgin, in Church of St. Pierre, Caen,' for James Pickering Ord, price eighty guineas; 'Ruins of the Monastery of Greyfriars, St. Andrews,' purchased by Mr. Walker for twenty guineas; and 'Ruins of

the Cathedral Church of St. Rule, St. Andrews,' sold to Mr. Redfern of Warwick for twenty-five guineas. I exhibited at Somerset House the 'Shrine,' a composition which was badly placed. It was afterwards sold to Mr. Gritton, and ultimately passed into the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne. I painted small pictures of 'Church of St. Pierre, Caen,' and 'South Transept of Rouen Cathedral,' for my worthy friend Childe, the painter; as also 'Church of St. Lawrence, Rotterdam,' and 'Castle of Nuremberg,' the first of which I presented to my old fellow-apprentice D. R. Hay, and the second to my old employer Mr. John Jackson of Edinburgh.

This summer I visited the Rhine, with the intention of going to Strasburg, but while at Cologne the news arrived of the Three Days' Revolution, and the massacre of the Swiss Guard, and I returned to England. After my return I painted a new drop-scene for the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, consisting of a Gothic foreground, with Edinburgh in the distance. This was very favourably received, and a letter from my friend Hay, from which I extract the following passage, gratified me exceedingly:—'Your drop-scene was received with a loud and long peal of applause, which it richly deserved. You have really made it a masterpiece. I had no idea that such a picture could be produced in size-colour. It is a thousand pities it is not done in some more permanent material. The sky is the finest I have ever seen painted, and the illusion of the architecture is so complete, that I never can believe myself to be looking on a flat surface; while the manner in which you have managed the light and shadow, and relieved the centre group, are excellences which cannot be sufficiently admired.'

This year I painted three scenes for the Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden, and these were the last I painted for this theatre. I also received a commission from the Marquis of Stafford to paint the grand staircase at Stafford House, which I was very proud of, and the view of which I find described in a letter written to Hay:—'The grand staircase is lit from the top. The lantern is supported by immense bronze caryatides. The staircase is square, and a magnificent corridor runs round three sides of it, the soffits of which are supported by Corinthian columns, the pedestals of which are connected by massive

balustrades. The height of the staircase is about 100 feet, and the walls, pillars, etc., are of the richest marbles. Fancy this lighted up, as I saw it the other evening, with 400 people present in the richest dresses, and you may form some idea of the splendour of the scene.'

This year Mr. Roberts' picture of the 'Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' belonging to Lord Northwick, was exhibited in the Scottish Academy. The following note from the secretary shows how it was appreciated:—

*'Edinburgh, 13th July 1830.*

'My dear Roberts,—Your picture, in the most perfect condition, arrived at ten o'clock this morning, and our exhibition opened to-day. It is a beautiful picture, and commands general admiration; and who should be sitting in the room listening with heartfelt delight to that admiration but your little daughter, who, I can assure you, seemed to exult in the general satisfaction it gave as much as any one.

*'WM. NICHOLSON.'*

This year Roberts was elected President of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, and exerted himself to the utmost to get his artist friends in Scotland to contribute to the exhibition. George Harvey sent his famous picture of the 'Covenanters,' Watson Gordon three portraits, and Ewebank and Williams each two landscapes. The following letter was sent Roberts by his kind friend Lord Northwick on the occasion:—

*'Northwick Park, March 2, 1831.*

'Dear Sir,—I congratulate you on the well-merited distinction shown to you by the members of your gallery in electing you their president. I should (in the language of King Richard to the Lord Mayor in presenting a city address) lament that your honours, like those of his Lordship, were by custom from year to year only.

'I am gratified by your anticipation of the brilliant exhibition I am to expect under your auspices. If your five or six pictures are all as



much admired as the one you sent to the British Institution, I am sure that the English artists, with a view to their own fame, would proclaim you president for life.—Yours, etc.

NORTHWICK.

The following letter gives a graphic account of the presidential dinner:—

‘My dear Hay,—A newspaper was sent you containing an account of our annual dinner and the speech of the ‘worthy president.’ Pray don’t laugh at it. No one knows what qualities he possesses till he is called on, and this was the case with me it seems, for I was eloquent without knowing it. I am happy to say that all went off with great *éclat*, and what we wanted in eloquence we made up in jollity. Our exhibition this year is better than ever, and I have reason to believe that our receipts will be equally good, and that I shall have the satisfaction of retiring from office with the consciousness of having discharged my duties in a manner beneficial to the society.

D. ROBERTS.’

Harvey’s picture of the ‘Covenanters,’ which first stamped that artist as a great historical painter, and was afterwards engraved, and became, as it still continues, universally popular, having been exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery during the year Mr. Roberts was president, the following extracts from letters by Mr. Harvey are given:—

‘Some of my friends here have suggested that I should endeavour to have the picture engraved. In compliance with their request I opened a subscription-list towards the conclusion of the exhibition here, and the accompanying duplicate list of names is the result. If it is not inconsistent with the rules of your institution, I should like if you could allow the subscription-book to lie with the clerk, and either state in the catalogue or on a small card on the frame that it is proposed to have the picture engraved.’

‘I feel extremely obliged by the kindness you have shown in taking so much trouble about the engraving. I am bound, you will see by my

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prospectus, to have it done in the very best manner; and if Mr. Bromly will, in your opinion, bear me out, as he is employed by Mr. Grieve, I would just as soon have it done by him as any other, and if you think proper you can say so. With regard to the expense, I anticipated that it would cost as much as you have stated, but am much obliged by Mr. Grieve's information on that point.

'I shall endeavour next year to send you my picture of the 'Baptism,' now exhibiting in the Academy here, if you will be as kind to it as you have to its predecessor. The good folks here capable of appreciating Tam O'Shanter's stockings, etc., think it better than the picture you have now exhibiting.'

This year the Garrick Club was originated, and in compliance with the following invitation Mr. Roberts became a member, and continued so during life :—

*' Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*

'Sir,—It being the intention of the noblemen and gentlemen whose names I have the honour to enclose, in conjunction with many others, to establish a dramatic club in the neighbourhood of the theatre, upon such a principle as may best suit the convenience of the members, and tend to the regeneration of the drama, I am desired by the committee to request to know whether you would wish your name to be inserted among the number of those members who will be elected without ballot. An immediate answer will oblige, Sir, your obedient servant,

*' 33 Charles Street, Covent Garden,*

J. WINSTON.

*' 19th August 1831.*

'P.S.—No expense whatever will be incurred unless the Club can be carried completely into effect.

*' HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.*

*' THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.*

LORD SALTOUN.

*' LORD GLENGALL.*

LORD CLANRICARDE.

*' LORD CASTLEREAGH.*

LORD MULGRAVE.

*' SIR ANDW. BARNARD.*

S. J. ARNOLD, Esq.

*' CAPT. POLHILL.*

JOHN MURRAY, Esq.'

Roberts' very dear and much-attached friend Patrick Nasmyth died this year in Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, and the following twelve resident Scottish artists erected a stone to his memory in Lambeth New Churchyard:—

Anthony Stewart, John Wilson, Andrew Geddes, Andrew Robertson, Clarkson Stanfield, John Burnett, Robert Edmonstone, William Kidd, David Wilkie, James Stewart, Alexander Fraser, David Roberts.

The following letter from Alexander Nasmyth, the father of the artist, and who may be said to have been the father of the Scottish school of landscape-painting, will show how Mr. Roberts' exertions on this occasion were appreciated by the Nasmyth family:—

*' 47 York Place, Edinburgh, September 19, 1831.*

' My dear Friend,—Your most active and excellent assistance in doing everything in my absence requisite in consequence of the lamented death of my eldest son Patrick, has placed me and my family under obligations which it is out of our power ever to repay. I am fully informed of the kind intentions of you and his artistic friends to put up a stone as a memorial of how his great talents were appreciated by those best qualified to form a correct opinion, and shall be obliged by your allowing me and my family to contribute our share. I hope you will inform your friends of my high sense of their kindness; and with Mrs. Nasmyth and my family's kindest remembrances, and every wish for your health and prosperity, I remain, my dear friend, yours most sincerely,

ALEX. NASMYTH.'

This year I exhibited in Suffolk Street 'Grand Entrance to Rouen Cathedral,' 6 feet by 5 feet, but not selling there it was afterwards sent to the Scottish Academy, and bought there by my friend Hay for one hundred guineas. Of this picture the *Times* said: 'Nobody paints more delightfully the massive Gothic buildings of this country and the Continent, the character of which he has carefully studied, than this artist, and his pencil has never been employed on a more worthy

subject.' This picture was sold in 1858 at Christie and Manson's for three hundred and fifty guineas. I also exhibited some small pictures — 'Ruins, a composition,' bought by R. Vernon, Esquire, for thirty-five guineas; 'Interior of a Church,' purchased by the Earl of Essex for twenty guineas; 'Ruins of the Cathedral of St. Rule, St. Andrews,' sold to the Duke of Bedford for twenty-five guineas; and an 'Interior of a Church,' which I presented to my friend John Faucit of Covent Garden. During this summer I also made a series of water-colour drawings for a namesake, a well-known dealer called 'Spectacle Roberts,' for which he paid me £150. The principal portion of these was for the collection of Ralph Bernal, Esquire. This year I visited Scotland, chiefly to complete a series of drawings of monastic antiquities, several of which I had previously made and etched with a view to their publication.\*

Early this year Mr. Roberts completed the large picture of the 'Grand Staircase in Stafford House,' for which he received £200. He also executed a series of drawings for the *Continental Annual*, for which he was paid £280. He also painted and exhibited at Suffolk Street, 'Ruins, a composition,' sold for £105; a repique of the 'Cathedral of St. Laurence, Rotterdam,' bought at £26:5s.; the 'Lady Chapel, Church of St. Pierre at Caen,' sold for £26:5s.; 'Fallen Tower at Heidelberg,' not sold; and 'Edinburgh Castle from the Grassmarket,' bought by Lord Wharnclyff for £63. In October Mr. Roberts set out for Spain, his intention of visiting which he thus indicates in a letter to his friend Hay, dated 28th June:—

'I think on altering my route from Italy to Spain, as nothing has been done that gives any idea of the magnificent remains of the Moorish architecture which are there.'

\* These etchings, impressions of which are given in this volume, and are for the first time published, show Roberts as great a master in this as in other departments of art.



In another letter to the same friend, dated 24th September, he thus describes his intended tour:—

'I hope to leave in a fortnight from this date. I owe no man in England a shilling. I have sufficient means to sustain me for twelve months. I am burning to retrieve the time I have lost, and am determined either to 'mak' a spoon or spoil a horn.' I intend going by way of Paris, Bordeaux, and Bayonne. The first towns I stop at in Spain will be Burgos, Valladolid, Madrid, Toledo, and Cordova; thence I go to Seville, Cadiz, and Gibraltar; thence to Malaga and Granada, visit the Alhambra; then hey for merry England!'

*Autograph Cathedral.*



*Exhibited at Suffolk St. 1827. Being larger than any picture I had at this time painted. Lord Northwick on coming to town, requested to see it - previous to the opening of the gallery - The price I had put upon it was one hundred and twenty Guineas - His Lordship became the purchaser - and generously presented with a check for one Hundred and fifty.*

### CHAPTER III.

THE following letters will be found to contain a graphic description of the chief objects of interest which attracted Roberts' attention, and excited his artistic enthusiasm, during his Spanish tour:—

*'Bordeaux, 29th October 1832.*

'My dear Hay,—I left London on the evening of Thursday the 17th ult., and on Sunday evening at nine o'clock reached Paris, where I had to stop three days to get my passport signed by the English and Spanish ambassadors. I left Paris for Bordeaux on the evening of the 24th, and arrived about daybreak at Orleans. Our route during the greater part of the day was along the beautiful banks of the Loire, the country all the way appearing an endless garden, covered with fruit-trees and vineyards. I bought on the road a large bunch of grapes for two sous that in England would cost 2s. 6d. or 3s. The wines are equally cheap, and yet the people appear squalid and poor. Nothing can surpass the picturesque scenery of the Loire or the romantic situations of the old chateaux, whose towers seem made for the painter. The smaller castles are similar to those in our own country, and the Scottish Lowland or flat bonnet is universally worn by the peasantry; so that, although I have never seen it noticed, there can be little doubt we are indebted to the French for this head cover. In the evening we came to Tours—a fine old city; and having travelled all night, in the morning we reached Poitiers, the scene of the celebrated battle. The town appears very old; but I saw very little of it, as we continued our route, and

in the afternoon reached Angouleme—rather a large town, with a fortress situated on the height. Here we dined, and, while one of the wheels of the diligence was being repaired, I strolled along the streets, where, among other things that attracted my attention, was an ancient edifice, surrounded by high walls, and approached by a dilapidated gateway, towards which several very beautiful young ladies were walking. They rang the bell, and the door was opened, not by a churlish porter, but by a venerable dame. I now knew it was a convent, and looking in saw a terrace faced with balustrades, along which ran an ancient vine, making an open trellis-work, which sheltered the terrace from the heat of the sun. The vesper-bell rang; the sun was setting; the sisterhood were assembling for prayers, and there was a sanctity and repose about the whole that riveted me to the spot; but I was aroused from my reverie by the cracking of the postilion's whip, when, having taken my place in the coupé of the diligence, we rattled away out of Angouleme, expecting to see Bordeaux in the morning. I fell asleep, and awoke about five o'clock A.M., when I found the diligence was by the side of a river. The horses had been taken out, and I conjectured we were waiting till the gates of the town were opened; therefore, seeing we were at the door of an auberge or public-house, and being cold, I descended from my seat, and entered to get myself warmed. The kitchen was antique and picturesque; at the further end, round a table, were a number of farmers. Others were seated round a large antique fireplace, in which logs of timber were blazing, and an old woman was busy cooking something in a stewpan. The light from the fire that fell on all around had a peculiarly striking effect, and I took my seat beside a female enveloped in a brown cloak, who sat still as a statue. My attention was attracted by a very small foot peeping out beneath the cloak, and on looking more narrowly I saw a rosary with an ivory skull and cross suspended round her neck. Her head was bent forward over the fire, but I got a glimpse of a face, young and beautiful. She was a nun, who took no part in the conversation, but seemed a bride of heaven, completely weaned from this world and all its concerns. The morning brightened, and we went on board the ferry-boat, which, instead of crossing in ten minutes, took nearly

an hour. After crossing the river we were nearly six miles from the city, on the road to which we saw about sixty men chained together in couples, guarded by mounted gendarmes. They were convicts on their way to the galleys, and as they approached they held out their caps for charity. Poor wretches! their looks were far from ferocious. We at last reached this city, which has a very imposing appearance. The heat here is very oppressive, and the city is nearly equal in beauty to Paris. I have already made several drawings. Perhaps you will kindly read some of this letter to my dear father and mother, and tell them I never was in better health.—Yours ever,

DAVID ROBERTS.'

*Madrid, January 8, 1833.*

'My dear Sister,—I have been for three long weeks hoping to hear from you in answer to my last letters, but now begin to think they have never reached you, which grieves me more, because you may imagine that I am either dead, drowned, or something else, whereas I never was in better health. In case my letters have not reached you, I may mention that on entering Spain I was detained in a sort of prison in quarantine, on account of the cholera, for thirty-five days, and my lodgings were far from comfortable. While there, I wrote to you and several others, but have received no replies. I have not heard from England, direct or indirect, since I left; and as I had no way of sending my letters but by a fellow who runs messages at the lazaretto, he may have kept them up.

'I left that place on the 4th of last month in good health, and crossed the Pyrenees, which journey occupied two days. The cold was intense, and the first town we came to was Vittoria, where the battle of that name was fought, after which the French were driven out of Spain. There we stopped all night, and the following night we reached Burgos, where there was some severe fighting between the English and French, and the storming of the castle of which cost Wellington a number of men. The castle is now a heap of ruins, but the cathedral is one of the finest in Spain. There I stopped a week, and made a good many drawings. The town is very ancient, and was formerly the capital of Castile. In my opinion it is much finer than Madrid, though not so extensive.



'I arrived at Madrid on the 16th. The town consists almost entirely of churches and convents, and I have made a number of sketches. The weather is not cold for winter, but the wind is more piercing and keen than in Scotland, which may be accounted for by the city being several thousand feet above the level of the sea. There is no fog here, such as we have in England, the air being as pure as it is with us at mid-summer, and the sun is very powerful at mid-day. I live in the same house with an English gentleman; and I am told, that with the exception of the British ambassador, we are the only Englishmen in Madrid. As for the Spanish cooking, I fear I shall never stomach it, although 'I hae a crap for a' corn and ane for rough bear.' Between oil and garlic it is difficult to tell what you are eating. I leave this to-morrow for Seville, a distance of 400 miles. I understand the winter is scarcely felt there, and while you in Scotland are warming your fingers before the fire, the people there are in the middle of their spring, which may be called their summer—for summer is so hot that it burns and scorches everything. The diligence takes five days, stopping at night. I mean to stay a few days at Cordova, where there is a very fine mosque built by the Moors. Thence I shall proceed to Seville, then to Cadiz and Granada, where the celebrated palace of the Alhambra is. I shall return to Madrid about the beginning of March, and visit Toledo, Segovia, and the Palace of the Escorial; then to England with what speed I can, laden, I hope, like the bees with honey. Show this letter to Mr. Hay, and tell him to write me and give me all the news, for I long much to hear from him. Let him address his letter to the care of Don Julian Williams, British Vice-Consul, Seville, and be sure to pay the postage out of England. Remember me kindly to all friends; and wishing you all the compliments of the season, and many returns, believe me your affectionate brother,

DAVID ROBERTS.'

The following letter from Wilkie to Roberts will be read with interest :—

*'Brighton, 28th January 1833.*

'Dear Mr. Roberts,—I cannot delay assuring you how happy I felt in receiving your esteemed favour from a place that recalls to me so

many agreeable recollections. The Calle di Alcala, the Prado, the Returo, and the Altorae live in my mind like the dexterous touch and glowing colours of Velasquez and Murillo that are hard by; and I think still with pleasure of a wintry week passed at the Escorial, relieved as it was by the ameliorating beauties of Raphael and of Titian. I wish I could mention anything in Madrid that you should see, and which might not be pointed out to you. Of course the Musée del Prado, as also the pictures in the Academy of St. Fernando, you will see again and again; also collections of the Duke del Infantado and the Duke di Berwick, as well as the ceilings in the palace by Mengs, in fresco; also the frescoes there painted by my esteemed friend Don Cavalier Vincente Lopez.

In the line of your own pursuits, you seem, from what you say, already to have found much; still the south will be your harvest. The Alhambra, if at all paintable, will excite from your hand the highest expectations. After all we have heard and read, it remains for your art to give us an idea of the visible appearance of that romantic fortress.—With best wishes and regards, I am yours very truly,

‘DAVID WILKIE.’

‘Cordova, January 30, 1833.’

‘My dear Hay,—I am in excellent health, and in a new world here. The spring is in its full glory, and the weather as mild as with us at the end of May. Where I now sit writing, the roses and lilies are in full bloom in my window, the garden around me is filled with orange-trees laden with fruit. A large palm-tree stands in the courtyard. The hedges around consist of the aloe and other plants peculiar to a southern climate. Winter is scarcely known; but you must not suppose from all this that it is quite a paradise, for I am stung all over with mosquitoes, so that I can scarcely sleep at night. The situation of the town is beautiful; it rises by the side of the Guadalquivir, the banks of which are clothed with rich verdure, while the picturesque mountains of the Sierra Morena extend almost to the walls; and although modern Cordova is one of the most decayed and miserable cities in Spain, to the artist and the antiquary it is rich beyond measure. The lion of Cordova is

the Mosque, once second only to that of Mecca. The ground it occupies measures 512 feet by 428, besides the cloisters and garden. It stands on the site of a Roman temple, out of the ruins of which it is said to have been built; but it must have been from a series of temples, for I find from the ground-plan which I have taken that there are 632 pillars of polished marble, exclusive of smaller ones—all of the Corinthian order—varying in shape and size, some of them very exquisite in proportion. The city, previous to being in possession of the Moors, was celebrated as the birthplace of Seneca and Lucan, and is rich with the finest remains of Roman architecture. There is scarcely a house in which Roman capitals, friezes, etc., are not built in the walls. Every gateway, every house facing a street or alley, is graced by a marble column, and in most places fluted. Here is a field of inquiry for antiquarians. The fact is, that nothing is known of Spain; those who could have appreciated the richness of its architecture have generally gone to Italy or Greece. My portfolio is getting rich, the subjects are not only good, but of a very novel character. I begin to doubt whether I shall be able to paint half of them, they already amount to nearly 100, and I have yet six towns to visit, from which I expect many fine subjects; and if I am spared in life and health, I hope to return to England in April or May, with ample material to keep me working. It is needless to say, that amidst all those magnificent scenes my thoughts are ever roaming to Caledonia

‘ Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,’ etc.

Although the fruits here are delicious, and the wines exquisite, a wee drap o’ the peat-reek, and the tail o’ a speldrin, and a haver wi’ an auld frien’ like yoursel’, wad to me be a treat whilk I could relish better. I expect to get to Seville next Sunday, when I hope to meet my old friend Lewis, who was down with us at Newhaven in Lucky Linton’s, and a precious blether we will hae thegither anent her and the artists o’ Auld Reekie.

‘ By-the-bye, I forgot to mention the great treat I had at Madrid. The collection of paintings at the museum there is exquisite. If you see our friend Allan, tell him they will amply repay a visit. Velasquez

is magnificent. It is impossible to form any idea of his works from what we have in England. Murillo is great, but not, in my opinion, to compare with the other. There are many capital Spanish painters whose names I never heard before; and there is a glorious collection of works of Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, Ostade, etc. etc. With regard to the present state of art, judging from what I have seen I cannot say much for it. The living is not to my taste—all is garlic and oil. My great luxury is cigars, of which I get twenty for twopence. I am now going to smoke, and then tumble into bed, where I daresay you wish yourself, after wading through this zigzag rigmarole letter about Romans, Goths, Moors, and Christians. But in these long nights, when I have nothing else to do, it is a relief to me to unburden my mind to an old friend like you; so, wishing you pleasant dreams, and the compliments of the season, believe me ever your sincere friend,

‘DAVID ROBERTS.’

‘Granada, 13th February 1833.

‘My dear Sister,—A few days ago, for the first time, I received letters from England, and one from my friend Fraser, who informs me you are all well. This gave me much pleasure; and now that the weather will be getting milder with you I hope my dear father will be able to take his usual exercise.

‘I am happy to say that I am in excellent health; and, in a professional point of view, my tour has been most successful. Nothing can excel in picturesque effect the towns I have visited, and the costume of the people seems to have been made for the painter.

‘Since writing you last I have seen Cordova, where I stopped three weeks. I wrote Mr. Hay a short description of it, which, I daresay, he has shown you. It was my intention to have gone thence to Seville, but an opportunity having occurred to cross the mountains to this place in company with a German merchant who spoke English, I availed myself of it, and after a tedious journey of three days, riding on mules, fording streams, and climbing rocks—for roads there are none—we reached this fine old town. The weather was fine, and as hot as with us in June; so it was to me no hardship, but great pleasure. Our mules



were heavily laden, and walked very slowly ; so, with a good oak stick in my hand and my sketch-book in my pocket, I jogged on a considerable part of the way on foot, happy and contented.

‘Granada is in the most beautiful situation that can be imagined. It lies at the foot of a ridge of high mountains, called the Sierra Nevada, or Mountains of Snow. So great is their height that even in the intense heat of summer they are covered with snow. In front of the city stretches an immense plain called the Vega, at least 20 miles in length, highly cultivated, and, although it is still winter with you at home, here the spring is far advanced. So hot is the sun during the day that I cannot stand to sketch for ten minutes together, but am obliged to cross into the shade. On a hill immediately above Granada rises the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, a great part of which is in the most perfect preservation. Courts, halls, terraces, galleries, and fountains out of number are here, and golden fish still disport themselves in the numerous ponds. The gardens are filled with orange and lemon trees laden with fruit, and even at this early season the flowers are in full bloom and beauty. I have been here ten days, and have not seen a drop of rain. You may imagine that I spend my time very pleasantly in such a place. There are so many beautiful objects to sketch that I am at a loss which to take first. My breakfast is generally over by eight o’clock, when I go out to draw. I dine at two, and out to work again. Although I have nobody to speak to, I never feel the time long ; indeed, if I feel inclined to grumble at all, it is at the shortness of the days. The architecture is so peculiar and elaborate that it would take months to do it justice. Still I hope by about the end of this month to have got much of the best of it ; after which I intend going to Malaga, which is within two days’ journey, and where I expect to meet Mr. Lewis. I go thence to Gibraltar ; then to Cadiz, Seville, and home.

‘And now I am going to smoke a cigar and go to bed, to dream of Moors and Christians, tournaments and battles, painting and architecture. In the morning I go to the Court of the Lions, which is so called because its beautiful fountain of white marble is supported by twelve lions, and I mean to finish a drawing of it which has already taken me all this

day.—Meantime, believe me, my dear sister, asleep or awake, ever yours affectionately,

DAVID ROBERTS.'

Lewis and Roberts were in Spain at the same time, and frequently within two or three days' journey of each other, yet never met. The following extracts from Lewis's letters are interesting :—

*'Seville, February 6, 1833.*

'My dear Roberts,—I got your last letter safely, in which you say you are about to start for Granada. By this time you will have arrived, and I trust you may meet with the same satisfaction and delight I did in the short time I stayed there. The time of year is against you. I fear you will meet with cold weather so near the mountains; but, however, to be in the Alhambra, under any circumstances, to you will be everything. I regretted then, for the first time in my life, that I did not draw architecture, and almost intended to commence, but as you are *there now*, lucky man am I who let it alone.

'When you write again tell me what your plans are. I cannot help regretting that we do not meet here, as had we done so we might have gone together to Cadiz, Gibraltar, Tangiers, Malaga, and then, perhaps, to Granada, for I wish much to see it again.

J. F. LEWIS.'

*'Seville, March 13.*

'My dear Roberts,—You are a very nice man, I don't think. Who said anything about Tangiers? Perhaps I may give a run over there when I get to Gibraltar, but that won't be just yet, Davy. You see, my boy, there are some things here I *must* do. I must send, somehow or other, a drawing home by the packet for England; then I want to copy a Murillo or two; then comes the Holy Week here, which I would not lose for twenty such places as Tangiers. By-the-bye this ought to be a *sine qua non* with you. You must, in spite of all things, be in Seville in the first week in April, or you may as well not come at all. I am told it is nearly as fine as Rome during that time—the cathedral and processions beyond all description; therefore, until the end of that week, I am here, so pray strain every nerve to join me,' etc. etc.

'J. F. LEWIS.'

*Gibraltar, 29th April 1833.*

‘My dear Davy,—The devil has thwarted us, and we are not to meet. The fates have done us; and to think that we must have passed each other so near upon the road, and, I fancy, have slept in the same beggarly town of Vega together without knowing it! Well, it can’t be helped. Here am I in Gibraltar—and there are you in Seville. I must confess that I should have liked much to have met you and looked over our portfolios together; but it was not to be, and we are done. I dined at Sir William Houston’s yesterday. I brought letters to him from the Duke of Bedford, and I asked Colonel Long to show me your sketches, saying that I had your permission to that effect. He promised to show me them this morning; but, lo and behold, down comes a letter, stating that on due consideration he had come to the conclusion that he could not break the seal but in your presence! This was very annoying, as I expected a great treat, but this must be postponed till we meet in England. I don’t know how you will like Seville; I did not care much about it, but as I was staying there with friends, I stayed there in preference to any place without them. The Fords have left now, else I should have been delighted to have introduced you to them; they are gone to Granada. Williams, the consul, is an excellent person, and I feel he will take the greatest pleasure in doing for you anything in his power.

‘And now, my dear Roberts, wishing you all success in your journey, and hoping to hear soon of your welfare, believe me, ever yours most faithfully,

J. F. LEWIS.’

*Malaga, March 2, 1833.*

‘My dear Hay,—Many thanks for the chit-chat anent Auld Reekie. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to learn that art is advancing in my native city, and that some friends, whose career I have watched from infancy, are progressing rapidly. For instance, Robert Lauder, even when a child, was an enthusiast in painting, before he well knew what it meant, and I am inclined to think this the true criterion of genius. Report speaks highly of his productions this year, and Fraser writes me that Simpson has sent a capital picture to the Royal Academy.

Let Scotland go on thus ; with Wilkie at our head we have little to fear.

‘ I have been very kindly received here by H.M. consul, Mr. Mark, a gentleman from Berwickshire, who, on hearing I was an artist, requested to see my sketches, after which he offered his services to point out the objects most worthy my attention. He and his family have shown me every kindness and attention—driving me about in their carriage to see the most beautiful of the scenery, and receiving me at their house with the greatest hospitality. Mr. Mark has been an officer in the navy—was secretary to Lord Nelson—and since his appointment he has done much for his countrymen here. Among other things, he has procured, in spite of bigotry and superstition, burial-places for Protestants in every town in Spain. Previously the dead were smuggled at night to the sands by the shore, and interred in an upright position with their faces to the sea.

‘ In a former letter I told you something about Granada, which, to say nothing of its historical interest, is, in a picturesque point of view, unequalled. The remains of the fortress of the Alhambra occupy ground nearly a league in circumference, and the surrounding scenery consists of majestic mountains and the most fertile and luxuriant plains. The fields and gardens are interspersed with the palm, the pomegranate, the plantain, and the aloe ; while the mountains are covered with wild thyme, the smell of which is delicious. Woods of cane as high as houses make me sometimes think I am in the West Indies, whereas I am only eleven hundred miles from England. The Alhambra, which has never yet been painted, ought to make a fine picture, and if I am spared in life and health, I hope to make it repay me for all my trouble. I stopped three weeks in Granada, and left sooner than I intended, having been stopped by the military authorities when engaged in taking a panoramic view of Granada and the surrounding country from the Alhambra.

DAVID ROBERTS.

*Tangiers, Africa, March 29, 1833.*

‘ My dear Hay,—Since writing you last I have visited Gibraltar, and an opportunity having occurred that allowed me to visit this coast, I



embraced it, and have been here several days, where I find myself in a new world. I thought Spain great, but this excels all I have seen. Yesterday was the market-day—an African market; and I am so bewildered that I cannot trust myself to write about it, only rely on it I am not idle. It would be unpardonable if I were so, seeing that I have opportunities here of making studies that no artist has ever had. I am in excellent health and spirits, and on my return to Gibraltar, which will be in a few days, I will write a long letter home.—Yours,

DAVID ROBERTS.

*Gibraltar, April 20, 1833.*

‘My dear Sister,—I lose no time in informing you that I have returned from my African trip all safe and sound, and have made a valuable addition to my stock of drawings. It is impossible for me in a letter to describe the race of savages I have been among. After having been some time in Tangiers, I was anxious to visit some of the towns in the interior, which are more strictly Moorish than those on the coast; and as a Christian cannot appear unless with a Moorish soldier to guard him, I got letters for our consul at Tetuan, the only Christian allowed to reside in the city. I set out on my journey, with a guide, and a Moorish soldier for my guard; and had you seen me in their company, all mounted on Arabians, you would have said I was somebody. Our journey lay through a beautiful country, the valleys all well cultivated, and at present in the highest state of vegetation. I slept in an Arab's tent; and though my bed was hard, and my fare, which we had to carry with us, was humble, I never enjoyed anything so much. Through the ignorance of my guard I got into a scrape, for it appears that no Christian is allowed to enter within the gates of a town without his arrival being previously announced to the sheik or governor, and receiving his permission to enter. My soldier was some distance before me, and I, being wet and weary, rode after him right into the heart of the town, when I was stopped by the guards of the bashaw, carried before him, and asked to give an account of myself, which I did through the medium of a Jewish interpreter. The bashaw, who was a remarkably fine-looking old man with a long beard, was sitting cross-legged in the

courtyard of his stable. He asked me the object of my visit to Tetuan, and I told him I was anxious to see a city of which I had heard so much. He then asked me what country I was from; and on being told I was an Englishman, he said he was more pleased to see people from my country than from any other. I was then dismissed, and allowed to take up my abode in the Jews' quarter—a distinct town from the Moorish one; and fortunate it is for the 'chosen people of God' that it is so, for nothing can be more degrading than the manner in which they are treated; the veriest child insults them with impunity. They are compelled to wear black caps and slippers to distinguish them from the Moors, who wear yellow slippers, and whenever they reach a certain distance of a Moorish mosque, they must walk barefoot; and yet all this they bear patiently, and generally become rich. The week I remained here was that of the Passover, therefore I had to live on unleavened bread. I left Tetuan after having been there eight days, and got back to Tangiers after undergoing a good deal of fatigue, and thence took ship to Gibraltar, where I was delighted to find myself among Englishmen. There are six regiments stationed here, and I met with great kindness from many persons to whom I had letters. Sir William Houston, the governor, invited me to dinner, but I apologised, as I had no clothing fit to appear in. In the evening, however, I went, expecting to meet a quiet family party, but found a large assemblage in the drawing-room, consisting principally of the officers of the garrison in full uniform. I was received with open arms by Sir William and his lady, a sister of Lord Lauderdale, and was invited to dine with them to-day without a coat if I had not one. Sir William also insists upon taking charge of my drawings and sending them direct to England, to avoid the risk of their again passing through Spain, and this offer I gratefully accepted, as my sketches now exceed two hundred.

'I am about to start on the most pleasing part of my journey homeward. To-morrow I leave for Cadiz, and then to Seville. I shall lose as little time on the way as possible, but do not expect to be home before June. Kind love to my dear father and mother, yourself, and my dear friend Hay, from whom I expect a letter at Seville; and believe me, etc.

DAVID ROBERTS.'

*Gibraltar, April 22, 1833.*

‘My dear Hay,—I wrote my sister yesterday a short description of my tour in Africa, which I have desired her to show you. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the land I have just visited. I fancy that I must have seen it at the most favourable period—viz. before the sun begins to get oppressive. The fabled perfumes of Arabia were here realised; the scent from the orange and citron groves surpasses anything that we sons of the cold north can imagine. This, with the singing of birds, their beautiful plumage, the rich vegetation of the plains, and the wild and picturesque grandeur of the chain of the Atlas mountains, made the whole seem an earthly paradise, were it not for the savages who inhabit it; but even these, with their peculiarities of gesture and costume, had charms for me which none but a painter could appreciate. Fancy me sleeping amidst a host of wandering Arabs, surrounded by picturesque tents and cattle, and yet feeling myself safer than when travelling in government diligences in Spain. These Arabs travel about like the patriarchs of old, in search of food for their cattle. They are as responsible to the governor for your safety, and for that of all your property, as is the soldier sent with you by the governor. You will no doubt be surprised that I should have ventured among a people of whom so little is known; but the fact is, that having seen the splendid architectural remains left by the Moors in Spain, I felt a wish to see them in their present state, and was furnished with a letter from Mr. Mark, our consul at Malaga, to Mr. Drummond Hay, consul-general at Tangiers. On arriving there I found Mr. Hay and his family absent, but my letter secured me the kind attention and friendship of Mr. Cooper of the commissariat, who introduced me to the contractor for the supply of cattle from Barbary to the garrison of Gibraltar, and who was a person of greater influence there than the king of Great Britain. I went with his two sons, one of whom speaks Arabic like a native, and through their influence I got many useful pictorial materials—such as costume, etc.—which nobody else ever had, and indeed which is so strictly prohibited, that some of the officers here who have seen my sketches, and have visited the coast of Barbary, have expressed their astonishment that I have picked up so much. As I was the first artist

who had been there, I was determined I would not throw the chance away, and the '*filthy lucre*,' which had its influence there, as elsewhere, I cheerfully gave. But I find that it is self, self, self, I am talking about. Like King Richard, I have crept in favour with myself, but my friends here have spoiled me by praising my works so highly, which now number no fewer than two hundred and six finished drawings, a great many of them coloured, in addition to others in my small sketch-book. I believe you are correct when you say there is something in my *phiz-mahogany* that gets me friends. I have been very kindly treated here, and have dined with the officers at their mess-table, as well as with Sir William Houston at his residence. I am in the best health, and hope soon to be among you again. My love to Allan, Norrie, Macgregor, and our other Edinburgh friends. You cannot imagine how it cheers me in my wanderings to learn that I am remembered by them. You will be pleased to learn that my friend and patron Lord Northwick has also been kindly inquiring after me, and that I have sent him a full account of all my proceedings.

'I shall expect letters from you at Cadiz or Seville, from which latter town I don't expect to get away till the end of May.

'DAVID ROBERTS.'

'*Seville, May 4, 1833.*

'My dear Hay,—I daresay you begin to vote my letters a bore, but I have more pleasure in communicating my ideas to you than to any one else.

'I waited for some days in Gibraltar, expecting to have met my friend Lewis there; but finding no chance of his coming, I took my departure for Cadiz, travelling along execrable roads, but through a beautiful country; and, with the exception of my horse falling twice, by which my leg was slightly bruised, I reached in safety the 'city of the dark blue sea.' The fortifications are unique, the mansions princely, and the women beautiful; but the most attractive feature to the painter is the beautiful bay thickly studded with the picturesque craft peculiar to this coast. After spending a few days in Cadiz, I took my departure for Xerez, where I spent several days; and having letters to some Scotch



friends there they received me very kindly. Xerez is, like most of the other towns in Andalusia, of Moorish origin, and retains many interesting relics of that brave people. The churches, the alcazas, and the city-walls are the most remarkable. After having examined some of the immense cellars, and tasted *sherries* in perfection, I took my leave, got into a coach—the first I had seen since leaving Cordova—and found myself on the following morning in fair Seville, which far exceeds my most sanguine expectations. It is surrounded by Moorish walls, flanked by towers, all in perfect preservation, and contains one hundred and sixty churches in addition to convents. The cathedral is partly Moorish, partly Gothic, and partly bastard Roman; and is one of the most picturesque and magnificent structures in the world. To see the Moorish tower alone is worth a journey from London; but I must not say too much, or you will be expecting more from me than any painter can carry away, suppose he remained years here. The ancient Roman city of Italica is about four miles from the town, and is said to have supplied most of the materials for the building of Seville. Not a house but abounds with fine remains of Roman sculpture. The common shop-fronts are built with fragments of marble, and porphyry columns, with capitals, friezes, etc., without taste or order; and I regret to say that the present race of Spaniards seem as dead to their beauties as the present Moors are to those of Carthage. Only a few years ago a great part of an amphitheatre at Italica was used to make an embankment for the river. I went to-day, with our countryman Mr. Drummond Hay, H.M. consul-general for Morocco, to visit the ruins of that fine old city, and they are magnificent. They say that there is not a day in the year that the sun does not shine on Seville, and the climate is the finest in the world; but as my money is drawing to a close I intend leaving about the end of the month, by way of Badajoz and Merida to Madrid, where I will be some time, as I have to visit Toledo and Segovia, and thence proceed to Saragossa, cross to Barcelona, and so along the south to France. The heat to-day is intolerable, so much so that from ten till four o'clock I cannot work in the open air. Remember me kindly to all friends. I am delighted to learn that you are now a patron as well as a practiser of art, and that the Edinburgh Exhibition is doing so well. I have a

letter from our worthy friend Fraser, and after what Wilkie said to me about his present picture, if it be but hung in the Royal Academy, they ought to make him an A.R.A. As to myself, the fable of the fox and the grapes may be applicable ; at all events, as a member of Suffolk Street I am not eligible ; and a hundred pounds is not always easily found, although my friend Stanfield paid it before putting down his name as a candidate for Academical honours. One thing I am ambitious of, and that is, to paint better than I have done ; and, on my return, I shall certainly exert myself to the utmost to do so. Between ourselves, I think, or rather feel, myself equal to it, and God grant that I may not be disappointed. One thing I have learned since coming abroad — ‘ There is nothing like having a good conceit of ourselves,’ — a maxim, I fear, too much neglected by many worthy fellows. Remember me kindly to all,’ etc. etc.

‘ DAVID ROBERTS.’

‘ *Seville, June 18, 1833.*

‘ My dear Father and Mother,—You are, no doubt, wondering why I remain in this town so long, but the fact is that I am painting two pictures. One, the interior of the cathedral during one of the grand ceremonies which are here carried out on a scale of grandeur of which you can have no conception. You will easily understand my reason for painting on the spot when I tell you that I have got all the characters introduced in the picture to stand for me. This was not accomplished without great exertions on the part of kind friends ; and you have no idea of the sensation my picture is exciting among the people here. Indeed every day I am surrounded by bishops and monks, of all orders and colours, and I have even been honoured by a visit from the Captain-General, a greater man here than the Lord-Provost is in Auld Reekie. I am, thank God, in perfect health ; my mind is easy ; I have nothing to divert my attention from the subject in hand : and this has such a sensible effect on my works that I feel convinced they will excel anything I have hitherto done. After this explanation you will not blame me for remaining a few weeks longer than I originally intended.

‘ I daresay you wondered when you heard that I had been among the black savages of Africa ; but I think some of the drawings I made

there will create a sensation in England. They will have, at least, novelty to recommend them, and that is something in these enlightened times. Altogether I shall have a curious, although a motley, collection.

‘During my stay of six weeks here I have made a great many sketches of figures. The dresses of the people are remarkably picturesque, and there is little alteration in those now worn from those worn four hundred years ago. Every province of Spain has its peculiar costume, but that of Andalusia is allowed to be the most gay and graceful. I have been for some time residing with Mr. Brackenbury (H.M. consul for Cadiz) at a beautiful village some miles from Seville, and whilst with him I had many opportunities of making sketches of country-people, and particularly gipsies, a distinct race from the Spaniards, but exactly the same people who are spread over all Europe. They are even better suited for the painter than the Spaniards are, and retain more of the African character than they do with us, and are quite as black as any Hottentot on this side the Cape. The heat is intense, so much so that I am told an egg may be poached in a few moments by merely placing it in the sun. No person ventures out here but before seven in the morning or after seven at night, and at this season all move from the upper to the lower parts of their houses, which are cool and refreshing. Every house has its patio or little court, covered with an awning, and each has in the centre a fountain of pure water. Every house is separated from the street by a handsome iron gate, through which you can see into the court, which, in the evening, presents a gay appearance,—guitars sounding, and people lounging about happy and jolly.

‘I hope to get my work finished in a fortnight or three weeks, when I will proceed to Madrid and home.

DAVID ROBERTS.’

‘*Seville, 2d July 1833.*

‘My dear Hay,—You will have learned from my last letter to my father the cause of my delay here. I had a great desire to paint a picture or two while in this country, but it was only since coming to Seville that I had determined on doing so. Mr. Williams, the vice-consul here, has one of the finest collections of pictures in Seville, and being an amateur artist, and fond of the society of artists, he intro-

duced me to several painters here, who, although wofully behind their townsmen, Velasquez and Murillo, are very good fellows. Lewis had already staggered them by his skill in an art of which they were profoundly ignorant, and they having furnished me with pencils and colours, I painted three small pictures and a background to a portrait. Of scumbling and glazing they had no idea; and the effects of light and shadow, as constituting all that was great in art, seemed to be beyond their comprehension. These three pictures I presented to Mr. Williams and Mr. Brackenbury, as a small return for their great kindness, and they advised me to paint some important picture here. After some consideration I selected the subject of the 'Corpus Christi,' a festival similar to our Sacrament, with this difference, that instead of eating the bread and drinking the wine, as we do, it is placed with great pomp in a magnificent silver temple of the most exquisite workmanship, twelve feet in height, in addition to the pedestal on which it stands, and this is borne through the streets by thirty men concealed within the pedestal. The procession is of the most magnificent description. The dresses and robes of the clergy are of the richest stuffs—velvet, satin, gold and silver brocades, enriched with precious stones. Among other emblems carried is an exquisite silver shrine, containing, it is said, the real thorns that bound the head of our Lord. There are also two figures of females in rich silk modern dresses, and there is a legend that they supported the great tower here during an earthquake. Their eyes are made to work by concealed wires, and excite the astonishment and edification of the pious spectators. Awnings are suspended over all the line of streets through which the procession moves; the balconies are hung with rich tapestries of all colours and patterns, and being filled with beautiful women, and the light being reflected upwards, the effect is altogether dazzling and imposing. The point I have selected for my picture, which is 6 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 6, is when the principal dignitary is receiving the Host preparatory to its being placed in the silver temple. This, of course, is in the cathedral, and gives me an opportunity of showing the richness of the interior, together with the gorgeous and picturesque dresses of the clergy. Among other figures are the dancing boys in old Spanish dresses. These dance and play the castanets before



the high altar during the continuation of the festival, which lasts for six days. This is a privilege confined to this cathedral, and well it may be, for I don't think it would be allowed anywhere else under the name of religious worship. What would my worthy mother think if she saw so many '*friskin*' and '*loupin*', like so many antics, in the kirk ?

'My next picture will be the Giralda, or Great Spanish Tower, with Spanish characters of all descriptions, which I expect to have completed about the end of the month, and then for home. The artists are much interested in what I am doing ; and the clergy—poor simple souls!—are quite in a bustle, thinking, I suppose, that the king of England is to be converted, and that I have been sent on purpose. Kind love to all.  
—Yours ever,

DAVID ROBERTS.'

*'Seville, August 10, 1833.*

'My dear Hay,—I have been detained here longer than I expected, but the painting of two pictures 6 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 6 inches, with a number of figures, all taken from the life, is no joke. The one is now completed, and the other far advanced, and I think the novelty of their having been painted in Spain will add to their value. The figures are large, and I have done my best to render them truly and effectively. I will start for Madrid early next month, and expect to reach London some time in October. I have had crowds to see my first picture ; among others, the Archbishop, a greater man than King Ferdinand. He is a picture in himself, and never moves out but in his rich cardinal dress, with his pages in constant attendance. The Church of Rome is as absolute here as ever it was in the darkest times in England, and with six times the pomp. The march of mind seems retrograde, yet the people are happy. They have little to care for, and say their Ave Marias and Paternosters with as little concern as you would hum over an old song. They require little, and when the soil is so prolific that little is easily obtained. A melon, a few figs, or a bunch of grapes, makes them truly happy ; and they neither care for nor require wine. Give a Spaniard a glass of cold water and a paper cigar and he cares not for to-morrow. As to clothing, that is an article of luxury that some of them almost entirely dispense with ; indeed the

term fashion is unknown, and the garments of the fathers descend to the son and grandson; and you may conceive from this what a motley and picturesque people I have about me. In addition to this, the churches abound with the finest specimens of Murillo and Velasquez, and the works of many other glorious masters whose productions are almost unknown in England.

‘I mentioned in a former letter the little respect that is shown to the remains of ancient art, and it is a matter of deep regret to see so many beautiful Roman remains condemned to neglect, if not to destruction. The monuments, statues, bas-reliefs, etc., discovered at the ancient town of Italica, are of the most beautiful description. Some of the torsos in particular, in my opinion, are quite equal to anything they can have in the Vatican, yet they are lying neglected in a lumber-room in the Alcazar. How different the feeling in our country, where, if the ‘brogues’ of Sir William Wallace or the ‘hoggirs’ of Robert Bruce were turning up, they would be enshrined in gold! To show the ignorance of even the better classes, I will mention a circumstance which occurred to myself the other day. I went to visit an old Moorish mansion in the street in which I live—the residence of a canon, whom one would suppose a man of learning. After seeing the house I strolled into the garden. A fountain played in the centre, surrounded by low benches covered with painted tile, the whole delightfully shaded by orange, citron, and pomegranate trees. At the termination of a little arbour leading from this I observed an oblong basin, into which flowed a stream, and on examination I found it to be a beautiful Roman sarcophagus of white marble, having represented in bas-relief, on the two sides, the labours of Hercules. One side showed the hero gathering the fruit in the garden of the Hesperides, of which the country around Seville is said to be the scene. I asked the holy man if he knew what it represented, and he said he believed it represented Adam and Eve in the garden of Paradise. This is one of many specimens I could give you of the ignorance which universally prevails here with regard to art. It is said that in the town of Seville there are not fewer than eighty thousand marble columns, almost all of which are Roman. The Moors seem in their early works to have paid little respect to the archi-

tectural treasures left them by that highly-refined people, but in their later works many imitations of the Corinthian and Ionic orders are to be seen, with this difference, that they are more richly ornamented with the arabesque.

‘Perhaps all this may be of little interest to you, but as I am surrounded by them, they are uppermost in my mind, and I write as I feel. I generally take a stroll in the evening; my favourite ramble is round the walls of the city, on which, I believe, there is little difference since they were left by the sons of Ishmael. The whole wall is battlemented with flanking towers about 100 feet apart; and the city, with its numerous towers and churches seen gilded by the setting sun—that portion, in particular, near the Guadalquivir—is extremely beautiful. But you have enough of this. Give my kind love to all, and tell my father that I have got a pair of slippers for him of the real Morocco leather, which I brought all the way from Tetuan, the workmanship of which he will be able to report on when he sees them.—Yours, etc.

DAVID ROBERTS.’

*‘Seville, September 4, 1833.*

‘My dear Hay,—In my last letter I attempted to give you an idea of the happy state of indifference in which the Spaniards spend their time. I regret that that state, happy or not, as you choose to term it, is now interrupted by that scourge the cholera, which for some time past has been extending itself from Lisbon to Oporto, and has at length reached this country. About two weeks ago it was known to be at Huelva, a seaport about fourteen leagues from this city, and about five days ago it broke out here,—another proof that it follows the course of rivers. All communication has now been cut off with the surrounding country, and the greatest consternation prevails everywhere. All who were able left the town, but this was soon put a stop to by the refusal to admit people into the neighbouring towns. The steamer that left for Cadiz came back with all her passengers, so here is an end to my returning through Spain, which I regret much, as I will be unable to see three or four interesting towns there. Still I am thankful that I will be able to leave Seville for England soon, as there are several English vessels in the

river, some of which will sail within ten or twelve days, and I shall, please God, if all is well, book myself to sail with the first. Three English gentlemen here are caught in the same trap, so that I will have company. The average passage is three weeks, and I hope to be in England early in October.

‘The cholera first broke out in a suburb called Trenna, on the opposite side of the river, connected with this side by a bridge of boats, which has just been destroyed. The monks and friars are as busy as bees, confessing and administering the last sacrament, etc. etc. Even the great bell of the cathedral is tolling Ave Marias, I suppose to frighten the appalling disease away. The bones of San Ferdinand have been exposed to the vulgar gaze, and everything that bell and book can do has been done.

‘And now, my dear fellow, you will be glad to learn that I have nearly completed my task, which, from the size of the pictures, the want of material, and the intense heat, was no easy undertaking. As a proof that some of the Spaniards believe in me, one of them, a grandee of the first class, has offered to purchase the ‘Corpus Christi,’ but as I have determined to bring the pictures to England I have refused the offer. So now, I leave you to do with this epistle what you like, sending it in whole or in part to my dear father, mother, and sister, as you think proper. Although forced to give up an interesting part of my intended journey, I am not sorry, for I shall the sooner see you all, and I have made more sketches than I expect ever to be able to paint. As this letter will be steeped in Spanish vinegar you need not be afraid of its carrying you the cholera; and as it is the last you will receive from me from Spain, I conclude with wishing you all the success you so richly merit.—Yours, etc.,  
DAVID ROBERTS.’

*‘Falmouth, October 22, 1833.*

‘My dear Hay,—I have this moment landed here from Seville, after a stormy passage of five weeks. You may easily believe I am right glad to have my foot once more in merry England. I am quite well; and as it is close on the post-hour I have no time to write my dear father and mother, therefore I beg that you will lose no time in acquainting



them and my sister of my safe arrival. I shall leave this to-morrow morning for London. I may thank God and congratulate myself for having got out of Seville, as the cholera there was like a plague—the people dying in hundreds. Write me per return, addressing me to Colnaghi and Son, Pall Mall East.—Yours, etc., DAVID ROBERTS.'

*Edinburgh, 25th October 1833.*

'My dear Roberts,—A thousand welcomes to your native land. I have this instant had the pleasure of reading yours of the 22d. Your father, mother, and sister are all well, and I need not say how much elated by the glad tidings of your safe arrival. I was out when your letter came to hand, but Mrs. Hay saw it was from you, and knowing the anxiety which the worthy old folks felt, she immediately sent over to Castle Street, and your mother was here in an instant. The observation to Mrs. H. was that their anxiety for some time past was such that they could scarcely say they were living at all, but this news 'wad gie them new life.' For my own part I must own that I had many queer dreams about you, which, in spite of all my philosophy, threw a cloud over my spirits, which the good news contained in your letter has entirely dispelled. You will see that I am writing in haste; I shall therefore make no more palaver, but just conclude by insisting that you will eke a little bit to the tail of your long journey and come to see these worthy old folks, whose feelings have been so long on the rack on your account, to say nothing of the pleasure that 'ither folk' would receive by your visit.—My dear R.,

D. R. HAY.'

*Tavistock Hotel, November 1, 1833.*

'My dear Hay,—Many thanks for your kind welcome of the 25th, which I duly received. I need not tell you how happy I was to learn of the welfare of my dear father and mother. I am afraid my last letter to you from Seville gave them some uneasiness, but I thought it best they should know the exact state of matters, lest anything might have happened to me. Strange to say, however, that after having embarked in good health, and set sail with my pictures, leaving the cholera behind me, I was nearly sent elsewhere in a way I had not anticipated—namely, by a bullet through my body. I mentioned to you in my

letter that a cordon had been placed round Seville, by which all communication was cut off with the unfortunate city. We thought the road to the sea was open, but in this we were mistaken; for on our arrival at San Lucar, a town at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, we found a vessel placed there with orders to prevent all egress, and as our captain did not comply with this reasonable order so promptly as the authorities expected, they took the liberty of firing a volley of musketry across our decks, which settled the question. Three passengers besides myself were on deck at the time, and, although we were not a little astonished, none of us were hurt. We were ordered back to Seville, but as our pilot had left us this was impossible, and as no one would venture near us we were ordered to lie still till further notice, and to have no communication with the shore. Having been kept here for ten days, with three out of seven of our crew in a dangerous state, we were instructed to proceed immediately to sea, without assistance or provisions, and with but little water. Even here our troubles did not end, for we were four days knocking about in a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay, during which I thought we should have lost every sail we had. I am a good seaman, and did not experience any bad effects either from the storm or from living for two weeks upon biscuits; and after five weeks from the day we left Seville we made the Lands End, and that same evening I found myself once more in an English parlour, where a cheerful fire looked more picturesque than I had ever before seen it. Next day I was on the top of the London coach, and in three days more found myself among my friends, who gave me a hearty welcome.

'All are now on the *qui vive* to see what I have done, but nobody has seen my productions excepting our friend Fraser. I am already waylaid by publishers, and my terms will be of my own making. What do you say to coming up and seeing me? Will not my pictures and sketches tempt you? Say 'Yes,' and add another obligation to the many I already owe you.—Yours, etc.,

DAVID ROBERTS.'

'*Tavistock Hotel, 1st November 1833.*

'My dear Father and Mother,—From my letter to Hay, you are already aware of my safe arrival in England, and it gives me much

pleasure, after so long an absence, to learn that you enjoy your usual good health. Hay says I must come down and see you, and I have all the wish, but having extended my stay to nearly double the time I had intended, and as much has been going out and nothing coming in, after such a long game at play I must now have a game at work. The ball is now at my foot, and it will be my own fault if I do not play it well, so you must not expect to see me for a while yet.

‘My dear Christine sends her kind love to grandfather, grandmother, and aunt, in which she is heartily joined by your affectionate son,

‘DAVID ROBERTS.’

‘33 Howland Street,

‘Fitzroy Square, November 25, 1833.

‘My dear Hay,—I have just concluded an engagement to do the illustrations for the *Landscape Annual* for next year, consisting of twenty drawings and a vignette, for which I am to receive four hundred and twenty pounds, and to have the choice of my own engravers. This I incline to think is the highest price any artist, with the exception of Turner, has received for drawings of a similar nature. My journey has been expensive, and my risks not few; but the subjects I have selected and drawn stagger all who see them, and are deeply interesting in a historical as well as a pictorial point of view.

DAVID ROBERTS.’

The following extract from a journal kept by Mr. Mark, the British consul at Malaga at the time of Roberts’ visit, gives a very vivid description of his general character and manner; and wherever he travelled similar testimonials prove that his genius and kindness were warmly appreciated:—

‘16th March 1833.—Mr. David Roberts, artist, has been here for about three weeks. He has been passing some time in Spain sketching the Gothic remains of Burgos, some of the lighter things of Madrid, the celebrated mosques of Cordova, the precious ruins in Granada, the Alhambra, the walls of the fortress, the Generaliffe, and the Tower of

the Seven Vaults, etc. These architectural remains will form a beautiful and noble collection, and as Mr. Roberts stands alone in that department, and has made such excellent use of his time wherever he has travelled, his imagination will have received a useful fillip for future performances. Nothing can exceed his good nature. He has shown and re-shown all his sketches,—nay, even copied some of them into our albums. He is very amiable, spends every evening with us, and has always his pencil in his hand, either taking a likeness of some one round the table, or striking out some imaginary thing to serve as a lesson in drawing to some of my children.

‘Since his arrival here he has heard so much about the trouble I had in conquering all prejudices, so as to obtain from his Catholic Majesty a Protestant burial-ground, that on a visit to the place, and observing the pains I was taking to improve the situation, by planting trees in the adjoining ground, thereby forming an agreeable promenade, he made a drawing of the whole, including some of the battlements of the Moorish Alcazaba, the tower of the cathedral, the mole, and adjoining buildings. He has also transferred the same view to a lithographic stone, that I may have numerous copies for the use of my friends.

‘I have made this note as a token of my respect for so much talent, combined with so much good nature; and while we have endeavoured to be useful to Mr. Roberts in showing him everything worth notice, we have been delighted with his society by our comfortable fireside.

WM. MARK.



#### CHAPTER IV.

THE 'Interior of Seville Cathedral during the Ceremony of Corpus Christi' was exhibited at the British Institution in 1834, and afterwards at Liverpool, where it was awarded a premium of £25. It was afterwards purchased by Mr. D. R. Hay of Edinburgh for £300. On its appearance in London, it was thus noticed in the *Times*:—

'Among the most striking of the pictures in the exhibition is a painting by Mr. Roberts (one of the results of his recent travels in Spain) representing the interior of the Cathedral of Seville as decorated for the festival of Corpus Christi. The architectural parts of the picture are treated with great power, and the groups which fill the lower portions, consisting of Franciscans, Capuchins, and Dominicans, with the officiating priests and assistants, are introduced with great taste, and have a very happy effect. The picture is highly creditable to the artist, and is another proof of the wholesome effects which may be produced on apt minds by the contemplation of new scenes.'

The Moorish tower called the Giralda, also painted at Seville, was exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery this year, as also the 'Interior of a Church,' both of which pictures were highly praised by all the leading journals. The first of these was bought by Mr. G. G. Barrett of Leamington for £120, and the other by Mr. Fairley for £50.

Roberts also painted this year for General Phipps the 'Interior of a Church in Flanders,' price £50.

During this summer Roberts made twenty-one finished drawings and nine vignettes from his Spanish sketches, for the *Landscape Annual*, for which he received £420. He also made four drawings for Finden and Murray's *Bible*, and one for the *Souvenir*. Of those in the *Landscape Annual* the *Athenæum* says:—

'The scenes are treated with consummate skill by the painter, and translated no less excellently by the engraver.'

The *Literary Gazette* says:—

'A more picturesque and romantic series of views it is impossible to conceive; and although, at one moment, we may be tempted to regret that so much beauty is confined within such narrow limits, at the next we are compelled to acknowledge that, however large the space that might have been allowed, it would have been difficult to introduce into it a greater number of those qualities which constitute the charm of art. In some of these admirable plates natural scenery, in others architectural magnificence, predominates; while the figures introduced in the picturesque costume of the country add much to the interest of this delightful publication.'

During this year Roberts painted 'Tower of the Church of St. Nicholas at Cordova,' for his friend Mr. Caxton, and a small portion of the Giralda at Seville for Mr. Dyson—price of each £40.

At the close of the summer he visited Edinburgh, and assisted his friend Hay in decorating the pavilion in which the great banquet was given to Earl Grey.

Roberts had been requested by the committee for erecting a monument in Edinburgh to Sir Walter Scott to favour them with a sketch of such a monument as he

would consider appropriate to the object, and suitable to the position which might be selected as its site,—the sum for the monument to be limited to £5000. It was also stated in the secretary's letter that there were positions in the city adapted to the erection of a granite obelisk, plans for which, recently prepared for another object, were at the disposal of the committee, but that they preferred the idea of a Gothic structure—such as the Waltham Cross—and this with or without the accompaniment and combination of a sculptural memorial with reference to the person to whose honour it was to be erected.

Roberts entered into this work with all the energy of his nature, and forwarded two beautiful drawings, still in the possession of his friend Hay. One was a Gothic cross, the other an Egyptian obelisk. These were publicly exhibited, and the Gothic design was universally admired; but as it was stated that it could not be erected at the sum named, and as the committee had resolved to have a figure of Scott introduced, Roberts' design was set aside, and ultimately the matter was opened up to competition, the result of which was the selection of the design by George Kemp, which is still unrivalled by any monument, ancient or modern, and which partakes of the leading features of Roberts' design. On receiving intimation of the result, Roberts writes to Hay as follows:—

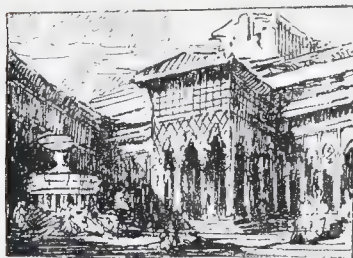
'I am not at all surprised at the decision come to with regard to the Scott Monument. Those of the committee who stick to the good old fashion, and think that a monument cannot be a monument unless it contains some dumbie imitation of the person it is intended to commemorate, should look at the figure of Lord Melville on the top of his column which already graces your fair city. As to my own designs, I thought they might give an idea to others, and that was the reason I

made them. I knew there would be a prejudice against employing a person like me, who had never been directly engaged in such work.'

During the year 1835 Roberts painted for Mr. Sheepshanks 'Old Houses in the Durro, Granada,' price £54. 10s.; the 'Cathedral of Burgos,' exhibited at Somerset House, and bought by Captain Barret for £150; 'Fortress of the Alhambra,' for Lord Northwick, price £52 : 10s.; two small pictures—'Lady Chapel in Bordeaux Cathedral,' and 'Chapel in Cathedral of Bayonne'—price £20; 'Moorish Tower on the Bridge of Cordova,' sold at Liverpool for £52. 10s.; part of the 'Cathedral of Burgos' for the Duke of Sutherland; 'Court of the Lions, Alhambra,' for Count Jennison, the Bavarian minister, price £31 : 10s.; 'Old Houses in the Durro, Granada,' for Monsieur Artaria of Mannheim, £26 : 5s.

This summer Roberts also painted the 'Gate of St. Jean at Bordeaux,' for Mr. Hastings, price £21; 'Part of the

*Part of the Lions - Palace of the Alhambra*



*Painted for Spokenay Count Jenson Bavarian Minister - on Panel*

*Old Houses on the Durro-Granada.*



*Painted for Monsieur Artaria of Mannheim on Panel*



Castle of Mardinella, Andalusia ; ' Interior of the Cathedral at Burgos,' for Mr. Vernon, £38 : 10s. ; ' Interior of Chapel, Cathedral of Bayonne,' for Mr. Wadmore, £37 : 15s. ; ' Gateway of the Monastery of the Carmelites at Burgos,' for Mr. Clark.

During this season his time was much occupied in making drawings for the *Landscape Annual* for 1836, consisting of views chiefly in Andalusia. There were twenty-one of these for which he was paid by Mr. Jennings £420 ; and in addition to these, he made drawings on wood for ten vignettes for the same work, for which he was paid £50. A considerable portion of his time was taken up in making designs for two dioramas for Mr. Hamlet. One was the ' Court of the Lions in the Alhambra ;' the other, the ' Interior of the Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella at Granada.' For some cause the engagement was not fulfilled, and much valuable time lost.

In October the *Landscape Annual* for 1836 was published, and the first edition of five thousand was sold ; as also another edition of two thousand. Jennings, the publisher, sold Roberts' drawings for £40 each, being double the sum he had paid for them. Thomas Roscoe, the author of the letterpress, says with regard to Roberts' share in the work :—

' By a series of rapid sketches, as varied, interesting, and amusing as abundant materials and close research could supply, the editor has anxiously sought to give additional zest to the pictorial charms conferred upon the book by an artist who studied carefully on the spot every subject which he has here delineated. It may be proper further to state, that for much of the information comprised in the notes descriptive of the plates and wood-engravings, the author is indebted to the personal observations of the same individual.'

In reviewing this work, the *Athenæum* says :—

‘Roberts is pre-eminent as an architectural draughtsman, and his knowledge of perspective enables him to give that appearance of size which is so essential to the grandeur of a stately pile of building. In this particular, indeed, he is equal to Turner, while in minute accuracy of detail he is superior, but he does not come up to him either in the truth or variety, the breadth or brilliancy, of his effects of light and shade. This year, however, he has made a great stretch in advance of his former efforts. The novelty and magnificence of the scenes, combined with the artist’s skill, lead us to anticipate that this will be the most popular, if not the most beautiful, of the tourist *Annals*.’

During this year Roberts retired from being a member of the Suffolk Street Society of Artists, because he had been found fault with for having sent his picture of ‘Seville Cathedral’ to the British Institution, although he had sent the ‘Giralda’ to Suffolk Street. He had also determined to send his ‘Cathedral of Burgos’ to the Royal Academy, where he had not exhibited for six years, and he knew that this would further excite the displeasure of the members. This caused him to retire, and in doing so he paid the fine originally agreed to be paid by retiring members of £100, besides relinquishing his claim, about £90 previously advanced to the Society.

Mr. Hay of Edinburgh at that time had begun to make his noble collection of pictures, and had built a gallery, in which Roberts’ picture of Seville held a prominent place. The following advice from Roberts to his friend is so pertinent to all similarly situated that it appears well worth quoting :—

‘I rejoice to learn that you are making such additions to your collection of pictures, and have no doubt that, with your knowledge of art,

it will be judiciously done. Still, if a friend might give you a jog on the elbow, I would say, Don't hurry over much, and pride yourself more on the pictures being select than numerous. This caution it may appear presumptuous in me to give; but from several collections I have seen formed in London, and afterwards weeded, I have come to the conclusion that it would have been better had the weeds never been there.'

In a letter to Hay, dated March 29, 1836, Roberts says:—

'I stand well in the British Institution this year; I have five pictures never before exhibited, occupying the best places in the gallery. Four of them are sold, and one has led to an important commission from the Marquis of Lansdowne. I have also two in Suffolk Street, both of which are sold. I have just completed a large picture for Somerset House of the 'Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella' at Granada. Since Christmas I have painted this picture, and made fourteen of the twenty drawings for next year's *Annual*. The publisher is to pay me £25 each for them, instead of £20 as formerly.'

*Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella. Granada*



The large picture alluded to, of which the foregoing facsimile of Roberts' own pen-and-ink sketch gives an idea, was purchased by William Beckford of Fonthill for £262:10s. During this summer Roberts entered into an engagement with Messrs. Hodgson and Graves to make twenty-six large drawings, facsimiles of those done in Spain, to be engraved on stone,—he undertaking to superintend and touch on the stone when required, for £350. In the autumn he visited some of the old abbeys and monasteries in the north—viz. York, Beverley, Kirkstall, Fountains, Richmond, and Durham, of which he made a number of drawings; after which he paid a visit to his native town, where he spent some time with his father, mother, and friends, returning by sea to London. In December he began another series of twenty drawings for the *Annual*, comprising views in Spain and Morocco, for which he was to receive £500. He worked less or more on every stone for Hodgson and Graves' publication of Roberts' *Picturesque Views in Spain*—the figures in many of them being entirely his own drawing; and this, together with the drawings for the *Annual*, took up all his time till March 1837, leaving him no time to paint in oil, although he had many commissions. The Picturesque Views, when they were published, had an enormous sale, and since then the work has gone through more printing than any work in lithography ever published. Roberts had calculated on being able to complete the views in two months, but was so annoyed at the imperfect way in which some were being engraved that he worked on the stones with his own hand, erasing some of them entirely; so, instead of two, the work occupied him nearly seven months. In noticing this work the *Literary Gazette* says:—



‘Every artist, *quoad* artist, must lament the Reformation. As a man he may be rejoiced at the liberation from the superstitions, bigotry, and intolerance of the Romish Church, but, as a painter, he cannot reflect without regret on its magnificent and picturesque ceremonials, and on the facilities which the noble edifices where these ceremonials were performed afforded for the exhibition of the finest productions of the pencil and chisel. This is a feeling which the superb volume before us will greatly increase. There is no country in which all the gorgeous pageantry of the Catholic religion has been, and still is, so profusely and ostentatiously displayed, as in Spain; and a large proportion of these sketches are devoted to its illustration by Mr. Roberts, with what success his former works render it unnecessary to say.’

The following letter from Sir Martin Arthur Shee, then the president of the Royal Academy, acknowledging a presentation copy of the work, shows how he appreciated the genius of Roberts:—

‘*Cavendish Square, April 3, 1837.*

‘My dear Sir,—Accept my grateful thanks for your magnificent present. I assure you that no ordinary terms of acknowledgment can do justice to the sense I entertain of your liberality as manifested in so valuable a gift. The work does you the greatest credit, and is not more admirable for the picturesque character of the scenery which it represents, than for the eminent talent displayed in its execution. I trust the public will have sufficient taste to appreciate your labours, and justice enough to reward them. Sincerely wishing you every success you can desire, I remain, my dear Sir, your much obliged and very faithful,

MARTIN ARTHUR SHEE.

‘*David Roberts, Esq.*’

By the end of June Roberts had completed his drawings for the *Landscape Annual* for 1838. These consisted of a series of views in Spain and Morocco; and to render the work as complete as possible he made many of the draw-

ings from sketches by his friends, Lieutenants Smith and Eldridge, Colonel Harding, and Richard Ford. This *Annual* completed the Spanish views, and was equally well received with the three preceding volumes. All the public journals lauded it highly, and, in the words of Roberts himself, 'he retired without losing any of his former credit.'

This year he painted 'St. Paul's, with the Lord Mayor's Procession' for Mr. Goodall to engrave as a companion to a drawing of 'Westminster Abbey, with the Procession by water.' He received for St. Paul's £42. He also painted the same subject from a different point of view for Mr. John Clark in part payment for painting his house in Mornington Place. He presented to Stephen Price, manager of Drury Lane, a small picture of the ruins of an abbey, and one of Edinburgh Castle to his friend Joseph McGregor. He also painted the celebrated picture of the 'Alhambra' for the Marquis of Lansdowne, for which he received £300; also the 'Mosque of Cordova' for Frank Hall Standish of Duxbury Park, price £105; also 'Tomb of the Percy Family in Beverley Minster,' 'Tower of the Church of St. Mark, Seville,' and a small picture of the 'Alhambra.'

In 1838 Roberts painted the 'High Altar, Cathedral of Seville,' for Mr. Standish, as a companion to the 'Mosque of Cordova,' price £105. He also painted 'Entrance to the Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella,' which he afterwards presented to E. Bicknell, Herne Hill; and having completed some other works on which he was engaged, he made preparations to set out on his journey to the Holy Land—a journey which had been the dream of his life from boyhood. His friend Mr. Mark, who had been consul at Malaga when Roberts was there, and from whom he had experienced many kindnesses, procured for him the neces-

sary introduction to the British functionaries in the places he intended visiting. In a letter to Roberts Mr. Mark says :—

‘I am glad you are satisfied with the letter of introduction I procured you from the Foreign Office. I so managed it that it will not only serve to make you known to Captain Campbell at Alexandria, but to any other British functionary in your way. You must indeed have plenty to do before adopting so long a march. Take your talent-box with you, and a fig for everything else. Return loaded with lore, and if you meet with any old coin or lamp, or other memento of the ancients, which would be useful in my cabinet to distinguish your visit to Egypt, pray bring it with you, that I may be able to label it as having been furnished by my friend D. R.’

## CHAPTER V.

THE following jottings are from the diary and letters of Mr. Roberts during his wanderings in the East, and will give the reader an idea of the difficulties he had to encounter in carrying out his gigantic undertaking:—

‘I left London for France on the 31st August 1838, and passed a few days in Paris, where I was very kindly received by my friend Count Jennison, the Bavarian ambassador. My course lay down the Rhone and the Seine, passing through Lyons, Avignon, and Arles, to Marseilles, which having left in a steamer, we coasted fair Italy, passed half-a-day at Civita Vecchia, and in about six days reached Malta. Here I was transferred from one steamer to another, and in about three days we reached Lyssa, one of the Greek islands. Here we again changed steamers, and on reaching Alexandria, on the 24th September, I was kindly received by Colonel Campbell.’

The following letter to his daughter, written on his arrival at Alexandria, gives a graphic and detailed account of his journey there, and of the impression made on him by the ancient city:—

*‘Alexandria, 24th September 1838.*

‘My dear Christine,—I am delighted to inform you that after a delightful voyage I am here safe and sound in Egypt. I left Marseilles in the steamer, the ‘Dante,’ on the 11th, and encountered much stormy



weather until we reached Civita Vecchia, where I first set foot on the shore of Italy, which was rather tantalising, as we were within ten hours' journey of the eternal city. We continued our passage amid delightful weather to Malta, and I was much pleased with the city of Valetta and its immense fortifications, which seem in dimensions to exceed Gibraltar. We changed steamers here, and proceeded to Lyra, a small island in the Greek Archipelago. The ancient city crowns a hill, on the summit of which there is a Greek convent. I landed and ascended the eminence, and was amply repaid for my exertions. On the right lay the island of Delos, and, stretching far away in the ocean, Crete, or as it is now called Candia. We changed vessels here, and the ship which we now went aboard was crowded with pilgrims from Constantinople on their way to Mecca: Turks of very varied costume—men, women, and children—carrying with them luggage and provision for their passage through the desert. They were all deck passengers, and I never saw such a picturesque assemblage. Of course my sketch-book and I were busily employed. They prostrated themselves and prayed five or six times a-day, which was a most impressive sight. This morning we were all early astir, and Alexandria lay before us, its mosques and palm-trees giving it a different character from anything I had seen; while immediately over it rose the remains of the ancient city, now a mass of rubbish, but which at one time contained a population of 600,000 inhabitants. In the bay were numerous ships, many of them vessels of war. Our ship was soon surrounded by the most picturesque boatmen in the world, pulling, hauling, and bawling—each fighting for which should have the passengers. On landing from the boats the scene was still more exciting: such scrambling among the poor black porters to get hold of the luggage, that it was with great difficulty you could keep it under your eye; and they submitted to be kicked and buffeted, all for the sake of a few halfpence. On entering the city we saw long trains of loaded camels and donkeys; Turks in rich dresses; negroes, some nude; with Greeks, Jews, and people of all nations. Having taken up our abode, we sallied forth to see the lions, visited the bazaars and the slave-market, the latter peculiarly disgusting. The slaves were mostly girls: some from Circassia were well dressed; others,

negroes, squatted on the ground, with scanty bits of matting thrown round them, and in a sun that would have killed a European. It was altogether a sickening sight, and I left it proud that I belonged to a nation who had abolished slavery. In the evening, having procured guides and donkeys, we proceeded to the ancient city. We passed through a burial-ground, where a few poor Turks were scooping a shallow grave in the sand. The corpse, wrapped up in an old brown covering, lay on a sort of barrow, and half-a-dozen of women were wailing. One, in particular, seemed overpowered by grief: she had on her knee an infant, apparently about two years of age. Immediately over this group rose Pompey's Pillar, with which I was somewhat disappointed. Afterwards rode to see Cleopatra's Needle.

'25th.—I have been again over the ruins of the old city, and, with the exception of the portico of a Roman temple, half excavated, saw little beyond what I had seen yesterday. The expense of laying the whole of this temple open would be trifling, the price of labour is so low; the work is generally done by girls at about 2d. a-day. There is a double row of granite columns, and on the walls are Roman paintings.

'I have met with the greatest kindness here. To-day I dine with Mr. Thorburn, the consul, and to-morrow with Colonel Campbell, who is indefatigable in his endeavours to serve me, and has given me letters of introduction to Mehemet Ali.

'I suppose you are inhaling the sea-breezes. Remember me kindly to Mr. Cooke, Edward, and the young ladies. DAVID ROBERTS.'

'*Alexandria, September 24th.*—Landed at 9 A.M. Visited the Bazaar and Slave-Market, Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. Pompey's Pillar consists of five slabs—pedestal, plinth, base, shaft, and capital. Must have been surmounted by a statue, unless it was one of many belonging to a temple, which is probable from the appearance of the mound on which it stands. Cleopatra's Needle appears to be buried. It seems probable it may have stood on a pedestal of similar dimensions and character, which is lying close by.

'25th.—At half-past 5 A.M. rode round the town. Found the remains of a portico consisting of six granite columns, the inner walls

painted with ornamental scroll-work. Hired a servant called Ismael to go up the Nile, and ordered provisions for four months.

'26th.—Made three coloured sketches, and took the dimensions of Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. Rode to Cleopatra's Baths, and the Catacombs, the burial-place of the ancient city. They form a sort of octagonal hall, with recesses on four sides, surmounted by a bastard pediment of the fifth and sixth centuries.

'27th.—Left Alexandria at 6 P.M. Went to a lake a mile distant from the gate of Rosetta, and made a drawing of an ancient idol there. Numbers of pillars lie about, probably the remains of the temple in which the idol had been. The figure is colossal, of black polished basalt, the head Greco-Roman, with an Egyptian head-dress.

'28th.—At 9 A.M. arrived at the junction of the Mahmoudië Canal with the Nile, and at the village of Asfeh discharged our boat and took one of larger size. Made a sketch of a village called Fouah. Further on is a very ruinous village called Salahiyeh, with three picturesque minarets, and palm-trees to the water's edge. Higher up is Segiel, with a mosque and three minarets; and further on is Sa el Hajar, where the temple was which contained the celebrated statue of Nature, with the inscription, 'I am all that has been, is, or shall be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil.' We passed round other villages; and at night, wrapt in my cloak, I slept in the bottom of boat.

'29th.—Landed at Nikleh, where there was an Arab fair. People arriving from all directions, with cattle, goats, fowls, fruits, and tobacco. The Nile here flows very rapidly; the water is brown and thick, and the country, as far as can be seen, is richly cultivated and thickly interspersed with villages, generally surrounded by palm-trees, which, combined with the minarets of the mosques, form very picturesque scenes. The minarets are white, and the houses, which are mere hovels, are formed of the mud of the Nile. Maize is generally grown in the fields, which are irrigated through troughs, to which the water is raised by a large vessel suspended over wheels by cords, and drawn up by an ox or camel, assisted by two fellahs.

'30th.—11.30 A.M. Caught a glimpse of the Pyramids. What sensations rush through us at first sight of these stupendous monuments of

antiquity! 4 P.M. Reach Boulak, the port of Cairo. Our ship drew up beside a boat full of negroes for sale, some of them perfect models in form. We hired donkeys and proceeded to Cairo, which we reached after passing along a raised roadway flooded on each side; streets long, narrow, and crowded with projecting shops. Made our way to Hill's, the only English Hotel there.

'1st October.—This morning waited on the consul. Hired donkeys and a dragoman, and proceeded to view the town. The Mosque of Sultan Hassan astonished me by its magnitude, the beauty of its decorations, and the costliness of the materials. The view from the Alcazar or Citadel is very novel and beautiful: Cairo with its domes and minarets, then the suburb of Boulak and the windings of the Nile, and in the distance the pyramids of Gizeh with the hills of Lybia.

'3d.—Started this morning for the Pyramids; distance twenty miles. Not much struck with the size of the great one till I began the ascent, which is no joke. The Sphinx pleased me even more than the Pyramids.

'5th.—To-day visited the tombs of the Caliphs, which are in ruins and inhabited by poor squalid wretches. Nothing I have ever seen equals the beauty of the mosaic work of the floor and walls under the great dome, which are principally inlaid with mother-of-pearl and precious stones.

'6th.—Left for Boulak. Got into our boat, and the wind being against us we lay-to all night.

'7th.—At the ferry to Pyramids at Old Cairo, got foul of some old houses close to the bank; lost our mainyard, and had to stop till it was spliced. No sleep all night. Bitten cruelly by mosquitoes and ants. Moonlight beautiful.

'8th and 9th.—No wind; row most of the way; country mountainous, consisting of fields of maize, with mud hamlets here and there, and clumps of palm-trees loaded with fruit. Arrive at Benisouef, having during the last night and day sailed sixty miles. Here there was a fair or bazaar; numerous groups of country people flocked along the banks to the town—women, old and young, all clothed alike, in blue cotton dresses, open in front, with hanging sleeves, and almost all carrying



on their heads baskets with fruit or pigeons. The men with flocks of sheep and goats—very picturesque.

'10th.—About 11 A.M. off the village of Sheikly, formerly Cynopolis, where there are extensive mounds on the left bank, and the chain of sand hills terminates in the stream. Go ashore at Onaseh, where, if the waters of the Nile did not prevent the people from burrowing in the ground, they would prefer it to their wretched dens. They don't bury their dead under ground, probably because the graves would be filled with water, but lay the bodies in small vaults of sun-dried bricks, which soon fall into ruins, and everywhere skeletons with tattered grave-clothes are seen lying about. About 5 we arrived at Minieh, where there are the ruins of a mosque, with polished marble or granite pillars having Corinthian capitals.

'11th.—Having left Minieh in the middle of the night with a good wind, at daybreak we were at Wadi Metahara, and within an hour after reached the celebrated cave or catacombs of Beni Hassan. The chief cave has Doric columns, and is covered with hieroglyphics. In a recess are the remains of one large and two smaller statues carved in the rock. Other caves or apartments are in the face of the rocks rising over the left bank of the Nile. They are of white sandstone, and are arranged in a line nearly on the same level. The walls are covered by paintings, showing the domestic employments and sports of the ancient Egyptians, and these are all done on a white ground, and only five colours are used—viz. red, blue, green, yellow, and black. They look as if they had been done in size-colour and varnished. All of these caves have wells or pits—some perpendicular; others inclined. Each cave has a recess, all or nearly all opposite the door; and I imagine these must have been the temples where the funeral obsequies of the dead were performed previous to the bodies being deposited.

'The view here is beautiful; the Nile broad and winding, and the plain covered with vegetation, but no trace of a human being anywhere. About 3 o'clock we arrived at Shekh Abadeh, the ancient Antinoë. In passing through the village I looked in vain for the temples and triumphal arches described by Dr. Richardson. Here and there are polished granite pillars standing, or rather leaning, many half-buried in the rubbish sur-

rounding them, contrasting rudely with the modern mud huts. I presume that the stones of the triumphal arches have shared the fate of the one which Dr. Richardson, at his visit, saw being taken down to make lime. I made a sketch of the fragment of a cornice and capital of a Corinthian column, which, though far from being correct, is much better than those at Alexandria. The acanthus-leaf and volutes are solid, not open. About the centre of the town are some large polished granite pillars, which I measured: circumference 9 feet 9 inches, circumference of lower part of capital 12 feet 6 inches, or including foliage 13 feet 9 inches. On all sides are high mounds of rubbish, with fragments of pottery. Having given a few paras for some coins, we left Antinoë; and passing Eshmouneyn or Hermopolis, we arrived on the morning of the 12th at Honata.

'12th.—Sailing on, we came to Manfalout; rather a large town, with a bazaar and several mosques. Like all the other towns here, this is in ruins, a considerable portion being undermined by the encroachments of the river. We went ashore and purchased six fowls for 9 piastres, about 2s. 9d., but our bread, which we brought from Cairo, being mouldy, and not being able to procure either flour or bread here, we left within an hour. At sunset we approached Benim-hamed, and on the morning of the 13th found ourselves at Siout, said to be the site of the ancient Lycopolis, which took its name from the inhabitants having worshipped the jackal, and which is said to be the place where the Virgin and Child took refuge from their oppressor. Some mounds of rubbish and sepulchral excavations are all that remain of the ancient town. A great portion of the country is overflowed, but the gardens are beautiful: palms, willows, sycamores, acacias, and pomegranates are in great abundance. The town is above the level of the surrounding country, is bounded by dykes, and approached by a bridge of several arches. The first object of importance seen on entering is the large mosque of St. John, with its minarets, of which I took a sketch. The mosque contains four galleries or terraces for the Imaum, which are enriched from top to bottom with elaborate arabesques. The bazaars are numerous and busy, but the gravity of their inmates is almost ludicrous, they scarcely deigning to take the chabouk from their mouths to answer

a question. The town is the largest I have seen since leaving Cairo, and much more cleanly and thriving than usual. We crossed the causeway to the celebrated caves, where we met a caravan with a numerous party of slave-dealers conveying their slaves to market. On entering the caves we saw traces of the mummy-seekers having been there, the ground being strewn with tattered wrappings and shrivelled bodies disjointed and mutilated. The entrance to the lower cave is by a porch cut in the rock, nearly square, with the top slightly arched. The doorway is covered with hieroglyphics, and two figures of the usual form guard the entrance. The walls and ceiling of the first chamber are also covered with very minute hieroglyphics, which have all been painted. The ceiling of the outer porch has light stars on a dark ground, but I could not distinguish a vestige of gold in all the decorations. The upper cave contains the remains of three pillars, and is also covered with hieroglyphics.

' 14th.—This morning by sunrise we resumed our upward voyage, and landed at Aboutig (the ancient Abutis), which we found surrounded with mounds of rubbish overtopping the town in opposite directions. Near the river are two enormous circular slabs of polished granite, the side of one having a carved figure, holding in his hands the secret or key.

' 15th.—At Antæopolis I sought but found no trace of the temple undermined by the river in 1819. The sun was setting, and beaming full upon the hills—deep broad shadows on one side of the amphitheatre, a red purple glow on the other—long lines of green maize here and there broken by the palm and acacia—the solitary ibis stalking lazily along the banks; altogether the scene was imbued with a serenity and beauty I have never seen equalled.

' 16th.—Went ashore at Maragheh, where there was a fair. We were soon surrounded on all sides, and seemed the great attraction. We were conducted by several armed Arabs to the sheik or governor, who invited us to be seated, gave us chabouks, and presented us to his son. All the people gathered round, staring in wonderment, while the guard kept them back by hitting right and left with their sticks and guns. Bought a sheep for 25 piastres, or 5s. The town is prettily situated

amongst gardens. The female dress is remarkably simple and elegant. It is tied in a knot on each shoulder, and the arms are left free.

'17th.—We landed at Girgeh, and visited the bazaar and other parts of the town, and were accosted by the padre or superior of the Catholic convent, who, although a Florentine, was dressed in the Eastern fashion, and wore a red turban. There was nothing to note here, so we returned to our boat, and proceeded on our voyage.

'18th.—A glorious morning. Nothing can be more beautiful than the craft here, skimming along the water, their white sails flapping and shivering in the breeze, and I have the supreme delight of being at present commander of a vessel with a crew of eight or nine men. I now and then look up to the British ensign over head with no small degree of pride as some passing vessel shows its tattered flag and Arabic inscription, or the Pasha's crescent and stars. On we went, and on a sandbank saw about half-a-dozen crocodiles sniffing the morning air, some of them being twelve or fourteen feet in length. On our shouting they plunged leisurely into the water, without seeming in any way overpowered by our presence. We have come 400 miles, and the whole line is as if cast in a mould—the same mountains in outline, form, and colour—the same line of land, low and flat, with endless groves of palms, and the same miserable villages; but we are now drawing near Dendera, the most beautiful of the Egyptian temples, and I shall soon see whether my expectations are to be realised.

'Dendera, 19th.—By daybreak I was astir, and went to the ruins with my friend Captain Nellie, who assisted me in taking the dimensions. The city stands in the middle of an immense plain, about two miles from the river. On entering the portico of the temple, I was struck with amazement at the perfect preservation of every part of the structure, except where it had been purposely defaced, and at the endless labour bestowed on the carving—for every part is covered with hieroglyphics, outside as well as inside, even the staircases where daylight could not penetrate. Figures here are fifteen feet in height, others so small they require to be examined by a glass; and the whole is so varied, so perfect, and so vast, that it must have been the work of ages. To the north-west of this is a temple called the Typhonium, from the



figure of Typhon being often repeated on its walls; and the whole structure is covered with elaborate carving. Among the ruins of the city I could not perceive a stone; all was sunburnt brick, contrasting strangely with the time when these temples rose in all their splendour. I felt sad and solitary—not a soul but myself and my black guide within miles; all around was the Lybian Desert; far distant was an Arab encampment; the setting sun gilded the high peaks of the hills, throwing the shadow of the temples across the plain; and I reached my boat overcome by melancholy reflections on the mutability of all human greatness, and the perishable nature of even the most enduring works of human genius.

‘20th.—To-day I have been employed in drawing the ground-plan and elevation of Dendera, which I finished before dinner.

‘21st, *Sunday*.—Arrived at Goorna. Hired donkeys and proceeded to the ruins. The first we came to was a small temple much dilapidated. Further on is the Memnonium, with the magnitude of which I was rather disappointed, but surprised at the massive stones of which it is composed. The proportion of the pillars is beautiful. The head and shoulders of Memnon lying on the ground is enormous; one can only wonder how it got there. There is also a small and very beautiful head and body of the same figure in black basalt. On the left there is a huge propylon shattered to pieces, with a battle-scene carved on it. The statues which are further south in the plain are very ruinous, but sufficient remains to give an idea of what they have been. Near these is a heap of stones, once forming the temple of which these figures were supposed to be the guardians. We next visited the Medinet Abou, and afterwards a very small temple, with iris head pillars of the most exquisite proportion. On our way back to the boat we met several Arabs with beautifully painted and ornamented mummies, which they offered us for sale.

‘22d.—Returned and carefully examined the temple, then set out for Baban el Molook, the tombs of the kings of Thebes. The tomb called Belzoni’s is in an excellent state of preservation, and in the hieroglyphics I think might be traced the entire system of Egyptian mythology. This splendid mausoleum never having been finished, you have

the whole process from the smoothing of the rock to the red chalk outline; then follows the correcting with a black outline, in size-colour; and, lastly, the scooping out into the form. We visited several other tombs, all much dilapidated; and on our way to the boat witnessed the performances of some dancing-girls, very elegant and graceful.

'23d, *Luxor*.—This morning I walked over the vast remains of this mighty edifice, which is buried amid the mud houses of the modern town. The great propylon facing the north is in a tolerable state of preservation. On each side of the gateway there are two colossal sitting figures buried up to the chest and sadly mutilated. Following my guide, I clambered to the top of the propylon, where I could see the remains of this magnificent temple, with the modern houses twisting here and there among the pillars. Adjoining these is a mosque, with minarets scarcely reaching so high as the huge propylon; while the Obelisk, one entire stone, rises like the work of a divinity,—all proving the grandeur of ancient art, and contrasting sadly with the wretched modern dwellings around them.

'The main pillars are 30 feet in circumference, the capitals with their lotus-leaves must be about 50 feet outside. All are covered with carving, and are painted in the most glowing colours, much of which retains its pristine purity.

'We then proceeded to Karnak, which is still more magnificent. The circumference of the pillars is 33 feet 6 inches, so that a man beside them looks a pigmy. The plains are so vast on which these temples stand that, until you come near them, you have no idea of their magnitude. There are rows of sphinxes with rams' heads ranged along both sides of the approaches. Surrounding the whole is a colonnade of smaller pillars, from which branch off cloisters supported also by colossal figures, their arms crossed over their breasts, and their hands holding the scourge and crook. Beyond these columns are gateways seen through gateways, and stupendous obelisks, one of which is without a flaw, and the polish as perfect as if the workmen had just left it. Everything is covered with carving, much of it very beautiful, and on the outer walls are processions and battles without number. After exa-

mining the two great gates and seeing other two smaller temples, we bade adieu to Karnak, and at 5 o'clock got under weigh for Esne and Nubia.

'24th.—This morning visited the ruins of Hermenthes, which, with the exception of Luxor and Karnak, are the most picturesque I have seen. The principal objects among the hieroglyphics with which the walls are covered are cats, serpents, and monkeys. The ruins, like others, are surrounded with huge mounds of earth covered with fragments of pillars.

'Esne, ancient Latopolis. The temple here is used as a powder-magazine. The walls are black and covered with the usual deities. The pillars are large and of the lotus form.

'25th.—About 4 o'clock we reached the ancient city of Eilethyæ, the walls of which are in an excellent state of preservation. No vestiges of temples are to be seen here, and it seems to have been a fortress or citadel. I crossed the plain, where I found the foundations of what had been a stone building; and afterwards visited the caves, the paintings on which are now much defaced.

'26th.—This morning landed at a village, and walked about five miles across the country to Edfou. About midway we found a sheik's tomb, in which were jars of water for the thirsty traveller. A lean hungry dog and two immense white eagles were gorging themselves on a dead camel, and they scarcely stopped when we approached them. Wending my way through the wretched huts with which the village is crowded, I stood in front of the most beautiful temple in Egypt. It is not so large as some, but from every point of view it is a beautiful picture. The two propylons are exquisite in proportion, and the representations on them of Isis and other deities are large and expressive. The colonnade runs round the dromos, and all the pillars and capitals are different. On the frieze of the portico is a line of long-tailed baboons, and the whole is enclosed with a wall covered with carving. Near this is the cella of a small temple dedicated to Typhon, but the remains are almost buried.

'27th.—Scarcely a breath of wind. Crocodiles lie sunning themselves on the banks. The cooing of the wild pigeons, and the notes of numerous birds, are heard from the groves of palms, and the solitary crane stalks along by the river-side. Will this desert ever again be

come the busy haunt of men? Nothing is more probable, as Egypt is the medium of our direct intercourse with India.

*'28th, Sunday.*—Reached Kom Ombo, which rises on a gentle eminence, and has a most imposing effect. The Nile has gradually been encroaching on this part of the shore, and the end of one propylon similar to that of Karnak is the only part left standing. It is covered with the usual hieroglyphics and representations of deities, and a number of immense blocks of stone, parts of a former temple, are lying about. The colours of the winged globe, the usual roof-decoration, are in good preservation. There have been fifteen pillars, but the two angular ones have been thrown down. There are one or two capitals with the head of Isis. A few houses peeping above the sand which has been drifted from the desert is all that can now be seen of the once proud city of Ombo. On ascending the esplanade on which the picturesque ruins stand I was more and more struck with their beauty, and each side of the structure seemed better than the other.

*'29th.*—Syene or Asouan. We walked over the ruins of this ancient city, which crowns the height of a rock jutting out into the stream. Nothing remains but the brick walls; so, after making a drawing of this part of the river, we crossed over to the island of Elephanta, where we found no vestiges of its ancient temples save a few columns and masses of rubbish. I saw one solitary figure, with the arms folded on the breast, holding flagellum and crook; and on examining the wall next the stream I found it composed of stones covered with hieroglyphics, which must formerly have belonged to a temple.

*'30th.*—This morning we hired donkeys and started for Philæ. Our route lay through a long straggling line of tombs scattered about among huge granite rocks, some of them covered with hieroglyphics. A high ridge of rocks lay between us and the Nile, while here and there were tombs of saints. All around was bare and sterile, not a green blade enlivened the scene. After riding for some hours we came in sight of the little island of Philæ, a paradise in the midst of desolation. To me it recalled the first time I had seen Roslin, and it has ever since been associated in my mind with my father-land and the happy days of my youth. The whole of the space that is not covered with the remains of



the temples is strewn with the debris of the former town. There are four temples. The first we visited is on the south of the island, having lotus-formed capitals. It seems never to have been finished. It is of a light sandstone, and the detail is all so sharp and beautiful that it looks as if the masons and carvers had just left their work, and I could scarcely believe that I was looking at a ruin of two thousand years' standing. Two of the lower screens are carved with hieroglyphics, as is also the lower part of one of the pillars. With the exception of the winged globe, which had just been commenced, no painting is to be found, and this, I think, shows that the structure had never been completed. A long esplanade is in front of the two propylons, between which is the main entrance to the great temple. On either side is a colonnade of small pillars, beautifully proportioned, and not rounded at the base, like those of Thebes. The capitals are chiefly of the lotus and palm, but they all differ. This esplanade terminates abruptly, overlooking the river at a considerable height. The propylons and gateway are carved with the usual emblems. On the back walls of the colonnade, next the river, the colours of the dresses of the different deities are yet quite distinct. Nothing can excel the elegant proportions of the great temple. It is supported by ten columns, the capitals of the full-blown lotus form, inlaid with green, blue, and yellow, still in excellent preservation. The cella probably for the idol is completely blackened by the smoke from the lamps burning before the shrine. The other temples and ruins are equally interesting.

' 31st.—This morning a steamboat, which had been up the Nile with the Pasha, returned without her rudder, and the Bey invited us to his tent, where my friends and I were served with coffee and pipes. He told us that he had the Pasha's orders to give us all the assistance in his power, and he offered to provide us with camels for ourselves and our baggage, while our boats were being taken up the cataract; but this kind offer we declined.

' Nov. 1.—After considerable exertion and difficulty we got our boats up the rapids. During the time this was being done I made a large sketch of the temple called Pharaoh's Bed, which in every direction is exceedingly beautiful. At sunset we entered Ethiopia.

' 2d.—This morning we went ashore at Wady Dabod, where there is a small temple which seems never to have been completed. The two outer columns are rough as they were hewn, and offer evidence of the Egyptian sculptors having cut the hieroglyphics after the columns were erected. There is a shrine of red granite, which seems to have been for the statue of Isis, and from the carving it appears more ancient than the temple. We next visited Wady Kardassy, on which is a beautiful little temple, built on a rock overlooking the river. It is similar in character to the other, but Greek crosses in many places give evidence of its having been used as a Christian church.

' 3d.—This morning reached Kalabshe, a village on the west bank, containing a magnificent temple, approached by a landing formed of immense square stones, stretching from the water's-edge to a platform in front of the propylon. Over the gateway is the winged globe, and on the architrave of the door are symbolical figures. The whole has been surrounded by a double wall, the inner the higher. The portico has a very noble appearance, consisting of four columns of the lotus form. The shafts, capitals, and friezes, lie in heaps half the height of the walls, round which are painted numerous Greek inscriptions, and some faint vestiges of saints with the nimbus round their heads.

' 4th.—Pulled up to-day under the small temple of Dandour, which appeared insignificant after the great temples we had just left. During the night we passed the temples of Gyrshe and Dakke, and found ourselves on the morning of the 5th at the upper part of the island of Derar, which, with the land on either shore, is well cultivated. The sun had just risen, and lit up the sparkling white sand, amid which rises the temple of Offalina, with the dark purple hills seen in the distance. This temple has been surrounded by a colonnade of sixteen pillars, fourteen of which are standing. Many of the capitals have never been carved, and from the total want of sculpture the temple has evidently never been completed. There are, however, Greek paintings, showing that it must have been at one time used as a Christian church. In one is a representation of a figure driving two others, their hands raised as in despair; and from the trees in the background being represented as laden with fruit, I would imagine it is intended to represent the expulsion from

Paradise. There is a figure with a nimbus round his head, seated on a throne, as if sitting in judgment. These figures are exceedingly well drawn, and the arrangement of the limbs is very unlike the profile outline of the Egyptians. The stones have been put together without mortar, and must have been connected by clamps of some kind or other. All the temples I have seen since leaving Nubia are unfinished, and seem to have been only progressing to completion when they were abandoned in consequence of the advance of the new religion.

'5th.—The thermometer 96° in the shade—no wind. In the evening a slight breeze sprang up, and in the morning of the 6th we found ourselves within a short distance of the ruined temple of Wady Saboua.

'A great portion of this temple is buried in the sand. There was an avenue of sphinxes, with two colossal figures, fourteen feet in height, in front of the dromos, one of which I sketched. They are similar to those in the British Museum.

'7th.—This morning we are near the town of Kosocko, and remained here during the day, having sundry interesting adventures. At night we sailed past Hassaia and Derr, and in the morning had reached Tharsa Ibrim. We passed on by the Castle of Ibrim, determining to examine it on our return; and on the evening of the 8th we arrived at Aboosimbel. On the morning of the 9th I was in the celebrated temple cut in the rock, which has often been described. There are four colossal figures in a sitting posture carved on the face of the rock. This is said to be the oldest of the Egyptian temples. If so, in what a labyrinth does it involve the history of those stupendous edifices! The beauty of the workmanship and colossal dimensions are not surpassed even by those at Thebes. In the splendid hall a double row of colossal figures, attached to square pillars, support the roof. The walls and pillars are covered with sculpture in excellent preservation. From this hall, branch various apartments also covered with sculpture. There is another temple, the northern, equally interesting.

'11th.—At nightfall we began to descend the stream, and stopped at the Castle of Ibrim, which rises between two and three hundred feet above the river, and which, with the surrounding country, presents a perfect picture of desolation. The whole debris, towering up layer

above layer, shows that one town has been built on the ruins of another. The castle itself must have been a place of great strength, and here and there are fragments of art indicating an Egyptian origin.

'12th.—To-night we arrived at Derr, the capital of Nubia, which is the largest town I have seen since passing the cataract, and the houses are better built and cleaner than any in Lower Egypt. They all incline inward in the pyramidal form. The temple here, which is small, is cut in the face of the rock, and is of great antiquity. In the middle of the town is an immense sycamore, which was quite a relief, after the endless repetition of palms we had seen on our route.

'13th.—We pulled down to the small temple called Amada, which is a complete ruin, and more than half buried in sand. A few mud-walls of former houses are stuck round it, and on the top of the dromos is a clumsy mud-dome, most probably added on its being converted into a Christian church. The sanctuary is entire, and its walls, as well as those of other two apartments with which it communicates, are covered with small beautifully-executed hieroglyphics, more minutely sculptured than is generally found in similar edifices. The colouring is still nearly perfect, and could easily be transferred to paper.

'14th.—Having sailed all night, we got this morning to Maharraka, of which I took a sketch, and passed on to Korti, where there are the remains of a very small temple scarcely worth a visit. The town, however, is worth seeing. The inhabitants seemed frightened by our approach, especially the women and children, who ran away. This, we learned, was caused by their being frequently carried away as slaves, and this makes them frightened whenever they see a white man. When I attempted to sketch them, they seemed still more frightened, and I found this generally in Barbary.

'Leaving Korti, two hours brought us to Dakke. This is an exquisite ruin, and any one who wishes to convey to Europe an idea of the beauty of Egyptian sculpture in its best period need not go further.

'15th.—Gyrshe. We arrived here last night, and by daybreak this morning I was on my way to the hill where the temple is excavated. The ascent seems to have been originally a flight of steps, on each side of which the sphinxes now lying scattered about have been placed. The



portico, originally consisting of twelve columns, only two of which remain, supporting an entablature, projects from the face of the rock. There are inner chambers, colossal figures, and decorations, but the whole are much mutilated and blackened, and it is with difficulty the subjects on the walls can be made out. On the opposite hill are the remains of an extensive town and suburbs. We left, and towards evening again reached the most beautiful of the Nubian temples—Kalabshe. None of the Egyptian temples can compare with it in point of situation. Embosomed in a recess among sterile rocks, and surrounded by the palm and acacia, it is only on a near approach you see that it is a ruin. The carving is as sharp as if newly chiselled, and the whole, in elegance of proportion and delicacy of detail, is unsurpassed even by Philæ.

‘16th.—Having ordered my boat down to Wadi Kardassy, I had time leisurely to examine the ruins, which extend nearly to Kardassy. There are two temples similar to those already described, and numerous enclosures of immense square stones put together without mortar. All the layers are curiously built with a sweep like an inverted arch. These enclosures are generally eight or ten feet high, and they seem divided into chambers, which are now filled with rubbish. I walked along to Kardassy through lines of villages, the black inmates of which turned out to see me; I bought from a female some copper coins, and from an Arab a long sword, like a Highlander’s, a small one which hung at his girdle, a charm which was slung round his left arm, a buckler of the hide of the hippopotamus, and a water-bottle slung in a leathern pouch decorated with shells, for all of which I paid about 30s.

‘17th.—Philæ.

‘19th.—Made some large drawings of the double colonnade from the south, and I copied several of the emblematical figures on the walls, which are in excellent preservation.

‘20th.—Descended the falls to-day, which is not free from danger. Our reis was in a fever until we were through. We stopped an hour at Asouan, and next morning we were at the remains of the magnificent temple of Kom Ombo, and by daybreak our tents were pitched in front

of the portico. I made two coloured sketches of this glorious ruin, and at sunset made an oil-painting of the whole scene.

'22d.—Having been on our way all night, we this morning passed Hadjar Silsilis, but as I had examined it in passing up, and my men having taken a fit of rowing, I did not stop, but muddled the day away in washing my sketches with gum-water. In the evening we reached Edfou, of which I took a leisurely view, and found it not to have lost but gained in comparison with what I had seen.

'23d.—To-day I made two large drawings of the portico, and from it looking across the dromos to the propylon.

'24th.—Made two large drawings of the dromos, also a small general view. The heat was 100° in the shade; and, even with the aid of umbrella and tent, it was very difficult to do any work.

'25th.—Esne. Thanks to the bullying of my servant, the men pulled all night, and at sunrise we are here, thirty miles from Edfou. I was unwilling to pass this temple without doing something, although after Edfou it is seen to great disadvantage, to which, however, it is not much inferior in detail. While I was making a drawing, I was very kindly received by the Copts or Christians, who seemed to consider me one of themselves. I introduced a group of them in my drawing, with which they seemed highly pleased. This is the last Christian town on the Nile till you reach Abyssinia. When I returned to my boat, I found my faithful servant in paroxysms of pain, and, guessing it to be cholera, I administered to him thirty drops of laudanum. He lay apparently dead, and I was much alarmed, but after sitting by him for some time, he whispered 'Tyhe,' to my intense delight. He gradually recovered, and in two hours was at the oars again. So much for *quack Doctor Roberts*.

'26th.—Got during the night to Erment. Went on shore by day-break, and made two drawings of the ruins, which are very picturesque. Set out at 11 for Thebes. 1 o'clock, the propylons of Luxor in sight. Landed at Karnak.

'27th.—Made two drawings of Karnak.

'28th.—Made two drawings of the Great Temple at Karnak.

'29th.—Made three drawings of Karnak.

'30th.—Made two studies in oil, and one general view in pencil.

' *December 1st.*—Commenced and finished at Luxor. Made three large sketches, one of the mountains of Baban el Molook, coloured.

' *2d, Sunday.*—Goorna. Visited Medinet Abou, sitting statue, etc.

' *3d.*—Visited the Tombs of the Kings. Made a coloured sketch of the valley. Ascended the mountain, and crossing to the opposite valley found the ruins of a temple.

' *4th.*—Made three coloured sketches of colossal statue in the plain of Thebes.

' *5th.*—Have been very industrious to-day, thanks to a thunder-storm, accompanied with rain, a very rare event in this part of the world. I made two large coloured sketches of the Memnonium, and two of the Medinet Abou. Took leave of Thebes, and, for the first time on our going down the river, had our sails up.

' *6th.*—Arrived at Dendera about 11 A.M., and made a drawing of the interior of the temple, which is in a better state of preservation than any in Egypt, and in variety and exquisite finish its sculptures take precedence of all others, though to me they want the simple grandeur of the earlier monuments.

' *7th.*—All day at Dendera. After much trouble, got an excellent view of the temple looking inwards. This and an interior were all that I could do.

' *8th.*—To-day I drew the gate to the south-east of the temple, also numerous details and studies of the sculptures, among others those along the frieze of the promos. This finished my series of drawings from Egyptian temples. I may not have done them justice, but few artists of my standing could afford more time, and I daresay few could have produced more in the same number of days. Now for Cairo and the architecture of the Moslems, which is not so well known as that of the Egyptians.

' *9th.*—Rowing all last night and all this day. Spent the day in overhauling and correcting my sketches, of which I find I have upwards of one hundred, all of them paintable subjects,—pretty well for one month's work. The weather is now delightful; the nights are such as we have in England about the end of September. To-day I saw an enormous crocodile. I was close to him as he was getting into

the water, and his body seemed equal in circumference to an ox. My servant told me he had lately eaten a man belonging to the adjoining village, and certainly he was big enough to have eaten a donkey. To-night we reached Bahares; to-morrow I purpose riding to Arabat Abydas, the ancient Abydos, and the birthplace of Memnon.

‘10th.—This morning, having procured a man and donkey, I started early, and after a two hours’ ride came to the village, after passing through which we began to ascend vast heaps of sand mixed with broken pottery and stones. At first no ruins were visible, but at last we saw some fragments of broken stone of the colour of chalk, and came upon a small apartment below the surface of the sand, on which were represented the deities usual in Egyptian edifices. They were painted, the colours still very vivid. As we wandered on we found, amidst fragments of statues, whitened bones of the dead and fragments of mummies, to me a most painful and disgusting sight. Passing on, we came to the celebrated palace, which was difficult to discover, the sand being on a level with the top of it. Descending into one of the apartments, I found the roof supported by the short squat columns found in Karnak, etc. The capitals alone are visible, but the walls and roof are covered with hieroglyphics, and in every part the cartouche of Rameses is seen. I copied from the walls two splendid galleys, used in the processions of the priesthood, which are more exquisitely finished than any I have yet seen. While here, I could not help looking at the wretched, naked, and filthy beings by whom I was surrounded, and feeling how completely civilisation had been swept from the country it had once adorned.

‘Leaving Arabat Abydas for Girgeh, we passed along by the ancient canal through a well-cultivated country, which appeared as if recently dried up after the inundation. I noticed that the mountains were perforated with caves, very probably the necropolis of Abydas. The plain seems larger than that of Thebes; numerous villages are scattered over it, through which we passed, and in about two and a half hours reached Girgeh, where I found my boat waiting me.

‘11th.—This morning we stopped the boat about three miles below Girgeh, and I ascended the mountain to examine the numerous cavities



in the face of the rock. In one I visited I found the roof supported by elegantly-formed pillars, with capitals of the Osirite form. There are also under-chambers or catacombs, but these are filled up by rubbish. The other caves, I have no doubt, are similar. I went to the summit of the mountain to get a view of the valley of the Nile, and found a large pile of stones, which we in Scotland call a cairn, and great quantities of rock-crystals lying about.

'12th.—Passed Ekhmim; saw flocks of pelicans along the banks.

'13th.—Siout. On the morning of the 11th, when ascending the mountain below Girgeh, I left one of my sketch-books behind me, filled with views in Nubia, having taken it with me to compare some of the drawings I had formerly made with the caves, which I expected might be similar. Something engaged my attention, and it was only this morning I discovered my loss. While debating what was to be done, a boat with the English colours hove in sight, with a fair wind and her sails set. With the permission of the gentleman to whom the boat belonged, my servant and Hassan were allowed to go with him and endeavour to recover this valuable book. The distance by water was eighty miles. I could not expect them to return within a few days, so I employed myself as well as I could till the 17th, when my men returned all safe with the sketch-book. The finding of my book was almost a miracle. It was not in the place I had imagined and described to my men, who, after ascending the mountain, returned to the cave which I had first entered, where they found the treasure they had come to seek. They had to return to Girgeh, and apply to the sheik for camels, which he could not give them, but they got a boat for 75 piastres, or 17s., and rowed here, about eighty miles, in thirty hours. To-day, having the wind with us, we used the sails, and being anxious to receive letters from home, I pushed on towards Cairo.

'18th.—To-day arrived at Minieh. Went ashore and visited the bazaar. Left at 12, but the wind blew a hurricane from the north, and we stopped all day, amusing myself as usual by touching up and gumming my sketches. The day was cold as a November one in England, and clouds of sand rose, totally obscuring the sun.

'19th.—Night was bitterly cold. Morning cloudless, and a delight

ful breeze from the south-west, we going six or seven miles an hour. 7 P.M. arrived at Benisouef.

' 20th.—This morning we are to the north of what are called the False Pyramids. My boatmen have been singing all the morning, joyous at the hope of reaching home to night. I am now so used to my reis and men that I feel somewhat unhappy at the prospect of leaving them. The voyage has been a pleasant one, and certainly by far the most important I have ever taken. My drawings, I feel, are possessed of great interest, independent of their merits as pictures. I am the first English artist who has been here, and there is much in the French work that conveys no idea of these splendid remains. We shall see what impression they make in England. Subjects of another class and equal interest remain at Cairo, and the ground is equally untrodden. If God spares me in health, I hope to make much of the mosques and tombs of the Mamelukes, Caliphs, etc.

## CHAPTER VI.

'21st, *Friday*.—Arrived safely at Cairo. Found that my packet of letters had been sent up the country, and must have passed me on the river. One, however, from my dear daughter Christine, congratulating me on my election as an Associate of the Royal Academy, consoled me so far for the temporary want of the others. Experienced great kindness from Colonel Campbell.

'22d, *Saturday*.—Took a house for which I am to pay 8 piastres or 20d. per day. Dine with Colonel Campbell on Christmas day. Wrote to dear Christine.'

Extracts from this letter :—

'Cairo, 22d December 1838.

'My dear Christine,—I have just arrived here from Nubia after an absence of nearly three months, thank God, in better health and spirits than I have been for many years. Your welcome letter of the 7th ultimo greeted me on my arrival with the title of A.R.A. This is an honour which I value chiefly on account of the pleasure it affords you and those who wish me well. I shall endeavour by future exertions to deserve it, and I think I have got materials that will enable me to do so. As yours is the only letter from England I have seen since leaving, everything in it is full of interest. A packet of letters for me, which had been some time lying here, unfortunately Colonel Campbell had forwarded by a traveller to Thebes, whom I missed on my way down the Nile. I am delighted to learn that you are well, and progressing in Italian and other ornamental branches of your education. I have no

doubt you are not unmindful of the useful, and are trying your hand at shaping and sewing, stitching and back-stitching; knowing that you will do all that a good girl can do to fit you to fill any sphere in life you may be destined to fill, whether high or humble.

‘I shall follow your advice and lose as little time as I can in getting home; but, first of all, I must tell you what I have been doing since I last wrote you. Being anxious to get to the extremity of my journey before beginning my work, after a few days’ stay in Cairo I engaged a boat with a small cabin about six feet long by five feet broad and five feet six inches high. This was manned by eight men, including the reis or captain. An Arab servant and myself completed our complement in seaman phrase. In order to clean the boat, or drown the vermin with which it was infested, I had it sunk for a night in the Nile, and well scrubbed. I laid in a stock of provisions for three months—stoves, pots, kettles, plates, knives, forks, cups, saucers, etc.; provided myself with bed and bed clothes, and an awning to cover a portion of the deck where I could sit, and having hoisted an English flag at the mast-head, we set sail from Cairo for Nubia on the 6th October. I will not attempt to describe my voyage up to the second cataract beyond the 22d degree of southern latitude, but I have rarely enjoyed better health; and with the exception of swarms of mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, lizards, etc., from whom I suffered martyrdom, running over me all night, eating my victuals, and even nibbling my straw-hat, on the whole I was tolerably comfortable and as independent as any king in Christendom. There I sat, sketch-book in hand, smoking my long Turkish chabouk, with a servant to attend to all my wants, and a boat with eight men at my command to stop or go on as I liked, and who never received an order without insisting on kneeling and kissing my hand. The climate delicious, the evenings especially; the moonlights such as you cannot conceive in your dismal foggy atmosphere. During my progress I passed ponderous remains of places once inhabited by peoples and dynasties long, long forgotten; then succeeded Christian edifices, deserted and tottering to their fall, or half-buried in the sand of the desert; splendid cities once teeming with a busy population, and embellished with temples and edifices, the wonder of the world, now deserted and lonely, or reduced



by misgovernment and the barbarism of the Moslem creed, to a state as savage as the wild animals by which they are surrounded. Often have I gazed on them till my heart has actually sickened within me. But this may have arisen from my having sat for days in some of these magnificent temples without any indication of life, not even the mannikin step of the lizard or the trail of the serpent. The result of my journey, however, has been, that I have got a portfolio of most interesting sketches, and I hope to get another not less so in Cairo, the mosques in which are equal to any in the world. The only difficulty will be contending with the prejudices of the Mohammedans, who will not allow an infidel to enter their mosques, and certainly not to sketch them.

‘Colonel Campbell, however, is doing all in his power to get me this privilege; he is in high favour with the Pacha, and I hope he will be successful in his efforts. I think it will take five or six weeks before I can finish all I wish to do here.

‘Two gentlemen here, going to Syria by the way of Petra, are anxious that I should join them, and it is not unlikely I may do so if the weather is at all favourable.

‘Again, my dear child, let me congratulate you on having been the first to apprise me of the A.R.A. having been added to my name, and give my kind love to Mrs. Cooke, Edward, etc., and believe me, ever,  
etc.,\*  
DAVID ROBERTS.’

‘23d.—Wrote to Sir David Wilkie and to my sister. Visited the Tomb of the Caliphs, and took possession of my house, which, by laying out 200 piastres, I have made very comfortable.

‘24th.—Waited on Mr. Waghorn to thank him; introduced to Mrs. W. Visited the citadel; principal apartments all modern, and gaudily painted. Saw the Bath of Mohammed Ali, Hall of Audience, etc. etc. The effect to-night was grand: the sky was clouded and overcast—the

\* Previous to leaving England on his journey to Spain, Roberts had placed his only daughter, now Mrs. Henry Bicknell, under the charge of Mrs. Cooke, the wife of George Cooke, the famous engraver, and mother of Edward Cooke, R.A., who took pupils at her house in Barnes Terrace, near Richmond. Miss Roberts remained there, and was educated along with the Misses Cooke until her father returned from the Holy Land.—J. B.

setting sun from time to time bursting through the haze—the pyramids towering black as the clouds that overhung them; the Nile reflected the glimpses of the sun, while the city extended as far as the eye could reach, studded with minarets of the most varied and fantastic shapes, that of Sultan Hassan rising in all its majesty. I enjoy my Christmas eve alone, and feel grateful that I am in good health and have got over the most fatiguing part of my journey. This is a city unequalled in the world for the picturesque. Abba Pacha has promised me a firman or order to draw in the various mosques. This is all that I could desire. To-morrow must be a day of exploration, then to work.

‘25th, *Christmas-day*.—Good morning to you in Grand Cairo. Some kind friends will be thinking of me when sitting down to their Christmas dinner. Well, God bless them all, say I.

‘Visited the tombs of the Mamelukes—very ruinous; much varied in general form, but similar in detail. Visited the mausoleum of Mohammed Ali, in which the carvings are barbarous, and show the degraded state of modern art here. Dined with Colonel Campbell, and spent a delightful evening.

‘26th.—Made two large drawings of the mosque of Sultan Hassan from the great square of the Rumeyleh. Made also one from the gate of the citadel of the same mosque. Got the guard, who assisted in keeping back the crowd while I was at work. Met on my way home a marriage-party. The bride in height and form appeared a mere child; the face completely concealed.

‘27th.—Made a large drawing of the gate called Babel. In the evening went to Hill’s Hotel to hear the news from England. Received through Colonel Campbell’s janissary the firman for Syria.

‘28th.—To-day made two drawings of the gate of Bab Zuweyleh, with its minarets. I am still bewildered with the extraordinary picturesque streets and buildings of this most wonderful of all cities.

‘29th.—Made two large drawings,—one of a street leading to the Lunatic Asylum, and another view of the same street from a point opposite. These are glorious subjects, but difficult to draw in the crowded streets, although, on the whole, the people behave exceedingly well.

'30th.—Went to the tombs of the Mameluke kings, and made three drawings. The day fine, but cold.

'31st.—Made a drawing of the principal bazaar—the best I have yet done in Cairo. Letter from my dear Christine; all well at home, thank God. This is the last night of the old year. How many happy hogmanay nights have I spent! My best wishes to all kind hearts in dear Scotland.

'1st January 1839.—To-day I have stood working in the crowded streets of Cairo, jostled and stared at till I came home sick. No one in looking over my sketches will ever think of the trouble the collection of them has cost me; but as they will add to the knowledge in Europe of the various styles of architecture existing in different countries and ages, I am well satisfied. Two drawings done to-day—'Entrance to the Mosque of Sultan Hassan,' and the 'Summit of a Mosque' in one of the close streets.

'2d.—Had a visit from Mr. Wane, the consul, who informs me that, before I can visit the various mosques, or make drawings of them, I must assume the Turkish dress. I have therefore purchased a suit, and to-morrow must have my whiskers shaved off. This is too bad; but having taken such a long journey, I must not stick at trifles; and having been the first artist who has made drawings here, I hope for a successful result. To-day, not feeling very well, I took a stroll through a part of the city which I had not visited, and was more and more astonished at the extent and splendour of its pictorial remains.

'3d.—Very unwell during last night, and to-day in the forenoon. In the afternoon was able to take a short stroll.

'4th.—Colonel Campbell, having learned from my servant that I was unwell, came and saw me, smoked a pipe, and spent an hour very delightfully. Wrote a long letter to my friend Hay, and amused myself with touching up my drawings.

'5th.—Felt much better, and had a long reconnoitering walk through the town.

'6th.—To-day assumed my Turkish dress, and accompanied by the janissary of Abba Pacha, visited a number of mosques, among others the Lazar, which is the richest and most frequented, but is made up of

marble pillars and other detail of all shapes and sizes, evidently gathered from older buildings of various dates and styles. The Hassaneen is considered the most sacred of all the mosques. It contains the tomb of the said Hassaneen, an immediate descendant of the prophet. I was allowed to look through the gratings, and was told that if I took a bath I might be allowed to enter to-morrow. The interior seems richly decorated, and the shrine in which the tomb is placed is of silver. I next visited the mosque of Sultan Kaitbey, which, though much dilapidated, is beautiful in form, and its internal decorations are gorgeous. Here I was shown a copy of the Koran exquisitely illuminated. The mausoleum has coloured glass in the windows much mutilated, resembling as nearly as possible the pattern of a Turkish carpet.

‘The mosque of Maguey is of immense size, and is an oblong square, surrounded with piazzas. In the centre is a fountain covered with a pavilion of modern workmanship of the most tawdry description. The mosque of Sultan Hassan is the finest in Cairo. Underneath is a mosque, which is said to have been shut up for two hundred years. I visited several others, all of which were similar in appearance.

‘7th.—To-day visited that part of the desert called the Petrified Forest, where trees lie in all directions in the state in which they fell, but all petrified. They seem to have been palms.

‘8th.—To-day the ceremony of the sacred camel’s departure with covering for the tomb of the Prophet, took place, and all the population of the city and the surrounding country were crowded together to see the grand procession. As far as the eye could reach the tops of the houses and windows were filled chiefly by women and children. I made sketches of many of the more picturesque groups and figures, and at night dined with some friends in the fashion of the country—viz. sat round a small table on cushions, and tore the meat to pieces with our fingers.

‘9th.—Made some oil-studies of the interior of the mosque of Sultan Kaitbey.

‘Made an oil-sketch of the mosque of Metwalis. In the evening was present at the opening of a theatre in Cairo. The house is small but elegant; the play was in Italian.



'11th.—Made several sketches of the Tombs of the Caliphs. Letter from Christine; all well, thank God.

'12th.—Drew the mosque of Sultan Hassan. Made only one drawing of the court. Met with Ishmael Effendi, who dined with me, and who speaks English well. Much pleased with him; told me he was baptized in Glasgow.

'13th.—To-day the grand caravan starts for Mecca. With some friends left Cairo at sunrise, and proceeding ten or twelve miles into the desert, we reached the encampment before it had broken up.

'There were about two thousand camels and two or three hundred horses. In the centre was the Emir's tent, surrounded by an immense gathering of all tribes and nations in the most picturesque derangement, those from Constantinople being most conspicuous. At mid-day or noon prayers, all the camels, as well as the worshippers, faced the east, and on a signal from a gun the whole mass of human beings, which stretched as far as the eye could reach, began to move—the guahmal with its sacred load being in the centre—recalling vividly the children of Israel bearing the ark through the wilderness. The harness, the rich trappings, and gay coverings of the tents, born on the backs of camels, gave the whole a gay rather than a solemn appearance. I had my sketch-book, but there was so much to see that I could do little work. We had a delightful ride home.

'14th.—Bought several articles wanted on my journey to Syria—pistols, sabre, etc.

'15th.—Made a drawing of a street in the suburb of Boulak. Afterwards rode to the island of Rhoda, and made several small sketches.

'16th.—Made two drawings of the Tombs of the Caliphs. Subjects very good; the day delightful.

'17th.—Visited the pyramids of Geezeh. Made three sketches. I cannot express my feelings on seeing these vast monuments.

'18th.—Made three sketches of parts of the town as seen from the mounds outside the walls. Received a long letter from my worthy friend Durrant, from which I learned that dear Christine is well.

'19th.—Visited an old mansion that had once been magnificent but is now in ruins, like everything else in this wretched country. After

dinner took a stroll round the great square, where the Pacha is busy building and planting. The stones and mortar are carried by girls, having task-masters, who use their whips unsparingly. Yet all join in a kind of chorus, while the superintendents sit cross-legged smoking their long chabouks. Cairo, like Naples, has its lazzaroni, who swarm in every street, and the place contains, I think, more idle people than any town of its size in the world.

'20th, *Sunday*.—Having hired a donkey and a boy, I visited the celebrated sycamore-tree under which the blessed Virgin and infant Saviour are said to have taken shelter on their arrival in Egypt. It stands in the middle of an orchard, and close by a small village called Matarieh.

'After carving my name on the bark and cutting off a twig for Christine, I made a sketch. The wind, which had been blowing strong, increased to a perfect hurricane, and I proceeded about half-a-mile further on to a solitary obelisk, being all that now remains of Heliopolis, the place where Herodotus was initiated into the mysteries of the Egyptian priesthood. I made a hurried sketch and mounted my donkey. The rain began to fall in torrents, and I was drenched to the skin when I reached Cairo.

'21st.—Having agreed to-day with a Mr. Walne to furnish me with four camels for Syria, after packing and arranging my sketches, I waited on that gentleman, and was informed by him that the plague had been in Jerusalem for three months; and as a cordon was drawn round the city, I should be subjected to quarantine if I attempted to visit it. This annoyed me very much. To visit Syria without seeing Jerusalem would be as bad as to visit England without seeing London. Colonel Campbell advises me to wait till the 24th, when he will have letters as to the real state of matters.

'22d.—Visited Rhoda, and made a sketch of the Nileometer, and had an interview with Selim Bey.

'23d.—Dined with Mr. Pell. Visited Mr. Lenon, and saw his sketches, with which I was much delighted.

'24th.—No news from Beyrout. Dined with Dr. Abbot *à la* Turk.

'25th.—Accompanied Mr. Pell and Mr. Lenon on a sketching excursion to the Tombs of the Caliphs. Made one drawing. Visited a convent of dervishes, and went over the establishment. The cells, which are numerous, seem so small that I should not think it possible for men to lie in them. A small mosque contains the tomb of the saint, covered with a tattered awning. In the evening drank tea with Mr. Pell and Mr. Alwyn, and made two drawings of Egyptian ladies.

'26th.—Still no news from Syria. Lost all day waiting at the consulate. In the evening, at Mr. Pell's, made a sketch of some dancing-girls.

'27th.—Still no news. Mr. Pell is trying to persuade me to go with him to Petra, but this would take two months, a much longer time than I can afford.

'28th.—News arrived. There is no cordon round Jerusalem, and no quarantine on entering Syria by Beyrout.

'29th.—I have agreed to go to Syria with Mr. Pell, by way of Mount Sinai, Petra, Hebron, and Jerusalem. Mr. Pell promises to be ready in eight days, and I shall fill up the time here in making a panorama of Cairo for my friend Burford. Colonel Campbell is to give me introductory letters to the consuls at Jerusalem and Damascus.'

The following extracts are from a letter to Miss Roberts:

*'Cairo, 31st January 1839.*

'My dearest Christine,—This is the first letter I have written you this year. May it find my dear child enjoying every happiness. Present my kind regards to Mrs. Cooke and her family. Tell Edward to go on and prosper. I suppose that this year he will be strong at the Institution, and XXX at the Royal Academy. I fear one of the associates will be missing this year, but hope next year he may appear stronger than ever. I have such glorious subjects here that I have scarcely felt the time pass, and could find ample employment for years to come. The mosques are said to number about four hundred, and looking on them from the citadel they seem numberless. An amateur artist said the other day, that 'Prout would never get out of this city, for there were no trees to bother him, but narrow, crowded streets, with the

most grotesque-shaped houses in the world.' These narrow, crowded streets render it very difficult to make drawings, for in addition to the curiosity of the Arabs, you run a risk of being squeezed to a mummy by the loaded camels, who, although they are picturesque in appearance, are ugly customers to jostle. I wish I could transport you for an hour into one of the bazaars. Such a scene! All the Eastern nations gathered together. Turks and Greeks in their picturesque costumes. The wild Arab, who never slept within walls; every tribe different in dress, and all armed. Then the motley groups of the lazzaroni lounging about; long strings of women sitting astride on mules or donkeys, all closely muffled up, going from one harem to another, attended by male and female black and white slaves on foot. Then the extraordinary variety of articles for sale, the gravity of the shopkeeper and his customer, each smoking a pipe in front of the shop. The ladies smoke as well as the gentlemen, but the chabouks of the former are more costly. But I must leave you now in the bazaar, and when I come home you will learn more about Cairo from my journal, which I have kept regularly.

'I set out with two gentlemen, on the 6th of February, for Syria, the most interesting country on the face of the earth, the scene of our Saviour's sufferings.

'I am so completely transmogrified in appearance that my dear old mother would never know me. Before I could get admission to the mosques, I had to transfer my whiskers to my upper lip, and don the full Arab costume, since which I have been allowed to make sketches, both in oil and water colours, of the principal mosques, etc.

'I have provided everything requisite for my journey. A tent (a very gay one, I assure you), skins for carrying water, pewter dishes, provisions of all sorts, not forgetting a brace of Turkish pistols, and a warm covering for night. Imagine me mounted on my camel, my black servant on another, and two men with my tent and luggage; the other two gentlemen similarly furnished and accoutred, surrounded by a host of the children of the desert—the wild Arabs; and you will have an idea of what an Eastern monarch I am. From Suez, we intend skirting the Red Sea, visiting Mount Sinai, Petra, Hebron, Jerusalem,



Bethlehem, and all the more important places in the Holy Land. All this journey I hope to accomplish in about two months; and if God spares me in life and health, I expect to bring home with me the most interesting collection of sketches that has ever left the East. I told you I was getting on excellent terms with myself. My health, thank God, never was better; and, thanks to Mahomet Ali, travelling now in Syria is as safe as in England. Colonel Campbell has procured me a firman, which empowers me to have soldiers should I think it necessary.

‘Among others, remember me to Mr. Mark, and to all the Marks; and tell the consul how much I have been indebted to him for his letter to Colonel Campbell. I intend getting a book into which I shall put flowers from every remarkable place in the Holy Land, which I know you will prize more highly than anything else I could bring you.—My dear child, your affectionate father,

DAVID ROBERTS.’

‘30th and 31st. February 1st and 2d.—In these four days I have worked at and completed my panorama of Cairo, there being four and a half sheets—not bad work for the time; the subject is excellent.

‘3d.—Arranged and packed my drawings. In the evening rode to Boulak and dined with Mr. Boostal, principal engineer to the Pasha. Dined in the Turkish fashion, dispensing with knives and forks. There were present Captain and Mrs. Lucas, on their way to India, Dr. Abbot, and Messrs. Pell, Alwyn, and Kinnear. Having got the password for the night, we all returned to Cairo together at 11 P.M. A new servant whom I had hired had been drunk all day, and was nowhere to be found, and had not Mr. Pell’s servant been with me, who took me to his master’s divan, I should have had to sleep all night in the street.

‘4th.—Engaged another servant, highly recommended. Wrote to Christine and Durrant. Bought a handsome silk shawl to be used as a turban, intending to travel in the Arab costume. Mr. Kinnear, son of the Edinburgh banker, is to travel with us and share my tent. Drew on Mr. Thurburn for £60, which, with what I have, makes £100—enough, I hope, to clear my way. Thank God, I never was in better health.

' 5th.—All day engaged in packing and getting ready. Sent my drawings to Mr. Alwyn—in all four packages.

' 6th.—All day occupied in buying provisions for our journey through the desert. Wrote to my friend Mr. Brackenbury at Cadiz. Paid my servant a month's wages in advance, and was much pleased with him. Introduced to Hassan, the sheikh of the Bedouins, and his followers. They seem a wild family, but I like their countenances, and am much mistaken if they are not trustworthy. Things are now in ship-shape, and I feel I shall enjoy the journey.

## CHAPTER VII.

' *7th February.*—Left Cairo for Mount Sinai, and slept in the desert.

' *8th and 9th.*—On our way. Overtaken by a storm of rain on the evening of the 9th, and before we could get our tents pitched everything was in a mess.

' *10th, Sunday.*—Came in sight of Suez and the Red Sea ; country around, a desert—not a shrub or tree in the whole line of road, marked only by the mouldering skeletons of camels. Suez runs out into the sea, defended landward by a wall. On the opposite side of the gulf, the mountains are reflecting the rays of the setting sun, in a red glow of fire, contrasting powerfully with the deep blue sea, and surpassing all other scenes in moral grandeur, from the mighty events which took place there. Suez picturesque. Made a few sketches. Boats curious in form ; sea limpid and pure.

' *11th.*—A row with our Arabs. Found out that the immense quantity of corn with which the camels were loaded, instead of being for their food during the journey, was intended chiefly for seed, the last year's crop having been a failure. Overtaken by a storm of sand so overpowering that about mid-day we pitched our tents close by the sea.

' *12th.*—Delightful morning. On our right is the sea, with a high range of bold and picturesque mountains, with beetling headlands, stretching far into the distance. A few fishing-boats give animation to a scene that would otherwise be lifeless. Our camels, Arabs, tents, and baggage lie scattered about in the way an artist likes ; but the mighty event said to have taken place here invests the scene with tenfold

interest, for here the multitude of Israelites were miraculously preserved, while their pursuers were engulfed in the waters.

'In two hours we reached the Wells of Moses, which are fifteen in number. They are surrounded by a few stunted palm-trees, and the waters are not sweet but bitter. What a picturesque group are our Bedouin Arabs at night, as they gather round the watch-fire! They would suit Wilkie or Allan delightfully; but thirty miles a-day, sitting on a camel, rather unfits me for sketching them.

'13th.—Started as usual at 7, and at 4 in the afternoon pitched our tents near a spring of water at Wady Howara. Our route still near the shore of the Red Sea,—the mountains, though barren, picturesque in form.

'14th.—As usual, start at daybreak, take a cup of coffee, walk two hours, spread our carpets on the sand. The remnants of our yesterday's dinner in our leather wallet, and a drink of water from our leather bottle, is our breakfast, relished with a gusto I have not experienced since boyhood. We are at the Wells of Marah, the water of which we thought delicious. We now leave the coast, and enter amid the mountains, of which to day I made a coloured sketch.

'15th.—Made three sketches, and travelled fifteen hours through the wilderness of Sinai, where the Israelites were condemned to wander for forty years. Nothing can exceed its sublimity and desolation; and, although we have been eight days traversing the waste, we have only met one or two Arabs, on their way to Egypt.

'16th.—Leaving Wady Ramleh, or the Sandy Valley, this morning, we sent our camels with our tents and baggage forward, and prepared to ascend the mountain called Jebel Gerabee, on the summit of which Laborde discovered the monumental stones of which he has given engravings. Our way lay in the bed of a mountain-torrent recently dried. Numerous flowers were springing; among others, a species of broom with white blossom, challenged comparison with the beautiful acacia. The naked rocks, riven into fantastic shapes, towered in mighty grandeur over us. After much fatiguing climbing, we reached the summit of the mountain; and, to my amazement, instead of a few stones, we found an Egyptian temple in good preservation, the walls covered



with emblematic figures, hieroglyphics, and cartouches of the early Egyptian kings. I made a sketch of this, and felt very much pleased at our discovery.

'17th.—Mount Sinai burst upon our sight in all its grandeur; and here we met, for the first time, with an Arab encampment, surrounded by flocks of sheep and goats.

'18th.—Started at 12 for the convent of St. Catherine, winding through a gloomy pass for about three hours. Night closed on us before we reached the convent. The effect of the setting sun gilding the high peaks of the pass, while the ravine was a mass of shadow, far surpassed anything I had ever seen. About 7 o'clock we reached the convent. The only entrance is by an opening in the wall at the height of 30 feet, having a strong iron door, which, after considerable reconnoitering on the part of the monks, was unbolted, a light was lowered by a rope, and some faggots were thrown down to burn. These were kindled, and we were drawn up by ropes, one by one, our elbows and knees receiving in transit many thumps and bumps. After being ushered through a long labyrinth of passages, we were received with great kindness by the superior. Supper of rice and dried dates was set before us, and never did poor pilgrim sleep more soundly than I did under the hospitable roof of the monks of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai.

'19th.—The convent is a large square enclosure, the walls and flanking towers built of hewn granite. Inside, it looks like a small town, for beside the apartments and store-houses there is a chapel and a mosque. The former is said to be built on the site of the burning bush, the latter erected by Mahomet, who gave the monks a written protection from his followers. The Mahometans and Christians here perform their ablutions and go through their different forms of worship in perfect harmony, and this has, perhaps, preserved the place more than the prophet's letter of protection.

'20th.—To-day we ascended to the summit of Sinai, which took us two hours. Near the top are two small chapels. One covers the cave where Elijah passed the night, the other is dedicated to Elias. On the summit are other two,—one where Moses received the tables of the law, the other belongs to the Mahometans, and under it is pointed out

the foot mark of the camel that carried the prophet from Sinai to Mecca. The view from the top is the most sublime that can be imagined.

'21st.—By permission of the superior, I made a drawing to-day of the chapel of St. Catherine, which, including the smaller chapel of the Burning Bush, is about eighty feet in length. It is supported by two rows of pillars, the capitals of which are similar to what in England we call Norman. The walls are covered with ancient paintings of scriptural subjects. A richly-decorated crucifix surmounts a screen of carved work, with two folding-doors opening into the high altar. In front are six enormous candelabra, and suspended from the ceiling are numerous silver lamps. The altars behind the screen are covered with various shrines and crucifixes of the most exquisite workmanship, and inlaid with precious stones. On the altar are several costly-bound copies of the Scriptures, and on the left is the shrine of St. Catherine, with an embroidered covering. Beyond this is the chapel of the Burning Bush, the most sacred of all, on entering which we had to take off our shoes.

'22d.—Went to the summit of Mount Horeb, and descended into the valley on the west. Made a drawing of the Rock of Moses, said to be that from which the water gushed forth to the thirsty multitude. Took leave of our friends the monks of St. Catherine's, of whose kindness it is impossible to speak too highly. Our baggage had been forwarded early in the morning, and in the afternoon we found our caravan encamped in a beautiful wady amidst the mountains. After a pleasant gossip, we retired early to rest, intending, if possible, to reach Akabah on the following day.

'23d.—Started by daybreak. Walked for two hours, then spread our carpets and breakfasted, on bread baked by the monks, cold meat, butter from Cairo, dates, olives, and water *diluted* with a little brandy to take off the bitter taste. After resting about an hour, smoking a pipe of the finest Turkish tobacco, we start as usual after the caravan, and halt about five in the afternoon, generally travelling about ten hours a day. Our route was over the mountains; our resting-place for the night in a beautiful plain.

'24th, Sunday.—Leaving the granite mountains of Sinai, our course

now lies, amidst high rocks of sandstone, over a level bed of sand, interspersed with bushes, principally of the wild thyme, of which the camels are very fond. The fragrance is delicious, and is almost the only scent in the desert. Passing a narrow ravine, we came upon an encampment of Arabs basking in the sun, with their donkeys browsing on the wild thyme, making altogether a very picturesque group. Passing into another plain, we struck into a defile with high mountains in the distance, but round and lumpy, quite unlike the bold and rugged pinnacles of Horeb and Sinai. The heat to-day has been excessive, but after two hours' walk through a wild and picturesque ravine, we descended to the shore of the Red Sea or Gulf of Akabah.

'25th.—The sirocco or south wind set in to-day. It blew a hurricane, with dense clouds of sand, so that we could not see our way six yards before us. At last, however, we came to a turn of the beach sheltered from the wind, where we pitched our tents for the evening. The shore was literally covered with shells of the most beautiful forms and colours, and we bought from a fisherman a basket of fish for 60 paras, or about 6d. The heat is oppressive, the thermometer being 85° on the sea-shore.

'26th.—Morning delightful, wind changed to the eastward. Bathed in the Red Sea; much refreshed; would have given anything for a draught of fresh water, ours being now undrinkable. Our road all day along the shore, but towards evening we turned up into the hills, where we bivouacked for the night.

'27th.—Near our encampment is a small island with a ruined fortress, of which we could learn nothing. Our water was exhausted, and this morning we were without any. We hurried on to the fortress of Akabah, where we arrived about 12 noon, our camels and Arab attendants apparently making a great impression on the inmates of the pigmy fortress, who offered to accommodate us within the walls, but we preferred to pitch our tents outside. After we had rested and dressed, we proceeded to the fort, on the invitation of the governor, who was seated on a divan of rude stone, surrounded by his military attendants, without uniforms, and Bedouins in their sheepskins, with red and yellow handkerchiefs round their heads. We smoked and drank coffee,

and arranged to have an Arab despatched to the chief of the tribe of the Alloucens, without whose permission we could go no further.

' *March 2.*—This morning the sheikh of the Alloucens arrived, when a grand palaver took place. After much beating about the bush, we came to terms, and he guaranteed our safe passage to Hebron, by the way of Wady Mousa or Petra, staying at the latter place as long as we chose. We were to pay him £45, or 4500 piastres. We invited the governor and sheikh, and their friends, to dinner, with which they expressed themselves delighted, and after giving presents to our friends the Beni-Sayd Arabs, who had accompanied us here, we made preparations for proceeding on our journey.

' *3d, Sunday.*—Bidding farewell to the governor of the fortress, we mounted our camels and dromedaries, twenty-three in number. Our course lay up what is supposed by some to have been the ancient bed of the Jordan. The plains were covered with a heavy mist, the mountains were only seen fitfully, and the desert looked more dreary than usual. About 3 o'clock our sheikh pointed out a spot where the camels might find food, and we pitched our tents for the night; the sheikh and his son dined with us, and we afterwards took a stroll through our camp. The Arabs were wrapped in their abbas, and were stretched by the watch-fires, the camels sleeping around them. The moon was shining with a splendour only seen in Eastern countries, and the mountains seemed more grave and mysterious than through the day, so that it required a very slight stretch of the imagination to transfer them to my own dear land; but this illusion was quickly dispelled by the recumbent figures of the sleeping Arabs.

' *4th.*—At daybreak we were in motion. By 10 o'clock we dismounted by a pool of stagnant water, of which the camels drank greedily, while we enjoyed our frugal repast, consisting of Arab bread, Dutch cheese, and the remains of a kid. About 4 o'clock we arrived at the tents of the sheikh, where we were received with great kindness, and kissed on each cheek by every Arab present. A kid was presented to us by the sheikh, which we relished amazingly.

' *5th.*—Started early, as usual. About 12 o'clock we struck into a chain of mountains on our right, forming part of the range of Mount



Hor. At 3 o'clock we pitched our tents at the entrance to Wady Mousa; and, anxious to get a glimpse of Petra, I ascended the mountain and found another hill intervened, but the view of the valley forming the ancient bed of the Jordan was magnificent.

'6th.—Petra. To-day we encamped in the centre of the remains of this extraordinary city, which is situated in the midst of mountains, surrounded by the desert, but abounding in every vegetable production. Our sheikh had endeavoured to persuade us to leave our camels and baggage behind us, and go alone with him into Petra, that we might the more easily get away if the Fellaheens came upon us. This we refused to do, and getting all the caravan in motion, we began to ascend the mountain by a path along the verge of a deep ravine, filled with oleander and laurel. We crossed a ridge of the mountain, and were about to descend into the valley of Petra when we were surrounded by a party of the Fellaheen Arabs, who intimated by violent gesticulations that we would not be permitted to proceed further. Their sheikh informed us that the sheikh of the Alloueens had no right to come, or bring any travellers there; so, after a long altercation, we agreed to pay them 300 piastres, and erected our tents in the centre of the city.

'Our first stroll was to the Khasne, and I cannot say whether I was most surprised at the building or its extraordinary position. It stands, as it were, in an immense niche in the rocks, and the fine colour of the stone, and perfect preservation of the minute details, give it the appearance of having been recently finished.

'7th.—I am more and more astonished and bewildered with this extraordinary city, which must be five or six miles each way in extent; and every ravine has been inhabited, even to the tops of the mountains. The valley has been filled with temples, public buildings, triumphal arches, and bridges, all of which have been laid prostrate, with the exception of one arch, and one temple, and of this temple the portico has fallen. The style of the architecture varies from all I have ever seen, and in many of its parts is a curious combination of the Egyptian with the Roman and Greek orders. The stream still flows through it as heretofore; the shrubs and wild-flowers flourish luxuri-

antly; every crevice of the rock is filled with them, and the air is perfumed with the most delicious fragrance.

' 8th.—To-day we wound our way up a steep ravine, a broken staircase extending about a mile. We reached a building, rarely visited, called Dier, or Convent, which is hewn out of the face of the rock. It is 100 feet in height, and 1000 feet above the level of the city. Facing this, on the summit of a high rock, are the ruins of what has been a magnificent temple; the bases of the portico and colonnade on each side still remain, and the adytum, hewn out of the rock, has a beautifully-ornamented recess, in which the idol had been placed. In a vault underneath is a capital of white marble. The view here is magnificent, embracing the valley of El Ghor, Mount Hor (the tomb of Aaron crowning the summit), and the whole defile, leading through rocks which make you giddy to look over; while the ancient city, in all its extent, is seen stretching along the valley. I have often thrown my pencil away in despair of ever being able to convey any idea of this extraordinary place.

' 9th. Explored the grand entrance to Petra, which may be about a mile in length, winding between the high rocks by which the valley is enclosed, in many parts overhanging so as almost to meet each other. Others shoot up perpendicularly, and range from 300 to 600 feet in height. This was the grand entrance into Petra, and is still used by the Arabs. In spite of the torrents which rush through it, a large caravan, consisting of forty camels, passed yesterday on their way to Maan, on the line of the Mecca and Damascus road. The stream in this defile has originally been covered over, but the force of the torrent has torn up the pavement, and the luxuriant foliage of the trees and shrubs almost chokes up the passage. About the middle there are numerous tablets and recesses, containing mutilated carvings and Greek inscriptions, and near the arch which crosses the chasm are the remains of a temple or gateway. Beyond this the road, following the course of the stream, opens to the mountains, which at one time must have been cultivated to the very summits. The meadows are covered with wild-flowers, the groves filled with singing-birds. Partridges and wild-pigeons are plentiful, and on the high rocks are seen large white eagles.

'The necropolis lies between the main entrance and the meadows; some of the tombs hewn out of the rock, though mutilated, are still magnificent. Several have porticoes and colonnades, and the columns of one I observed were Doric of the purest kind. They seem now to be used as pens for cattle.

'10th.—Heavy rain to-day, notwithstanding which I have made several sketches of this extraordinary place.

'11th.—Aroused at early morn by a cry of robbers, and found that a brace of pistols and a bag of percussion-caps had been carried off. At 8 the camels were loaded, and I repeatedly turned back to look on the deserted city, so sad a memorial of divine judgment. In its strength it must have scorned all human means of destruction, for, in comparison, all walls built by man were insignificant. Although in the desert, its climate is unsurpassed in salubrity, and the population must have consisted of hundreds of thousands. Yet its history is almost unknown. We ascended the mountains to the south-west, all of which are excavated, and present handsome façades similar to those in the city. Near the summit are various square monuments. Keeping Mount Hor to the right, we descended by a steep and rugged path to the main valley. I regretted much that I was unable to ascend to Aaron's Tomb in consequence of my shoes being completely worn out. For miles after leaving the city, terraces are seen on the hills, supporting the soil, showing that the whole must have been under cultivation.

'12th.—This morning we left at half-past 6, and proceeded towards Hebron. During the day we came upon an Arab encampment, with large flocks of sheep and goats. We bought a goat for about 2s. The Arabs seemed very friendly, and several of the women came out of their tents to see us. We pitched our tents early, in a place where there was abundance of food for the camels.

'13th.—Started this morning at 7. Our course still lay through the Wady El Ghor, or Wady Araba, and we came to what was called a well, surrounded by long dark rushes, but which being a stagnant pool, our camels passed untasted. Towards noon we struck into the hills on our left, and filled our skins with some rain water, that lay in a basin in the rocks.

' 14th.—After breakfasting at the foot of the mountains which separate Wady El Ghor from Judea, we commenced the ascent, which is very steep, the roadway being partly hewn in steps out of the rock. On the summit stood the remains of a building of square stones, which may either be Saracenic or Roman. After crossing the hill we descended into a valley covered with rich vegetation, and thickly studded with wild-flowers. Again we ascended a hill, and descended into a similar valley, where we found numerous camels grazing belonging to a tribe of Arabs, from whom we purchased a dish of delicious milk, which, after the bitter waters we had been drinking, we relished highly. Overhanging a deep ravine, through which flows a stream, are the ruins of an ancient tower or fort, that seems to have been thrown down by an earthquake. I could not discover to what style or period of art the ruins belonged.

' 16th.—Approaching Hebron, the hills are covered with vines and olive-trees. On turning round the side of a hill, Hebron first bursts upon you. The situation is beautiful, and the houses, gleaming brightly in the noonday sun, reminded me of England. The children, who came out to meet us, were healthy and pretty, their blooming countenances very unlike the squalid children of Egypt.

' 17th.—To-day I made two coloured sketches of the town, but could not get admission to the mosque containing the tombs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The town contains 1300 families, four of which are Jewish, and one is Christian. From the latter we received the most marked attention, and we spent the night under their hospitable roof.

' 18th.—To-day we left Hebron at 2 for Gaza, and halted for the night at a small village called Terkumich.

' 19th.—Left at daybreak, passing through a richly-cultivated country. About sixteen miles from Hebron are the remains of a castle, and Roman ruins, consisting of a number of marble columns. There is a village, which takes its name from the Roman ruins, and is called Bed El Gebrin, the house of Gabriel. It is surrounded by olive orchards, the trees apparently of great age. In the evening we reached a pretty little village called Burier, containing about one hundred families. To-day we have travelled ten hours, and are within two and a half hours of Gaza.



‘20th.—The approach to Gaza is through extensive forests. The city stands on a height two miles from the sea, from which it is sheltered by hills of sand. Its ancient grandeur is entirely gone; the inhabitants are wretchedly poor, and there are not even the ruins of any building of importance standing. The houses and the mosques seem built from the remains of former buildings. Every house has fragments of marble sculpture and columns; and in passing through a mean suburb I noticed that one of the houses had its roof propped up by a number of beautifully-sculptured capitals piled one on another.

‘21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th.—Were kept till the 23d waiting for camels, and after all were obliged to start with five instead of nine. These carried our baggage, and we walked on in our Turkish dress, stopping at a small village called Burbah, near to which is Askelon, close on the sea, and once surrounded by high ramparts. The harbour has been swept away, and the city is quite deserted. Ibrahim Pasha has caused a considerable portion to be excavated for stones to build a modern city. Among other things we saw a temple with its grey granite columns, each in one piece—with bases, capitals, and entablatures in pure white marble—Corinthian of the purest kind, also a large female statue in marble. An early Christian church has been laid open, with recesses for altars, a cross encircled with a laurel-wreath, and other features common in modern Greek churches.

‘25th.—Leaving our encampment by daybreak, we passed a beautiful little town called Ibrech, and arrived at Jaffa, which is surrounded by orange groves, and stands on a hill sloping to the sea.

‘26th.—Parted from my fellow-traveller Mr. Kinnear, who took his departure for Beyrout. We smoked a pipe at parting with the consul, who was most attentive to us. I examined the town carefully, but found very few antiquities.

‘27th.—Left Jaffa at 10 A.M. for Jerusalem. Mr. Pell, our guide Ishmael, and three servants, with eight horses to carry our tents and baggage. Our way lay through the gardens which surround Jaffa, and across the plain of Sharon, through a richly-cultivated country. The ground is carpeted with flowers—the plain is studded with small villages and groups of palm-trees, and, independent of its interesting associations,

the country is the loveliest I ever beheld. The mountains of Judea bound the view, and beyond is the Holy City. About 3 we arrived at Rameh, and were kindly received at the Latin Convent by the superior, who accompanied me through the town and showed me its antiquities. There is nothing very remarkable except the great mosque, originally the church of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which, in the interior, is divided into a nave, having aisles on each side, with clustered columns. We dined in the ancient refectory of the convent, and spent the evening with the monks, whom we found very agreeable fellows.

'28th.—Night found us encamped outside the city of Sion. All is perfectly silent save the baying of a dog and the hooting of an owl perched on the battlements, a fitting emblem of its desolation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

'29th, *Good Friday*.—'It is better to be born lucky than rich' is an old proverb, and it applies to me. This morning the quarantine has been removed, and the whole population pour out of the gates to enjoy the open country. Troops were marching, drums beating, and colours flying, and these were followed by mobs of men, women, and children. This morning I made the circuit of the city walls, proceeding northward by the gate of Damascus and the Valley of Jehoshaphat to the hill of Sion, where the tomb of David is placed, a Mahometan mosque, which no Christian is allowed to enter. Great numbers of pilgrims were in the city waiting for the Easter Festival, and we had difficulty in finding accommodation till we fortunately met with Elias, the head of the Christian family who had received us so kindly at Hebron. He found us apartments in the house of his brother-in-law, a Greek Christian. After settling ourselves in our quarters we visited several interesting places, among others the Mosque of Omar, built near the pool of Bethesda, and the Holy Sepulchre, which is approached through a series of narrow streets, the last of which opens into a court. This court and the Greek church on Mount Calvary, are, I imagine, the only portions remaining of the ancient structure. The court was quite a bazaar, filled with merchants and pilgrims selling and buying crosses, rosaries, staffs, etc. The ancient structure must have been beautiful. There is an arched porch with clusters of polished verdantique columns. The capitals, frieze, and cornice, are delicately carved, and similar in style to the details of the church of St. Mark at Venice. Around are the chapels of the various sects of Christians; that of the Copts is nearest the Holy Sepulchre. The

Greek chapel is by far the richest, and is one mass of gold and carving, much in the style of St. Catherine's at Mount Sinai. Immediately behind is the chapel covering the site of the crucifixion, where, under the altar, is a circular brass plate over a hole in which the cross of Christ is said to have been fixed. Numerous other chapels are clustered around.

'30th.—To-day the governor kindly offered us a guard and horses to take us to the Jordan, Santa Saba, and Bethlehem, and offered me the upper part of his house to make drawings from.

'31st, *Palm Sunday*.—To-day splendid processions, in which the Greek Christians took precedence; and led by their bishops, they walked three times round the Sepulchre, bearing branches of palm in commemoration of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. The bishops, ascending the steps to the altar, blessed the multitude. A plentiful supply of holy water was distributed, and flowers were strewn on the steps leading to the Sepulchre. Other Christian sects followed, all animated by sincere veneration.

'Visited the tombs of the three kings of Judea, the carving on the sarcophagi of which is probably the only thing in existence from which we can get a correct idea of art as practised by the Jews.

'*April 1st*.—Having got horses, left for Jericho, taking with me my portmanteau, tent, and servant. Crossing the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and ascending the Mount of Olives, we passed close to Bethany, the principal object in which is a building like a sheikh's tomb, called the House of Lazarus. Proceeding along the road, which has been all paved by the Romans, we first beheld the Dead Sea. Along the whole line, Arab horsemen and Bedouins were stationed. Groups of pilgrims were moving on to the Jordan. On our left is a brawling stream, at the bottom of a deep ravine, the sides of which are perforated with caves, the former abodes of anchorites. Farther on is a pool and stream, said to be that sweetened by Elisha. Jericho lies at the base of the hills. The present town has no pretensions to antiquity, but I found a few ruins with fragments of Corinthian capitals. Here the governor of Jerusalem passed us with a gay cavalcade, and invited us to visit him at his tent, where we were most politely received, and served with sherbet and



coffee. Afterwards we pitched our tent beside his, and rode with him to the river Jordan, to see the proceedings there.

'2*d.*—Early in the morning the whole of the pilgrims were in motion; and at 3 o'clock a gun gave signal that the governor was also moving. The long cavalcade extended as far as the eye could reach. All marched on in solemn silence, and the heavy tread of the dense mass was the only sound that broke the stillness of the desert. As we approached the Jordan a general rush took place, and the women broke out into the shrill cry of joy so often heard in Egypt. The governor's carpets were spread on a high bank close to the river, where we could command a view of the whole. I was very much struck with the breadth of the plain of Jericho, and the narrow space in which the deep and rapid stream is cooped up between the steep banks. The scene in the river was most exciting. Young and old, male and female, were in the stream in one promiscuous mass—some nude, some slightly dressed. The dresses I was told were taken home, and reserved for the funeral shrouds of the wearers. One poor young Greek was drowned, and many others narrowly escaped the same fate. The governor gave us a couple of soldiers as guides, and we set out for the Dead Sea, which we reached in about two hours. In the evening we again waited on the governor to thank him for his kind attention. He told us that Mohammed Ali, in every letter, enjoined him to pay every attention to Europeans, especially to the English, and that he was always afraid that all his exertions fell short of his Highness's wishes. Having procured guides for Santa Saba, we took leave of this friendly governor.

'3*d.*—We left Jericho this morning. Our route lay along the foot of the mountains, with the sea on our left; and in about three hours we arrived at a fountain of pure water. Beyond this the waters of the Dead Sea flow close to the foot of the mountains, so that we had to clamber on our way up a steep, rugged, and somewhat dangerous path, often closely overhanging the sea. The view from the summit was magnificent. The sea was like a mirror, and reflected the mountains on its still surface without a ripple. Scarcely a word was uttered by our party to break the death-like silence. We descended into

Wady En Naar (the valley of fire) through which flows the brook Kedron, and after travelling about two hours reached the convent of St. Saba, situated on the brink of a ravine through which the brook flows, and which is so deep that even at mid-day the sun's rays never find their way down. All the rocks bordering this valley are perforated with cells of anchorites. The convent consists of a cluster of buildings on the face of the rock, and contains several chapels. The brotherhood is of the Greek persuasion, and numbers about thirty-five monks, who dress the same as those of Mount Sinai.

*'4th and 5th.*—On looking from the heights above down on the convent, one could scarcely believe that it could possess so many comforts and conveniences within its walls. Like all Greek convents, the rooms are fitted up as divans with the richest carpets; and to us, arriving from the wild scenery of the Dead Sea, the whole scene seemed enchantment. We required no introduction. Our dinner, which we brought with us, was graced with a jug of the convent wine; and on leaving we received the benedictions of the monks without anything being expected from us. I asked and obtained leave to make a sketch of their beautiful chapel. We bade farewell at mid-day to our friendly entertainers, and, leaving a donation for poor pilgrims, set out on our way to Bethlehem, which we reached after a three hours' ride. Numerous flocks of sheep were to be seen on our way, and the immediate neighbourhood of the town abounds with fields of corn, olives, and fig-trees. The Church of the Nativity crowns the height on which the town is situated, and around it are the Latin, Greek, and Armenian convents.

*'The Church of the Nativity is in form similar to the Basilica at Rome, with a double row of Corinthian columns supporting a wall, above which rises a timber roof. The wall is covered with scriptural subjects, most elaborately executed in mosaic, but much mutilated. A temporary screen divides the nave from the transepts and choir—in the latter of which is the Greek church, which seems nearly as old as the rest of the building. The transepts are occupied as chapels by the Latins and Armenians, and immediately below them is the Chapel of the Nativity, which is small, and, though hung with lamps, seems poor after that at Mount Sinai.*

' 6th.—To-day, while I was sketching the interior of the chapel, a man arrived from Jerusalem with the sacred fire, which the priests say comes from heaven; and the whole of the Greek Christians turned out to receive him, carrying banners, and headed by their priests. All were soon in the greatest excitement, each struggling to obtain the first light.

' 7th, *Sunday*.—Rode to the pools of Solomon, which supply Jerusalem with water. They seem to me to be of Saracenic work.

' 8th.—Mr. Pell and Ismael Effendi took leave of us this morning, going to Cairo by way of Hebron, while we returned to Jerusalem. In the afternoon I walked through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and examined the tombs of Absalom and Zachariah, which are exact counterparts of those at Petra, and also cut out of the rock.

' 10th.—After having made four drawings of the Holy Sepulchre, I waited on the new consul, Mr. Young, who arrived here to-day.

' 12th.—On my return home after sketching, found that the consul had called for me. To-day I have wandered over the hills, but have not been able to get a good view of the city.

' 15th.—Left Jerusalem for Nabulus at 9 A.M. Passed at mid day the town of Beer. At night our tents were surrounded by jackals.

' 16th.—Started by daybreak, and arrived at Nabulus, the ancient Shechem, about 3 o'clock. The situation of the town is beautiful. It is placed between the mountains Ebal and Gerizim, and is well sheltered from the south and north winds. The town is large and populous, and the inhabitants seem more comfortable than any I have yet seen in Palestine.

' 17th.—I visited the synagogue of the ancient Samaritans, and was shown there two very ancient MSS. of the Pentateuch. Went to the Well of Jacob, where the interview took place between our Saviour and the woman of Samaria. It is now a heap of rubbish; and the shafts of some granite columns, half-buried, but in an upright position, are all that remains of the structure erected there by the Empress Helena. Not far from the entrance to the valley is a small enclosure surrounding the tombs of Joseph and his two sons.

' Leaving Nabulus in the afternoon, in two hours and a half we

came within sight of the ancient Samaria, now called Sebaste. The town has a noble and imposing appearance, and is surrounded by a fertile and richly-wooded country. The remains of a Christian convent overlook a beautiful valley, which might almost pass for a scene in England, and contrasts strongly with the bleak and desolate appearance of Jerusalem. We pitched our tents at the foot of the hill, and ascended and examined the convent, together with the vast field of columns, still surrounding two sides of the hill, on which stood the ancient palace of Herod. The convent has pointed arches; the ornamental details are similar to the early Norman. It has a nave and aisles with circular apse, and in the centre a sheikh's tomb.

'18th.—I carefully examined the hill formerly occupied by the capital of the ten tribes, which is thickly strewn with shafts of columns. There are the remains of two large circular towers, which, in all probability, defended the entrance, and from which a double row of columns extends round what must have been the citadel. These are of limestone from the surrounding hills. In the middle of the city (if a few wretched hovels deserve such a name), rising over vast arches of hewn stone, are the ruins of a Christian church, the architecture of which must have been very perfect. We struck our tents, and at night halted at a considerable village called Abate, which is situated on a hill adjoining a large lake. There are few men, and these all aged or infirm, the young being drafted off to the army. The groups of women with their water-jars at the fountains are very picturesque. The dress consists of a loose white robe, and a red sash; a red handkerchief is bound round the head; a scarf of the same colour, covering the under part of the face, falls down over the back, and a string of large silver coins hangs dangling from the dark hair.

'19th.—We started at daybreak, and shortly arrived at Jenin. We passed on through a beautiful country—Hermon on our right, Mount Tabor standing alone, overlooking the Plain of Esdraclon, said to be one of the richest in the world. A winding path leads up into the mountains, and we descended upon the hamlet of Nazareth, nestled, as it were, in the bosom of the hills. We were kindly received by the superior of the Latin convent, which is conspicuously situated.



'20th.—Made two coloured drawings of the chapel, one of the Grotto or Chapel of the Annunciation, and two views of the town. Several objects of interest are pointed out to the pilgrim:—the workshop of Joseph, the stone on which Christ sat with his disciples, and the fountain to which the Virgin went for water.

'21st, *Sunday*.—Left Nazareth at 11 A.M., and, after a pleasant ride of an hour and a half, arrived at Cana of Galilee, a village consisting of forty or fifty houses, most of them in ruins. There is a small Greek church, said to cover the place formerly occupied by the house in which the marriage took place, where an old man showed us what he called the identical jar in which the water was turned into wine. A ruined house is pointed out as the residence of our Saviour, and on entering the village we were shown a fountain from whence the water was said to have been taken. Passing on through a beautiful country, in about five hours we came in sight of the Sea of Galilee. Far to the left is Mount Hermon, and near to us is Safed, where the Jews expect the Messiah to reign forty years before entering Jerusalem. Not a boat is now to be seen on the Sea of Galilee, the scene of so many of our Lord's miracles, and where his followers plied their humble calling. To the south the Jordan flows from the lake to the Dead Sea, and close to the lake lies the ancient town of Tiberias, which, with 400 of its inhabitants, was destroyed by an earthquake some years since. A few temporary huts are here, the inmates of which are Jews, who come here to die, and are supported by contributions from their brethren in various parts of the world. The ruins of a small mosque stand near the entrance to the town, and we passed to-day the foundations of more than one ancient city with excavations in the rocks.

'22d.—To-day I made several sketches of the town, or rather of its remains—for every part has been more or less destroyed by earthquakes. The city wall, which is Saracenic, has been built of large square stones, now thrown down and rent from top to bottom. Towards midday we left for Mount Carmel, and at night rested by the only fountain in Cana.

'23d.—Left at half-past 7 for St. Jean d'Acre, which we came in sight of at 3 o'clock. The situation is striking—a promontory to

the north of the bay, Mount Carmel rising on the south. A large ship of war lay in the offing, and the fortifications rising above the plain, with the blue sea beyond, formed a picture that would have satisfied Turner. We pitched our tents outside the fortifications, and strolled into the town, where we saw that all the buildings had been much damaged by the late war.

'24th.—After making two sketches of the town, I rode round the bay to Carmel. We crossed the brook Kishon, immortalised in the song of Deborah and Barak, and in three hours reached the town of Caiffa, to which we were refused admittance when it was known we had come from Acre, the plague having broken out at Jaffa. We passed on, and ascended Mount Carmel, where we were received with great kindness by the monks. They showed us the chapel, still unfinished, which, they say, covers the cave in which Elijah saw a vision of the Holy Virgin. The design is Italian, and very elegant. We saw also a statue of Elijah trampling on the priests of Baal, but they were proudest of a Virgin and Child, just received from Genoa. We ascended the belfry, from which the scene is very fine. After partaking of dinner with our Carmelite friends, we mounted our horses at sunset, and after a ride of four hours by moonlight reached our tents.

'25th.—Heavy rain this morning compelled us to remain till mid-day, and at night we pitched our tents near an old Roman fountain.

'26th. —This morning we descended on a small village called Nakhura, and travelled along the old Roman road, still in many parts in excellent preservation. On a height we found the remains of an extensive Greek temple, some of the capitals being Ionic, and others Doric. This building must have been at least 400 feet in length, and 200 feet in depth, and it is singular it has passed unnoticed. Proceeding along the bay, we began to ascend Cape Blanco by a road carried along the face of the rock, the base of which the sea washes with a tremendous surge. With the heavy clouds rolling above, and the wild sea lashing below, it was the most sublime scene I ever saw, and I could not resist stopping to make a coloured study of it. By-and bye we approached the fountains called the Wells of Solomon, the water from which drives a number of mills, besides supplying the aqueduct for the

use of Tyre. Another hour's ride along the sands brought us in front of ancient Tyre. In riding along, I could see fragments of the ancient village in places where the wind had cleared away the sand. The present town is a mere village, with a mosque rising in the centre, and the prophecy that it should become a rock for fishermen to dry their nets on is literally fulfilled. Enormous pillars of Egyptian granite, some of them 10 feet in diameter—remains of the town's ancient grandeur—are built into some parts of the wall, and a group of these lay piled on the shore with the waves breaking over them. The houses are in pretty good condition, and (for Syria) the streets clean. A few vessels are in the bay, but the city that sent out colonies to found Carthage is now little more than a naked rock in the midst of the sea.

'27th.—Made some sketches. Found a ruinous tower of Saracenic construction—the stones of great size, with foundations of similar structures stretching across the isthmus, jutting into the sea. Leaving Tyre at 11 A.M., we came upon the remains of what must have been a large town, with two beautiful little bays. The hill behind is perforated with caves. Further on is a picturesque village, said to occupy the site of the ancient Sarepta. In front of this is a small mosque, said to stand on the site of the house where Elijah sojourned with the widow. Further on we came in sight of Sidon. Night came on long before we could reach our destination, and to add to our discomfort, we were stopped by a guard, who demanded our bill of health. We had none, but I told them that I had a firman from the Pasha Mohammed Ali, and if they stopped me they must be answerable for the consequences, as I should in the morning inform the governor of Sidon. This had the desired effect, for they immediately desired us to remount, and they sent a soldier with us, who led us to a spot close to the sea, and south of the town, where, with great difficulty, we pitched our tents in the middle of a thunderstorm.

'28th, *Sunday*.—Our guard having remained all night with us, we were prevented entering the town. Wherever we walked he preceded us, beating every one out of the way, and calling out we were in quarantine, till the people actually believed we were plague subjects. I

was determined to sketch, however, and I got one or two views of an ancient fort, connected with the land by a bridge of several arches. The houses of Sidon seem large, but I could discover few antiquities, except some granite columns lying in the road, and some tessellated pavement. The people seem well dressed, and the town thriving; and on the whole I was much pleased with it, and thought Lady Hester Stanhope had shown good taste in selecting it for her residence. After breakfasting and bathing, we struck our tents, and left Sidon for Baalbec. We proceeded along the coast through a beautiful valley, with a stream flowing through, its banks thickly gemmed with flowers. Crossing the stream, we ascended the mountain by an ancient Roman road, sadly dilapidated, and attained the summit of a conical hill, a branch of Mount Lebanon, when night overtook us, and we pitched our tents.

'29th.—Started this morning at daybreak; ascended and descended the mountains all day, the roads being bad, and the climbing fatiguing both ourselves and the horses. The scenery was magnificent—a great part of the hills covered with natural wood, and the valley with flowers; the sides of the hills were sown with corn and barley. We were now in the country of the Druses, a sect belonging neither to Christians nor Mohammedans, though occasionally conforming to the latter. We pitched our tent at night on the summit of a mountain. Owing to our being kept out of Sidon, we are in want of everything. Our light is from a bit of rag in a dish of butter; tea we have none; coffee, but no sugar. Wine and spirits have long been unknown: my only solace before turning into bed is a pipe of tobacco.

'30th.—After two hours' ride we descended into the country of the Maronites, a primitive class of Christians, who have maintained their independence for 1200 years. We passed through a succession of villages, neatly built, with flat projecting roofs. Every foot of ground is cultivated, and the country seems literally covered with flowers. The inhabitants are well clothed and happy-looking. The children sitting round the doors reading their books reminded us of home. The chief employment of the people is rearing the silkworm, and the vine and the mulberry are the principal productions. In the groves around the



villages the blackbird, thrush, and cuckoo are heard; and these, with clear streams of water rushing down the face of the mountains, also recall our own country.

'*May 1st.*—At daylight we were again on our way, and descended into a vast plain, between the mountains of Lebanon and Anti Lebanon; a river winds through the plain, and from mountain to mountain every portion is cultivated or in pasture. About mid day we came to a large mountain town called Ab Elias, with the ruins of a monastery picturesquely situated on the heights above. I stopped here to make a sketch, and two well-dressed men came and told us that one of them wanted to be made an Englishman—that is, as my servant explained to me, a Christian. About 4 o'clock we reached the principal town of the district, called Zahleh, where, stopping to make some purchases, our servants brought us word that an insurrection had broken out in Baalbec. Buckling on our swords, and looking as martial as possible, we sought the house of the sheikh and produced our firman, which was gravely perused. Coffee was served, and we learned that war had not actually broken out, but was hourly expected. The governor told us he would send three mounted soldiers as our escort. The town of Zahleh is one of the prettiest I have seen. It lies embosomed in the mountains, and has a considerable stream running through it. All the people seem employed and cheerful; long may they continue to wear the same happy faces.

'*2d.*—We left Zahleh, and in about two hours came in sight of Baalbec. The rain fell heavily all day, and with difficulty we found our way through the ruins into the town, where we erected our tents, and were in a miserable plight, our bedding and clothing being thoroughly drenched. The rain continued; the horses and mules were drawn in close for shelter; and in the middle of the night I was awakened by the falling of the tent. I felt very unwell, and in the morning, learning that there were some Greek priests in the town, I waited on them, and they kindly procured me a room, of which I at once took possession. I was, however, so much struck with the magnificence of the temple, that I could not resist visiting and examining it, but in the afternoon I felt the fever increasing so much

that I was compelled to go to bed, and for some days I suffered severely.

*4th.*—Have begun my studies of the temple, of the magnificence of which it is impossible to convey any idea, either by pencil or pen. The beauty of its form, the exquisite richness of its ornament, and the vast magnitude of its dimensions, are altogether unparalleled. The whole is contained within an irregular oblong enclosure, which has once been obviously used as a place of defence, a comparatively small portion of it being occupied by the temple. The portico, which, with two of the sides, has been thrown down, originally contained eight pillars in front, and fourteen on each side, each pillar being 6 feet 3 inches in diameter, and, including base and capital, 70 feet in height. The capitals (Corinthian) are of the most exquisite proportion, and, with the ornamentation of the frieze and cornice, are so deeply and boldly cut, that I should think they must have been carved after being erected. The whole has evidently been constructed without mortar, but the joints of the pillars have been polished and fixed by cramps of bronze. The grand doorway is of immense size, formed of vast stones, and sculptured with the richest decorations. From the marks of fastenings, the entrance was probably closed with a curtain or veil, as in the Jewish temple, and in some of the Spanish churches of this day. The enclosure is divided into three great courts, in the innermost of which the temple stands, and in the same court is a range of columns, larger in dimensions, and on a higher elevation, though of the same order of architecture. The central court is larger, and it has also been occupied by a structure, now, alas! a mass of ruins. The substructure of these buildings contains large apartments extending the full breadth and length of the enclosure, and are composed of huge stones, some of them 70 feet in length.

*5th.*—This morning I was informed by my servant that my mules had been seized by the government to carry corn for the troops. I lost no time in waiting on the governor, whom I found seated in his divan, surrounded by one of the most picturesque groups I have ever seen. I was placed on his left hand; my servant filled my chabouk, and coffee was served round, after which I produced my firman. To

my surprise no one could read it, as it was in the Turkish language. The signature of Abbas Pasha was recognised, and the governor apologised for our mules having been carried off, and gave orders for them immediately to be returned. I told him I was desirous to visit Damascus, from which I was within two days' journey, when he kindly offered to send a guard with me, and gave me a letter to the governor.

'I wish my friend Wilkie had witnessed this scene. No two of the party were dressed alike, and it was impossible to say which was the most picturesque. Two Bedouin chiefs were the finest specimens of men I had ever seen. The walls were hung round with rich habiliments and accoutrements, and the hosts of attendants bustling about gave a vitality to the whole strangely at variance with the dreariness and desolation around.

'8th.—Having completed a number of drawings, I left Baalbec this morning, and, having given up the idea of visiting Damascus, owing to the unsettled state of the country, I travelled through the chain of Lebanon to Beyrout. We halted for the night at Zalileh, which we left on the following morning at 7 o'clock, and in eight hours reached a sort of caravansary in the mountains, where we pitched our tents. On our way we saw several hamlets, some with chapels and belfries. The road led to Damascus, and there were numerous strings of mules laden with food for the army, the troops of the Sultan and of the Pasha being within fifteen hours of each other.

'10th.—The weather was delicious this morning when we started. The road is bad, and renders access to the mountains difficult. Every cranny and overhanging crag has its patch of green corn; the loose stones being carefully piled together, forming a support for the soil. Terraces rise in endless succession, and the whole rocks seem overspread with hanging gardens. On our descent we found all the country thickly studded with villages, very clean and comfortable, each with its little church and modest belfry, always so pleasant to the eyes of European travellers.

'Beyrout is one of the prettiest towns in Syria. Its climate and situation are delightful, and it is in the centre of the Maronites and the Druses, the most industrious people in the country. It is the residence

of the various consuls, and a number of merchants. I called on the English consul, Mr. Moore, who received me very kindly; and I met there my old companions of the Wady Mousa, Mr. Kinnear and Mr. Robertson.

'11th.—Occupied all day arranging for my voyage to Alexandria.

'12th, *Sunday*.—Dined with Mr. Kinnear and other friends; and on the morning of the 13th took leave of Palestine, and embarked on board the 'Majorca' for Alexandria, where we landed after a voyage of three days. During my stay here I was presented by Colonel Campbell to Mehemet Ali, who, at the request of his son, Said Bey, sat to me for his portrait. Leaving Alexandria, we reached Malta in six days, and were kept in quarantine for three weeks, after which I left in the 'Volcano' for Gibraltar. Keeping close to the coast of Africa, we had an excellent view of Algiers, and in about five days we reached the rock. Thence I proceeded to Cadiz, where I stayed a week with the consul, my old friend Mr. Brackenbury, and again left, in the 'Braganza,' for England, staying by the way two days at Lisbon, and landed safely, thank God, in London, on the 21st July, having been eleven months absent.

'Previously to my leaving for the East I had promised to give the Messrs. Finden the refusal of the work, and on my return, after having arranged the form in which it was to be brought out, these gentlemen promised to let me know what terms they would give me for the copy-right and use of the drawings. After having waited four months without having received any offer from them, I applied to Mr. Murray, who at first agreed to my proposal; but after calculating the outlay (£10,000), told me the risk was too great. I had been applied to by Mr. Moon, whom I made acquainted with all these circumstances, and he at once agreed to bring out the work in the manner I had proposed—viz. two volumes on Syria, containing 120 subjects, price £21; two volumes on Egypt, containing 120 subjects, price £21; and one volume on Modern Cairo, containing 60 subjects, price £10:10s.—in all, £52:10s. I was to be paid £3000 for the use of the drawings. This was a great risk on the publisher's part; but by exhibiting the drawings in London and other principal towns, his subscription-list in May 1841 was nearly double



Murray's estimate of cost. What gratified me, perhaps, more than anything else, was that the subscription in my native town amounted to £1200; a much larger sum in proportion to its wealth and population than was subscribed in London. Before the drawings were shown to the public they were submitted to the Queen, to the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and to the Bishop of London, who all subscribed for the work, the Queen graciously allowing it to be dedicated to her. It was at one time agreed that Mr. Harding and Mr. Louis Haghe were to have lithographed the drawings, but it was ultimately arranged that they should all be done by Mr. Haghe, and there can be only one opinion as to the masterly manner in which he executed his work. The notices given by the public journals, wherever these drawings were exhibited, were highly laudatory; the work, when completed, was equally favourably noticed; and the success of the publication was all that could be desired.'

During the period that elapsed between Mr. Roberts' return from the Holy Land and his arrangement with Mr. Moon, he must have felt great anxiety of mind; and the following two letters are introduced to show that he was not without friends when he required them.

From William Mark, consul at Malaga:—

*Enfield, 6th March 1840.*

'My Dear Roberts,—Although so long a time has elapsed without my being able to see you until the other day, I did not even then mention the principal object of my visit to you, for in company is not the best way to transact private business. It was merely to say, that if in consequence of your long and expensive trip in the East, and recent change of residence, you should require some ready funds for your present purposes, you would not, I hope, stand upon any ceremony in making such wants known to me, as I might assist you, as you must clearly understand, without any other interest than the satisfaction of serving a friend. I trust our friendship will justify me in your eyes for taking this liberty, for unless I felt so you may be sure I would not have said a word about it.

‘ Let me know if I can be useful to you ; and believe me now, as I have always been, yours faithfully,  
WM. MARK.’

The other letter, from Roberts’ countryman Allan Cunningham, proffering his assistance in the literary portion of the work, will be read with interest. Roberts often regretted afterwards that Cunningham’s offer was not accepted.

‘ 27 Belgrave Square, 26th March 1840.

‘ My dear Roberts,—I have been able to think of nothing else save your drawings since I saw you last night. They are equally interesting and peculiar, and I am glad that you are about to make the world better acquainted with their merits. I told you that the person who penned the letterpress should be familiar with Scripture and with Eastern History. I may now add, on reflecting on the character of the drawings, that he should also have a taste in art, and a knowledge both of sculpture and architecture. It is easy to write a few graceful sentences, but they must be to the point, must illustrate not encumber the engravings, else they will be worse than vain. Now I know not but I might be tempted to offer you the use of my pen if you are not already engaged to some other writer. I have not travelled, it is true, but the subject is familiar to my mind, and I have taste enough in art, and knowledge enough in architecture, to induce me to think that, with the aid of your own recollections and notes, I should acquit myself without blame but with honour. My admiration of your drawings and of the subject has driven me to make this offer, which, till I looked over your portfolio, I did not dream of.—I remain, my dear Roberts, yours always,

‘ ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.’

This year Mr. Roberts painted for Frank Hall Standish two pictures—viz. the ‘Greek Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem,’ and ‘Outer Court of the Great Temple at Edfou, Upper Egypt,’ price of each £200. Also the ‘Gate of Metwalis, Grand Cairo,’ purchased by the Queen, price

£105,' and 'Statues of the Vocal Memnon at Thebes,' purchased by the Irish Art Union, price £100. He also painted for Elhanan Bicknell 'Portico of the Great Temple at Baalbec,' price £250.



*Portico of the Great Temple at  
Baalbec.*

*This was painted for Elhanan Bicknell Esqr of Lonsdale and was hung in the Architectural Room of the Royal Academy. Rec<sup>d</sup> for the same sum included £250—This I consider one of my best painted pictures*

## CHAPTER IX.

On the 10th February 1841 Roberts was elected a Royal Academician, and that year he exhibited in the Royal Academy two pictures painted for George Knott, Esq.—viz. the ‘Bazaar of the Coppersmiths, Cairo,’ and the ‘Ruins of Baalbec, Lebanon in the distance.’ The price of the first picture was £210, of the second, £420. He painted, by order of the Queen, a small picture of the ‘Bridge of Toledo,’ to be presented by her to Prince Albert on his birthday, price £52:10s. He also made for Her Majesty’s album drawings of the ‘Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem’ and ‘Fountain on the Prado at Madrid,’ price £26:5s. He afterwards painted the latter subject for Her Majesty, for presentation to Prince Albert on Christmas-day, and the following notes show how these works were appreciated by royalty:—

*‘St. James’ Palace, May 28, 1841.*

‘My dear Sir,—I have delayed writing to you till I could convey the Queen’s and Prince Albert’s perfect approbation, both of your painting and also of the two sketches which you have finished. Her Majesty highly approves of both; and I have only to request that you will kindly send me the account for these as soon as possible, and it shall be immediately settled. I have the honour to be, dear sir, your faithful, humble servant,

H. WHEATLY.’

‘Sir Henry Wheatly presents his compliments to Mr. Roberts, and has great pleasure in informing him that both the Queen and Prince



Portrait of the Great Teacher at Ouedra. Upper 834/82



Painted for David Barclay, Esq. M.P. and Solicitor at His Royal Academy  
the Great Room - No. 2 for the same £330.

Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, with the Temple extending from the  
River Jordan



Painted for the Most Noble Lord Mervin, being the first & last, a collection  
of the British School painted by His Lordships for his new house at Carlton  
which had he lived, from his judgment & love of art, of which he was <sup>an</sup> indifferent  
connoisseur himself - would have most probably formed a princely collection  
I had from his Lordships for this Picture £330.



Albert are much pleased with his picture, which arrived quite safe at Windsor on the 23d inst.; and Sir Henry ventures to request Mr. Roberts will have the goodness to let him know the sum due to him from Her Majesty for his picture, as soon as convenient.

*'St. James' Palace, December 27, 1841.'*

This year he also painted for David Barclay, M.P., 'Portico of the Great Temple at Dendera,' price £330, and a duplicate of the same picture for the Reverend W. B. Hurnard, price £100. He painted for Lord Monson, 'Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives,' price £330—a picture presented by that young nobleman on his deathbed to his mother, the Countess of Warwick. His Lordship, who had visited the Holy Land, was seized on the journey with an illness from which he never recovered, and which terminated a life that would have been devoted to the advancement of the arts of his country. The following letter from him to Roberts will be read with interest:—

*'Gatton Park, June 12, 1841.'*

'My dear Roberts,—I cannot tell you with what grief I read in the newspapers the sad loss we have sustained in the death of poor Sir David Wilkie—a serious loss to every lover of genius, but I know more especially to you, by whom he was so much esteemed. Your picture of Jerusalem is rendered now even more valuable to me from its having been painted at his suggestion.

'I told you some time ago that I purposed making a small collection of pictures by our best British artists. I have well commenced with yourself, and I now send you a list of those artists of whom I wish to obtain such works as my limited means will allow. (Here is a list of twelve leading artists.)

'There is one, however, with whom I am anxious to lose no time, and that is Edwin Landseer. Would you be my ambassador, and ask him what would be the cost of his painting me a picture? I should like him to come here and paint my portrait, with some remarkable

dogs, with which, I think, he would be pleased. The picture, however, must be of his very best, for I want to point to my walls with a national pride, and ask—'Who dares to say that we have no first-rate artists in England?' Pray, advise me in this matter, and help me to get up a perfect gallery of British painters.—Believe me, my dear Roberts, ever faithfully yours,  
MONSON.'

This was a memorable year in the life of Roberts. His much-beloved and only child Christine was married on the 1st June to Mr. Henry Bicknell, and the union has been attended by all the felicity that her father could have wished. Mr. Bicknell fully appreciated the sterling worth and genius of his father-in-law; and Roberts spent many of his happiest days under the rooftree of his gentle daughter and her affectionate husband, surrounded by their interesting family, and enjoying to the last every comfort and blessing.

After numerous delays, the first part of the 'The Holy Land,' commencing with 'Jerusalem,' appeared in April 1842, and by the end of July four parts were published. The drawings for these, twenty-five in number, were afterwards sold to Lord Francis Egerton for £500. Of Louis Haghe's share in the work Roberts says—

'Haghe has not only surpassed himself, but all that has hitherto been done of a similar nature. He has rendered the views in a style clear, simple, and unlaboured, with a masterly vigour and boldness which none but a painter like him could have transferred to stone.'

All the leading journals bestowed the highest encomiums on Roberts and Haghe, and the letterpress by Dr. Croly was considered in every way worthy of one of the most remarkable books that had been published.

This year Roberts exhibited in the Royal Academy 'Interior of the Church of St. Michael, Xeres,' purchased



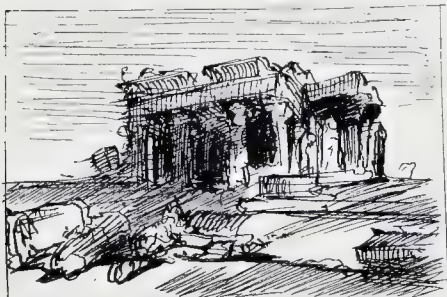
by E. Bicknell, £105; 'Thebes, looking across the Great Hall of Karnac,' bought by Mr. Llewellyn of Bristol, £200; 'Termination of the Ravine leading into Petra,' presented to E. Bicknell junior; 'Interior of the Chapel of St. Helena, Convent of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai,' for David Barclay, M.P., £210; and 'Ruins of the Temple of Kom Ombo,' presented to Henry Bicknell.

*Interior of the Chapel of St. Helena, Convent of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai*



*Presented to David Barclay M.P. for which I recd. Two Hundred Guineas*

*Ruins of the Temple of Kom Ombo Upper Egypt*



*Presented to Mr Henry Bicknell*

Much of Roberts' time this summer was occupied in completing the drawings for the first ten parts of 'The Holy Land,' and in autumn he visited Edinburgh to see his mother and sister, his father having died in the previous year. He went to Roslin, and made a series of studies in oil of the beautiful little chapel, and enjoyed the romantic scenery, endeared to him by boyish recollections and associations. During his sojourn in Edinburgh a number of his artistic friends and admirers invited him to a public dinner on the 19th October, which was attended by all the leading literary and artistic celebrities, and presided over by Lord Cockburn, the most eloquent of Scottish senators, who proposed the artist's health in the following terms:—

'Gentlemen,—I now rise for the sake of performing, or of attempting to perform, the principal duty which you have imposed on me to-night, and which I now do by proposing, with every sentiment of admiration and esteem, the health of our countryman and our townsman, our friend and our guest, Mr. Roberts. It is as an artist chiefly that Mr. Roberts is now before us; yet I assure you I have no intention of being guilty of the folly and presumption of attempting to say one word here of his merits in that line with the discrimination or in the language of art. For all of you I suppose—at least I am sure for most of you—this is unnecessary; and so far as I am concerned, were it necessary, there is no person in this room or out of it who is less capable of doing it. But it is not necessary to be an artist to be able to appreciate the claims which our guest has on the gratitude of the public. He has attained an eminence which is now quite unequivocal; and he has reached it by new and most honourable steps—all so clearly marked that no man can have any doubt either of his right to our admiration or of the means by which he has attained it. Mr. Roberts has far too much sense to look back with any feelings but those of just pride to the humble days in which he was in this city engaged in an avocation which, if it belongs to art at all, certainly, as commonly practised, was one of its lowest departments.

In that department a person of ordinary intellect might have lived contented and died unheard-of; Mr. Roberts felt the aspirations and the power of better feelings, and the first evidence he gave of his superiority to his original position was in the composition of that dramatic scenery which is a very high branch of the art, and which he reared to a state of perfection to which, I understand, it had never previously attained. There is perhaps nothing more excusable than that a person rising from his original sphere to the extent which Mr. Roberts had then done, should have rested contented with what he had got; because he had reached a department of his profession which exhibits his works before the eyes, and brings them within the immediate and directly audible applause of the greatest assemblages of the most excited audiences. But unsatisfied by this applause—I should rather say unseduced by it—he patiently and silently cultivated his powers, and soon gave evidence of his success by presenting the public with the most extraordinary representations of the architectural ruins of the Gothic ages, such as are found in northern Europe, and particularly throughout Normandy in France. He exhibited a series of pictures which struck the public as new, and marked him out as the inventor of a successful line of his own. It was impossible that to a person of such powers and tastes the peninsula of Spain could fail to whisper what treasures it contained; and accordingly our friend went to that then almost untrodden ground, and was the first to put the sickle into that rich and unreaped harvest. He exhibited to his countrymen the most living pictures of all the glorious architectural remains in that country—of the structures which it required the united powers of wealth, religion, chivalry, and the Moors to produce; and year after year it seemed as if betwixt him and the public there was a generous competition which should be first to tire. He brought all Spain in the most pleasing and truest light before us. But, gentlemen, there was yet another land which lay in silence and desolation, and which seemed by the very impressiveness of that silence to demand the eye and the hand and the mind of an artist worthy of conveying its treasures to the latest posterity. That is a region connected with such associations—connected with such solemn and interesting events—that so far as we can at present conceive, it is impossible that an equal interest should ever be imparted

to any other portion of the globe. The architectural structures which time has yet spared are, no doubt, in point of mere architecture, not to be compared with the more perfect productions of Greece, or even of later ages. But then the sites, but then the conditions, but then the antiquities, but then the histories connected with them ;—these things were worthy of Mr. Roberts ; and, if I may say so, it appears as if Mr. Roberts was born to delineate such scenes. To go into these countries required no inconsiderable perseverance and energy, and was not unattended with very considerable personal danger. All that our friend displayed and encountered. He explored that patriarchal land ; he searched its inmost recesses, and returned to his native country laden with the richest treasures, after having completed the finest pilgrimage of art which ever perhaps has been performed by a single man. The result has been marked by the most distinct and unanimous verdict that the public ever pronounced on a mere triumph of taste. And no wonder it has done so ; because, first, the scenes themselves are connected with our earliest, our deepest, our most sacred associations ; and in the second place, they were presented to us with all their complement of scenery and figures, not only with the fidelity of portraiture, but adorned with the finest touches of poetry. This position our friend at present occupies—the highest position in his peculiar line that, so far as I know, has yet been occupied by any artist. And I am sure, after he has achieved so much, no one can wonder that we should express our gratification. While the nation as a state while all states, perhaps necessarily, reserve their honours for those formally and directly in their service, and only under the public command become the patrons of genius, it is our business to bestow the laurel, subject to no condition except perhaps that of choosing on what brow it can most worthily be borne. Can the public laurel be more worthily placed than on the brow of a man who, without professing to address any evil passion or corrupt taste in any class, proposes to enlarge their virtues by reviving their tastes by means of that beautiful art which, except poetry, owns no competitor, and of which the aim is to elevate and refine the public mind by putting the purest and most intellectual pleasures always within their command ? This has been done by our friend ; and having



stated the claims he has on our admiration as an artist, perhaps I should say no more. But I should do no justice either to him or to you if I did not say plainly to him that he must not take this meeting as a mere expression of homage to the genius of the artist, but that he must do us the justice to receive it as not less an expression of respect and esteem for the character of the man. I may be allowed to say that there are sometimes kindred failings which are apt to adhere to the fringes of such a career as his—excusably and naturally—and I rejoice that I can find no trace of them in him. I have heard Mr. Roberts much talked of and discussed, but I declare solemnly that I never heard imputed to him forgetfulness of any ancient friend—any paltry corroding professional jealousy—any tinctures of that folly or guilt by which genius is sometimes insulted in being made their apology. I have heard of everything that is good in private life. And I assure you it is not without restraint that I refrain from saying something on this topic; it is only from what I feel would be invading the sanctuary of parental and filial affection that I abstain. Mr. Roberts lives in the hearts of his friends, who not only admire him as an artist, but love him as a man. What is in store for him or for us hereafter I cannot tell. But he will understand that we shall follow the future steps of his career with the greatest interest; and though the applauses of a greater metropolis may sound louder in his ears, there are none given with such sincerity—there are none, I am sure, that will sink so deeply into his heart as the cheers of his early associates and fellow-townsmen of Edinburgh. I give you, with the greatest sincerity, health and prosperity to Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts said—‘In the whole of my career I never felt so much overwhelmed as I am by the manner in which Lord Cockburn has adverted to my humble efforts, coupled with the cordiality of the welcome I have received. The feelings under which I rise to address you are so overpowering that I am utterly at a loss to know how I should return my acknowledgments. You must leave me to make up in gratitude what I may want in words. It is the greatest compliment that can be paid to a man to know that he has deserved well of his country. The line of the profession which I have pursued has itself attached more

importance to my career than it might otherwise have acquired. I refer more particularly to my late visit to the Holy Land, for it is a subject which—whoever had attempted it—would have brought fame to him, whether he belonged to Scotland, England, or to any other country. In alluding to the commencement of my career, I beg to say that there is one gentleman to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude—I mean my friend Mr. Murray\*—a gentleman whose talents, whose taste, and whose excellent qualities are so well known that it requires nothing but to mention his name. He is never slow to discover talent; he is ever ready to cherish it and bring it forward. He was amongst the first of my patrons; and with sincerity I return my heartfelt thanks to him for affording me an opportunity of gratifying those aspirations which but for his discernment would have been felt in vain. I progressed rapidly, and at length my efforts were extended to a wider sphere. Offers of a nature I could not resist were made to me; and I proceeded to a metropolis in which I can sincerely say wherever there is merit it meets with its reward. I found myself soon surrounded by friends and powerful patrons, who were actuated not only by a love of art, but who, I trust, respected me as an individual. I was enabled to take a position by which I could carry out that career which I desired. In course of time I was enabled to visit the most remarkable countries of Europe, except Italy. With respect to Spain, I found, as Lord Cockburn has observed, a new and unexplored field. Having proceeded to the land of my adoption, I, like other Scotchmen, was not forgetful of the land of my birth and childhood. That was impossible. Whether in the eastern or in the western possessions of the British empire, whether wandering in the wilds of Australia or burning under the tropics, there you find Scotchmen; and however we may endeavour to console ourselves with the scenery of those distant lands, still in fancy the rivers and mountains of our native land are present with us; and in a foreign country we ask—‘Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than they?’ Yet, with all our admiration of what we behold in other countries, we naturally look back to the land of our birth—we think of its barren hills and sequestered glens, hallowed by

\* Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

the tender recollections of childhood. The songs and melodies of our native land cheer us in foreign climes and distant countries, and our thoughts ever revert to the land which has produced Burns, Wilkie, Scott, and others, whose fame is undying. We are always anxious, too, to manifest our affection for our native land by doing honour to it in some way or other. If I, by my humble exertions, have shown that I am worthy of my country, then I say I am most amply repaid for whatever efforts I have made. My Lord and Gentlemen, I am utterly at a loss to find words to express my gratitude. From the bottom of my heart I thank you; I can do no more.'

Professor Wilson and others delivered eloquent speeches; and the following song, written for the occasion, was sung and received with much enthusiasm :—

'SCOTLAND'S PAINTER DAVIE.

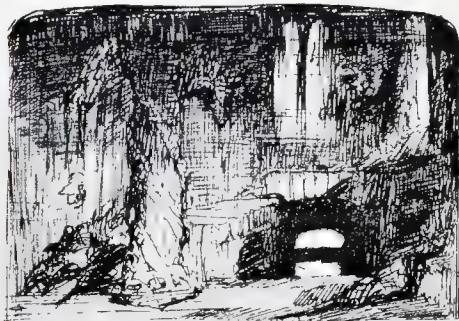
'AIR—*Dainty Davie.*

' Let common folks stand round about,  
Let knaves flee aff, and fools flee out,  
While fame proclaims, wi' sturdy shout,  
Auld Scotland's Painter Davie.  
Auld Reekie counts ower by the score  
Her sons wha rank in glory's core;  
She's walth o' gallant hearts in store,  
But few to match wi' Davie.  
For O! he is a daurin' loun,  
Wandering Davie, daundering Davie;  
Leonardi's sel', ayont the moon,  
Saw nought to Painter Davie.  
' True Scripture lair had fired his breast,  
His brain began to work like yeast,  
And aff he set to see the East,  
Whaur reigned his namesake Davie.  
Through a' the Holy Land he flew,  
And wi' his faithfu' pencil drew  
Ilk towering fane, and sparkling view,  
To tell the track o' Davie.  
For O! he is a daurin' loun,  
Wandering Davie, daundering Davie;  
Leonardi, when ayont the moon,  
Saw nought to Painter Davie.

' And noo the callant's here at hame,  
 Wi' sic a lustre round his name,  
 E'en Europe canna haud his fame—  
 The earth's owre wee for Davie.  
 God bless him! Scotland fills her cap,  
 And g'ies his buirdly back a clap,  
 Syne, blinking on his touzy tap,  
 Cries 'Here's to Painter Davie,'  
 For O! he is a daurin' loun,  
 Wandering Davie, daundering Davie;  
 Leonardi, though ayont the moon,  
 Saw nought to Painter Davie.'

During this winter Roberts painted his diploma picture, 'Gateway of the Temple of Baalbec;' 'Interior of the Church of Stratford-on-Avon,' for Lady Braye, price £126; pictures of 'Roslin Chapel,' and 'Gate of the Metwalis, Cairo,' for Mr. Sheepshank, price of each £105; 'Island of Philœ,' Nubia, for his friend and companion in Syria, Mr. Pell, price £100 (this picture was sold by public auction in 1858 for £462); 'Descent to the Crypt, Roslin Chapel,' for Mr. Knott, price £157 : 10s.

*Descent to the Crypt of  
Roslin Chapel.*



*Painter George Knott began on Panel*



## CHAPTER X.

IN 1843 Roberts visited Brittany and Normandy, going by way of Jersey. He landed at St. Malo, visiting Dinan, St. Lo, and spending a week on the rock of Mount St. Michael. Thence he crossed to Granville, Coutances, Bayeux, and Caen, making a number of sketches, and returning to England by Havre and Southampton. From Granville he writes the following letter to his daughter:—

*Granville, Aug. 27, 1843.*

‘My dear Christine,—I have delayed writing from day to day in the hope of being able to report something favourable of my artistic tour, but with the exception of Mount St. Michael, it has hitherto been almost unproductive. Whether the impressions made on my mind by Egypt are never to be effaced, or whether the places I have visited here are not interesting, I have felt little inclination to do anything, but I hope to get something in church architecture at Coutances, Bayeux, or Caen, that may excite my admiration and industry. There is no want of antiquity here; everything is old enough and ugly enough; but houses, castles, and churches are built of granite, a material ill adapted for carving rich tracery, the great characteristic of Gothic architecture. The weather is so hot and wet that I have been grilled at one time, and soaked through at another. Yet with all this I have endeavoured to turn every hour to account in some way or other.

‘St. Malo, the first town in my progress, is after Prout’s own heart; with tall picturesque houses, enclosed by high walls, the views from

which are very fine. I engaged an old weather-beaten Frenchman here, to go with me as dragoman, who in early life had been an officer in the service of Napoleon. He had been several times taken prisoner by the English, and sent into Scotland, but had escaped. He had learnt the English language in Scotland, spoke kindly of the country, and this was sufficient commendation to me.

‘On Thursday we started for Dinan, which is very beautifully situated, and still surrounded by its ancient walls. Then we went on to Dol, also a fine old place, with a singular old church, and still more singular and ancient-looking inhabitants. The caps worn by the women are similar to those shown in ancient monuments, or in Holbein’s pictures, and the costumes of both male and female carry you centuries back. After passing through some other places of similar character, on Sunday we reached Mount St. Michael, and although the weather was wet and drizzling, the approach to it is equal to anything I have seen for imposing and picturesque appearance. On the summit is perched the chapel dedicated to St. Michael—a combination of the most intricate and graceful Gothic pinnacles and traceries that can well be imagined. Clustering round the base hangs a little town filled with hardy fishermen, wearing a dress and speaking a language peculiarly their own. The stories they tell of the riches of the ancient monks, and the stirring incidents that have occurred here, would have delighted the heart of Sir Walter Scott. By the way, talking of Scott, my old dragoman, when I was sketching one day on the ramparts, brought me a well-thumbed volume, ‘*Histoire de Biron d’Edimbourg*,’ which I at once recognised as my old favourite, ‘*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*.’ I told the old fellow that it was by Scott, but he chose rather to believe the announcement on the title-page, that it was written by Jedediah Cleishbottom, the worthy schoolmaster of Gandercleugh. He commenced reading it while I was sketching, and it would have been difficult to decide whether he or I laughed loudest—he at the sayings and doings of the renowned Duncan Knockdunder, and I at his free translation. The inn I found tolerably good, and at dinner there mustered several officers of the garrison, the inspector, the apothecary, and the schoolmaster, all of them characters; and with the aid of cigars and an

occasional bottle of champagne, I passed six days here very pleasantly. The governor had given instructions to show me every attention, and nothing could surpass the kindness I received from all.

‘During my stay I made several attempts at oil-painting, but failed—one day scorching with heat; another the wind sweeping panels, colours, and all away; another, the rain falling in torrents. Still, I got some very interesting sketches, but not exactly of the kind I wished. I made a large study in oil of the interior of the chapel, but although exquisite as a piece of architecture, it is rather narrow and tall for picturesque effect. The views from the ramparts are magnificent.

‘To-morrow I start for Coutances, Bayeux, and Caen, where I expect to get good subjects for studies in oil,’ etc. etc.

‘DAVID ROBERTS.

In October this year he visited Scotland, chiefly to see his mother and sister in Edinburgh, where he sojourned for some days.

The following letter from Lord Cockburn anent Roslin Chapel speaks for itself, and prognosticates truly what has since come to pass—the conversion of this fine relic of the past into a meeting-house for living Episcopalians.

‘*Edinburgh, 27th October 1843.*

‘My dear Roberts,—I regret sincerely not having seen you. You must come earlier next year, and let me know of your arrival, before you be just on the wing home again.

‘I was at Roslin last week, and thoroughly agree with you about the state and prospects of the chapel. I have sent your letter, as I did your former one, to Lord Roslin’s agent. He had told me before I last heard from you that his lordship intended to glaze the windows, chiefly in consequence of your opinion.

‘Lord Roslin and his father have, as I am told, laid out about £2000 on the preservation of this relic, being the largest sum I suppose ever laid out by any Scotchman on such an object, and therefore they are entitled to great consideration and tenderness.

‘But, alas, alas! what are we talking about?—green mould! groined arches! tracery! Why, it is said that the chapel is in danger of being given up to be a meeting-house for living Episcopalians: so it is said, but I can’t believe it. This surely is impossible.—Yours faithfully,

‘H. COCKBURN.’

This winter Roberts painted—‘Interior of the Church of St. Jean at Caen,’ sold for £210; ‘Pyramids of Gheza,’ £120; ‘Ruins of the Temple at Baalbec,’ £31:10s.; ‘Ruins of the Temple of Erment, Upper Egypt,’ £31:10s.

In Roberts’ collection of letters for this year are an immense number from eminent men, congratulating him on the success of his great work on the Holy Land, and commendations from persons best qualified to judge of its truthfulness and beauty. Among others is one from Dr. Robinson, the well-known author of ‘Biblical Researches in Palestine,’ from which the following is an extract:—

‘I do most sincerely rejoice that at length we have a series of views of Jerusalem and in Palestine which actually represent the scenes and objects which they profess to give. This certainly has not been true of any preceding views which I have seen, and I have probably seen them all. I am happy to be able to point to this work and say, ‘Here is all that I would have desired or hoped to give had I been a draughtsman.’

Between the early part of 1842 and the end of summer 1844, Roberts completed 122 finished drawings from the original sketches of the Holy Land for Louis Haghe to engrave, and Haghe had finished the entire number of engravings, most of which were done by his own hand. In addition to the drawings of Jerusalem, formerly purchased by Lord Francis Egerton, Roberts sold to his lordship those of Syria, consisting of fifty-seven, for which he received £900, making in all £1400.



During the year 1844, besides finishing his sketches, Roberts painted and exhibited—'Interior of Roslin Chapel,' for Mr. Fielding, price £100; 'Interior of the Chapel of the Virgin in the Church of St. Pierre, Normandy,' price £84; 'Pyramids of Gheza—sunset,' price £126; 'Ruined Temple, Island of Philæ, Nubia.'

In November he visited Scotland, and, as usual, sketched, and spent some days with his friends in Edinburgh. The following extract from a letter of D. O. Hill, secretary to the Royal Scottish Academy, shows the deep and lively interest Roberts took in the prosperity of the great national institution, and the attractions which, through his influence and exertions, were added to its yearly exhibitions:—

*'Royal Scottish Academy,  
'Edinburgh, 20th December 1844.*

'My dear Roberts,—I have received your most welcome letter of the 17th, intimating Mr. Bicknell's assent to the application of the council for a loan of some of his Turners, and also holding out a hope of Stanfield's *chef-d'œuvre*. I shall without delay convey direct to Mr. Bicknell the thanks of the president and council for his great kindness. The other artists we will leave you to apply to, as your leisure and opportunities may serve. I rejoice at the prospect of an exhibition strong in English art, and think there is nothing will tend more to show the expediency of procuring new galleries forthwith, such as may better suit the demand of the times and the brightening prospects of art in this country. I hope you don't forget that we expect a picture from yourself. The Stanfield will be a treasure, and somehow or other Roberts and Stanfield have long been associated in our converse; when we 'ferlie at the folk in Lunnon,' these twins in reputation always come linking up together.

'D. O. HILL.'

The result of Roberts' exertions on behalf of the Royal Scottish Academy was apparent in their exhibition the

following spring, for the walls were graced by pictures from Turner, Landseer, Maclise, Muller, Stanfield, Roberts, Leitch, and other distinguished artists.

This year Roberts' mother died at the advanced age of eighty-six years, and the following inscription on a tombstone that he erected in memory of his parents in the Old Calton burying-ground is alike honourable to his head and his heart :—

‘ Sacred to the memory of JOHN ROBERTS, shoemaker, Stockbridge, who died 1840, aged eighty-six years, and his wife CHRISTINA RITCHIE, who died 1845, aged eighty six years. Erected by their only surviving son, DAVID ROBERTS, member of the Royal Academy of Arts, London, who gratefully attributes much of his happiness and success in life to their parental care and solicitude, combined with the virtuous example which, in their own conduct, they placed before him during his early years.\*

In autumn, Roberts visited Belgium for the purpose of making studies in oil of some of the magnificent churches there. He visited the exhibition of the modern pictures of the Belgian school, and was invited to a dinner given in the Hotel de Ville, Brussels, by the Belgian artists to the foreigners who had sent works to their exhibition. He also dined with King Leopold and his Queen at the palace, where he met many leading painters and sculptors. He then visited Antwerp, where he remained about three weeks, and made several sketches in oil. The following extracts from a letter to his daughter give a graphic account of the manner in which he spent his time there :—

\* In an old Bible which belonged to Roberts is the following memorandum :—  
‘ This is the Bible in which I first read—the guide and friend of my father—the constant companion till death of my dear mother : both lived till the age of eighty-six, when this book was bequeathed to me. In it are recorded the births of myself and of my dear sister, as also of two brothers and a sister who died in infancy.

‘ DAVID ROBERTS.’

*Antwerp, October 13, 1845.*

'My dear Christine,—I was happy to learn that you were all well, and that my account of the royal dinner party amused you. The dinner given by the Belgian artists to those foreigners who had contributed to their exhibition was equally satisfactory, and so exemplary that I should like to see it followed at home.

'So convinced am I of the necessity of painting carefully on the spot, that here I am hard at work from early morn to dewy eve. I receive every accommodation from the clergy; yet so strict are their rules that not even a sketch is allowed to be made in church during service, which does not terminate till 12 noon. I am now painting a magnificent interior, the Church of the Dominicans, with a splendid altar, and I think the picture will be both novel and good, but I cannot say till I have it finished, and finishing on the spot is a slow process. I have persuaded Haghe to try his hand in oil, and I have no doubt he will succeed under *my tuition*. Here, everybody gets up early. I breakfast at 8, and have nearly four hours to work before getting into the church; so I am making a careful study of the tower of the cathedral, with the grotesque old houses around it, and as I have the advantage of a window commanding a view of it, I am doing this in oil. These works, I fear, I shall not be able to finish before the end of next week, when Haghe and I propose visiting Liege, Ghent, Bruges, and Tournay, at which latter town, I am told, there is a magnificent cathedral; so I shall not be able to keep my birthday with you at home.

'I have very pleasant society here in our friends the Haghes and their acquaintances—burly Flemish merchants. When you enter their houses, through sacks of coffee and bales of tobacco, you feel quite amazed, for each house is a castle, containing warehouse and dwelling-house in one, the huge folding-doors and large windows reminding me of Seville and Cordova. The churches are on a scale not surpassed in Spain, and they contain pictures, sculpture, and rich carvings, which render them most attractive to a painter. In addition to this, there is not a street, nor a house, but what is a picture. Haghe is making a series of drawings of the domestic architecture of his fatherland, and with him I have explored the interior of many of the old halls,

which in some cases remain the same as they were three hundred years ago. They generally have magnificent mantelpieces, great tables, rich carpetings, antique chairs, and the walls are hung with tapestry or stamped gilded leather. Yesterday we were taken to an old mansion belonging to a wealthy butcher. As we passed through the slaughter-house we saw a statue of the Virgin and Child in a conspicuous place, and passing on, we came to a parlour with a splendid window of old stained glass, the walls covered with gilded stamped leather, on which hung a large picture, representing the members of the corporation of butchers, some three hundred years back, and amidst them, on rather a familiar footing, was seated the Virgin. The judgment, however, of our worthy host seemed rather deficient, or he was prejudiced in favour of his own peculiar department of art, for he called my attention to an English print of the Durham ox, and a miserable daub of a rich sirloin of beef, and expected me to join in admiring them. Supper was on the table, and I thought the whole was such a subject as De Hooze would have gloried in,' etc. etc.

‘DAVID ROBERTS.’

Roberts exhibited this year in the Royal Academy two very important pictures—‘Ruins of the Great Temple at Karnac,’ purchased by Joseph Arden, price £400; ‘Jerusalem from the south-east,’ sold to Lord Francis Eger-ton, price £315. He also painted the following small pictures:—‘Porch of Roslin Chapel,’ presented to Thomas Mackinlay; ‘Interior of Roslin Chapel,’ a gift to P. S. Fraser; ‘Interior of Melrose Abbey,’ painted for E. Bicknell, price £40; ‘Street in St. Lo, Normandy,’ price £50; and ‘Church of St. Pierre, Caen,’ price £20.

In 1846 Roberts exhibited four pictures in the Royal Academy and one in the British Institution. They were—‘Ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec’ and ‘Tombs of the Caliphs, Grand Cairo,’ painted for George Young, Denmark Hill, price £105 each; ‘Ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec,’ a large picture, for — Foster, Esq.,



Stourton Castle, price £210; 'Grand Cairo, looking to the Pyramids of Gheza,' price £140; 'Street in Grand Cairo,' purchased by E. Bicknell, price £52:10s. (sold at the Herne Hill sale, 1863, for £530:5s.); 'Interior of the Church of St. Antoine at Ghent,' purchased by the Art Union, price £200.

During this summer Roberts visited Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, and spent a month there with his beloved daughter and her family. Here he began his drawings from his sketches in Egypt and Nubia. He also entered into an arrangement with Mr. Hogarth to execute forty drawings for a work called *Scotland Illustrated*, for which he was to receive £1000. To enable him to accomplish this task, he went to Scotland during September and October, visiting Bamborough Castle, Holy Island, Berwick, Kelso, Jedburgh, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, making sketches and copious descriptive notes of all the chief monastic and baronial remains he then saw. He also made five large drawings of Edinburgh for the same work. The following description of Kelso Abbey, extracted from his note-book, shows the care he took to examine and describe every object of interest he sketched in his travels, whether at home or abroad:—

'Kelso Abbey is in the form of a cross, in the early Norman style, and the beauty of its proportions, and its great altitude, are equal to any in Scotland. The centre arch, at the intersection of the transepts, must be 45 feet in height. Only a small portion of the south wall of the chancel remains. Along this, and round the transepts and nave, run two rows of galleries, supported by slender pillars. These are again supported in the chancel by wide open arches, dividing the choir or chancel from the aisles. The nave, or the west end, is exactly of the same dimensions as the transepts, so that the three appear as if forming

a grand porch to the chancel, the effect of which must have been very beautiful.

'To the south there appear to have extended a cloister and dormitories, portions of which still remain. The west has been very rich, and the pediment of a gate, leading to the north transept, has evidently been filled with sculptured figures. The transept is surmounted by a triple open belfry, such as is often seen in Spain. The circular tower by which the transepts are supported is modern.'

The success of this work was not what was expected; and the following letter from Robert Cadell, the well-known publisher, to Roberts, very probably shows the cause of its comparative failure:—

'Your *Scotland Delineated* is most creditable, but as you ask my opinion, I will tell you honestly, as a friend, it has two drawbacks: the *first*, it is rather late; the *second*, too dear. Success will attend no one thing in these scrambling, pushing, competing, bustling times, that is not good, new, and cheap. I mean by *new*, that it must have a dash of originality. Now our own dear land of the mountain and the flood has been hackneyed from Fisher and Company upwards. When you had not a new field, you should have had some novelty, and you have, I may say, none, to tickle the public with. The mind of the many-headed beast, that same public, that you and I live on, is diseased, and has been so for over fifteen years at least, and he is a clever fellow who can tickle the brute's ear! But here is scandal, and my paper seems blackened. All that is good attend you.—Ever yours truly, ROBERT CADELL.'

This winter Roberts painted—'Edinburgh from the Castle,' purchased by Samuel Jones Lloyd, £525; 'A Recollection of Spain,' purchased by Joseph Arden, £100; 'West Front of Antwerp Cathedral,' purchased by Richard Newsham, £210. The following letter from Lord Northwick refers to this picture:—

*'Northwick, April 1847.*

'Had I been in London I should have liked much to have seen your pictures before they went to the Academy. I have retained a very lively remembrance of the extraordinary merit and beauties of your sketch of the cathedral at Antwerp, hanging on your wall when I last visited your studio; and as the picture you have now painted is from this sketch, I should have liked to have had it in my possession; but on re-visiting my collections both at Cheltenham and Northwick, I found I was already in the possession of so many fine paintings by you of unrivalled beauty and perfection, that I thought it not only unconscionable, but a real act of insanity, to covet more.

'In your Cathedrals of Antwerp and Rouen, your interior of St. Jacques and Dieppe, Granada, the Alhambra, and others, I have pictures I never can expect to see surpassed, or even equalled by yourself, or any other painter of the present time.

'Exclusively of paintings hanging on my extensive walls, here and at Cheltenham, I have at Thirlestane House alone more than one hundred pictures of considerable value and importance, placed on movable screens, not having wall-room for them, notwithstanding the late addition I have made to my apartments there, which now extend to 270 feet in length. Besides two additional side-rooms on the ground-floor, hall and staircase are filled with pictures.

'I trust some other enthusiastic admirer of your talents will become the possessor of this fine picture, which, along with your others, I anticipate much pleasure in seeing when I come to town at the opening of the Academy.

NORTHWICK.'

Roberts this year sold the copyright of a panoramic drawing of Cairo to Mr. Burford for £50.

In 1847 Roberts completed the drawings for the first volume of Egypt and Syria, and with the exception of two weeks spent with his daughter and family at Scarborough, he remained in London, where he worked long and arduously at the largest and most important

picture he had yet painted, viz.—‘The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.’ This picture measured 12 feet by 7 feet.

In 1848 Roberts painted ‘Interior of Collegiate Church, St. Jacques, Antwerp,’ for Robert Vernon, £350; ‘Ruins of the Temple Hermontis, Upper Egypt,’ for James Foster, £250; ‘View of Mount St. Michael, Normandy,’ £250.

In August he accompanied his friend Mr. Arden to Worcester, to attend a meeting of the Archæological Institute, and visited Sedley Castle, near Cheltenham. In September he went by steamer to Aberdeen, on his way to Elgin Cathedral, of which he made several sketches; as also Pluscardine Abbey, and the Bishop’s Castle, on the loch of Spynie. He also visited and made sketches of Dunnottar Castle. Thence he went to Brechin, where he sketched the church and circular tower. He visited Dunkeld, of which he made several sketches; returning by Dunblane, Stirling, and Linlithgow, where he stopped a day or two with his friend Mr. Dawson; after which he went to Edinburgh, where he remained for ten days with his early friend Hay.

From his return home in October until April 1849 he was wholly occupied in the completion of his great picture of Jerusalem, that being the only picture he exhibited that season. This picture was exhibited in the principal towns of England and Scotland, and was much injured, which led Roberts to sell it to Mr. Llewellyn, a dealer, for £500, although he had been previously offered for it £1000.

This year also he had the satisfaction to see completed his great work on Egypt and Syria, making in all six volumes; being the most complete work of the kind ever published, and the most expensive ever undertaken by any publisher on his own responsibility.



Roberts was selected by the Royal Commissioners of the Fine Arts to be one of the artists employed on the new palace at Westminster, and it would appear he had consulted his old friend and fellow-apprentice, D. R. Hay of Edinburgh, as to the best and most enduring material for such a purpose. In a letter to Roberts, dated 26th June 1849, Hay says:—

‘I had heard of your being employed as one of the decorators of the new palace of Westminster, before I received your letter. I wish you joy of the appointment, and feel assured of your success, not only from your high artistic talent, but from your knowledge of house-painting generally; an art which of course I look upon as one of no mean order. The process I showed you during your late sojourn here is peculiarly adapted to the kind of work you have taken in hand. It has no gloss, is as clear as water-colour, and as indestructible as fresco. Of tempera and all the other Italian humbug nonsense, I know nothing more than this, that what will suit the Italian atmosphere, which is dry, will not suit ours, which is humid. Besides, the lime of our plaster-work differs from that of Italy; so your impression regarding the durability of this tempera is quite correct, and I feel assured the tempera work would turn out of a very temporary nature.’

The plan suggested for Roberts to carry out at the palace at Westminster was so extensive that he, on reconsideration, declined to paint there, as it would have interfered too much with his other engagements.

Of all innovations tending in any way to destroy the romantic beauty and ancient landmarks of his native city Roberts had a lively apprehension, which he never failed to express in the strongest possible terms. About this time, a proposal had been made to take down John Knox’s house in Edinburgh to make room for new schools, and Roberts had written a letter, which appeared in the

*Scotsman* newspaper, with what success the following letter from him to his friend Mr. Hunter of Blackness will show :

‘ *London, January 6, 1849.*

‘ My dear Sir,—Accept my best thanks for your communication about Knox’s house. I was not aware that any letter of mine had been published, but am happy to learn that my appeal, in conjunction with others, may yet be the means of preserving this interesting relic of the past.

‘ I quite agree with you that the destruction of some of the most remarkable features of our picturesque old town has been carried too far without remonstrance, and it is high time some stop should be put to it. Cannot you organise an Archæological Society, if only to preserve what is left of Scott’s own romantic town? Had such an association existed, much might have been preserved. The West Bow, venerable for its antiquity, and the admiration of all strangers for its picturesque houses, was most wantonly destroyed for no earthly purpose; and the same may be said of the adjoining streets leading to the Castle Hill. There was not set forth for their removal even such an excuse as for building the New College Hall on the site of Mary of Lorraine’s palace, or new schools on that of John Knox’s house. I have not yet seen my friend Playfair’s college, but it must be more important than I imagine, if it can keep its ground beside the gigantic piles by which it is overtopped and surrounded.

DAVID ROBERTS.’

The following quotation from a letter to Roberts by Lord Cockburn must have gladdened his heart :—

‘ My dear Roberts,—You will rejoice to know that the Government is now the sole owner of the Mound, and that we are at last in a fair way to get that vital spot not merely saved from destruction, but made beautiful.

‘ As to the demolition of the picturesque north ridge of Auld Reekie, I daresay an age will come when that will be done, because the present way of employing the ground will cease to be the most lucrative, and no doubt the delightful closes do encourage the agglomeration of moral

middens—human beings being the muck. But this will not happen in our day, or within any visible horizon that we need to think of.

‘Mrs. Cockburn desires kindly to be remembered to you, but neither of us understand why, when you visit the northern regions, you never find your way to Bonaly. If I hear of your next approach, I will lay a trap and secure you. But I never hear of your having been here till I hear that you have gone. Now, I try this trap—viz. I bind you to let me know next time by letter before you leave London for this quarter, and then see if you escape.—Yours faithfully,  
H. COCKBURN.’

In August this year Mr. Roberts made a continental tour, in company with Louis and Charles Haghe, and remained there nearly two months, during which he visited and made drawings in Amiens, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Notre Dame, the Hague, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Utrecht, Tournay, etc. While in Antwerp he painted a picture of the ‘Interior of St. Jacques,’ and while in Lierre a companion picture of the ‘Interior of the Church of St. Gomar,’ together with a smaller picture of the altar in the same church. During this tour he saw much of, and was kindly received by, the leading Belgian artists. When he returned to London, he made a drawing of his interview with the Pasha, being the last for the work on Egypt. He also painted ‘The Mosque of Cordova,’ and ‘The Temple of Aboosimbel. These pictures were all exhibited in the Royal Academy in the following spring, and were purchased as follows:—

‘Interior of St. Jacques, Antwerp,’ by Sigismund Rucker, £315; ‘Interior of St. Gomar’s, Lierre,’ by E. Bicknell, £315; ‘Shrine of St. Gomar, Lierre,’ by Richard Newsham, £140; ‘Interior of the Mosque of Cordova,’ and ‘Interior of the Temple of Aboosimbel,’ by Thomas G. Founeriau, £105; ‘Ruins of the Smaller Temple of Baalbec,’

by Sigismund Rucker, £150 ; ' Temple of Edfou, Upper Egypt,' by a dealer, £80.

In June and July Roberts' great picture of Jerusalem was exhibited in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London, for the purpose of being published, Louis Haghe having undertaken to engrave it on stone in colours, and on a scale of magnitude never previously attempted in lithography. The profits were to be divided as follows :—Messrs. Herring and Remington the publishers one-third, Louis Haghe one-third, and Roberts one-third. Haghe, in three weeks, reduced the picture, which was 14 feet by 9 feet, in a drawing the size of the engraving, 42 inches by 27 inches, a work almost unparalleled in rapidity.

Mr. Roberts, in August, made a tour through Scotland with his friends Louis and Charles Haghe, staying a week in Edinburgh ; visiting, as usual, his favourite haunts, and returning to London in the end of the month. In September he went to Bruges, where he made several oil studies of churches. He also visited Ghent, and was in Belgium about three weeks. This year he painted ' The Portico of the Temple of Philœ, in Nubia,' sold for £250 ; ' Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh,' for the architect, Mr. Playfair, £200 ; ' The Surprise of the Caravan,' a scene in Syria, £500, for Mr. Davis, Cranbrook Park ; ' Interior of the Church of St. Anne at Bruges,' £400, for Mr. Jackson, Hampstead ; two sketches of ' Interiors in Bruges,' for Mr. Merryweather. These pictures were all exhibited in the spring of 1851.

At this time Roberts, whose great aim through life was to diffuse a love and knowledge of art through all classes, made strenuous exertions to have the Royal Academy exhibition opened in the evenings,\* and having met with con-

\* The evening exhibitions of the Royal Academy were not begun till 1862.



siderable opposition from some of his fellow-academicians, and knowing how much the evening exhibitions of the Scottish Academy had been appreciated by the working-class, he wrote to his friend D. O. Hill, the worthy and accomplished secretary, for such information as might enable him to induce the objectors to his project to withdraw their opposition. The following extracts are from Hill's letter:—

'My dear Roberts,—You wish me to suggest answers to three classes of objections to the opening of your exhibitions to the working-classes, and I presume that you expect these answers to be gathered from our experience here.

'*First*, As to the majority being lukewarm, others hostile, from a dislike of innovation on old custom. The promoters of the evening exhibitions here had similar opposition to work against, but that at length gave way.

'*Secondly*, As to those who think that the gain will not compensate for loss the day exhibition will sustain, all I can say is, that we have not found it so. Our daily receipts are steadily increasing, and the whole of the evening receipts are additional. Of course we do hear of people who wait for the cheap night exhibitions who might otherwise go by day and pay their shilling, but I think it not unlikely that many who go at night are induced thereby to go by day also, and thus a love of art is begun which otherwise might have had no beginning.

'If your Academy resolve to try the experiment, I think it would be well not to say expressly for the working-classes, but for those whose avocations prevent them attending during the day. This of course includes the working-classes, but takes in others who might be scared away if they thought the company was to be an undiluted mass of '*rude mechanical*.' You speak of 6d. as the proposed rate of admission. Good, but I think a shilling admitting three to be better. It has worked well here, bringing out whole families, and sending them home happy after spending a cheap and delightful evening.—Yours truly,

'D. O. HILL.'

On the 1st May Roberts was present at the opening of the Great International Exhibition, which he thus describes :—

‘ Witnessed the Queen’s opening of the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park. The day was bright and sunny, and nothing could surpass the splendour of the scene. The results likely to arise from it to this country, and indeed to all mankind, seem boundless. Let us hope that bringing together the arts and products of different nations may lead all in future to endeavour to excel each other in all that tends to humanise and benefit man, instead of, as heretofore, destroying each other ; and if we are still to have hero-worship, let our admiration be for him who does the greatest good to his fellow-men.’

In September this year Mr. Roberts set out in company with his friend Mr. Edmund Cotterell on a tour through Italy. They passed through Brussels, stopping a day there to see the exhibition of modern pictures, which Mr. Roberts says would have done honour to any capital, and the rooms, including the way in which they were lighted, he describes as being all that could be desired. They went on by Cologne, Bonn, Mannheim, and Frankfort, where they saw an exhibition of German art. Thence they proceeded to Heidelberg, and thence to Basle and Lucerne, within twenty miles of which, under a cloudless sky, the Alps burst on their view and excited their warmest admiration. They stopped a day at Lucerne, and Roberts made several sketches, after which they crossed St. Gothard, where the magnitude of the scenery seems to have overpowered Roberts ; making, as he says, everything else dwindle into insignificance. They stopped for the night at Bellinzona, and in the morning drove to Como, passing the beautiful lake of Lugano, which next day they ascended and descended in a steamer, and on the following morning the railway conveyed them to Milan, where Roberts made

several studies in oil of the interior of the cathedral, and experienced great kindness from the officials. They remained in Milan a week, and went thence to Brescia, where Roberts sketched the dome and interior of the church of Santa Maria, and saw the remains of a glorious Roman temple, with a bronze statue of Liberty, which he describes as the most perfect he had seen. From Brescia they travelled to Verona, where they remained several days, Roberts sketching as usual. From Verona they went to Venice, and remained there one month, Roberts making studies in oil, and sketches of the chief objects of interest. Late in October Roberts went to Trieste, and thence to Vienna, where he continued a week, making a variety of studies, and returned by Prague, Dresden, Berlin, etc., home, where he arrived on the 12th November, after an absence of ten weeks.

The following jotting is from his journal immediately on his return home :—

‘18th Nov.—I may as well note down my interview with the Queen and Prince yesterday at Windsor Castle, which was all the more gratifying from being private. While in Venice I had received a letter, stating that her Majesty was desirous I should paint a picture of the opening of the Crystal Palace, and that it might be necessary I should make additional drawings for that purpose previous to the close of the exhibition. This was a very gratifying compliment, but being intent on making all I could of Venice, I wrote to my son-in-law, stating that when her Majesty knew I was in Italy, and could not be home before the exhibition was closed, the matter might be allowed to drop, and I should be able to begin pictures much more to my taste, of Venice and other places I had lately visited. I received, however, another letter, stating that her Majesty would wait till my return ; so, finding that the work must be undertaken, I resolved to do my best with it.’

Roberts’ time next spring and summer was much occu-

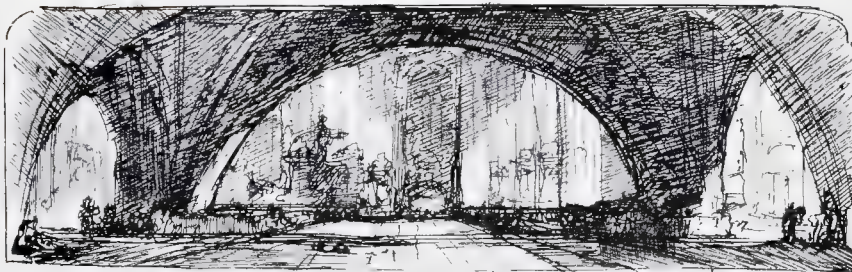
pied in painting this picture, which he describes as a very unsatisfactory and unpaintable subject; and the following sensible advice from his friend Robert Scott Lauder, the well-known historical painter, seems to have been a reply to some complaints Roberts had been making in reference to this matter:—

‘My dear Roberts,—Paint no more Crystal Palaces: things of that kind are unworthy of you. Never for a moment forget that you have carried our hearts and souls to those holy fields over whose acres walked ‘those blessed feet which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed for our advantage on the bitter cross.’ Having done so great a deed, modern garishness is beneath you. Give the world, as you have done, ‘ruined castles grey, nodding to the moon,’ or abbeys in their faded splendour. The olden time is your theme.’

This spring Roberts painted for Thomas Cubitt, and exhibited at the Royal Academy, three pictures—viz. ‘Antwerp Cathedral,’ price £300; ‘View in Venice,’ price £400; and ‘Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna,’ price £500.\*

\* Roberts was much pleased on hearing from Lords Russell and Carlisle that when they were at Vienna they went immediately to St. Stephen’s Cathedral, attracted by their recollections of this picture, which the artist looked on as one of his most successful works.

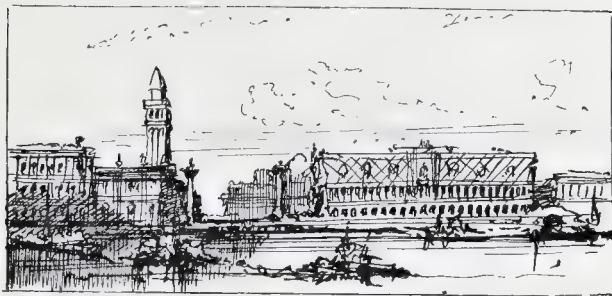
*Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna*



*Purchased by Mr Thomas Cubitt. £ 500.*



## Venice



*Painted for the Duke of Devonshire by  
J. M. W. Turner*

## CHAPTER XI.

AFTER the completion of the Crystal Palace picture, for which he received £600, Roberts made a visit to some of the patrons of art in Manchester and Preston, and from thence to Scotland, where he visited some of his favourite scenes in Dumfriesshire, remaining a week in Edinburgh, and returning to London, where he painted a large picture of Venice for Lord Londesborough, price £525; 'Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna,' for Mr. Davis, price £525; a view of 'Bethlehem' for Mr. Bashall, price £165; a 'Street in Verona' for Mr. Turner, price £136:10s. All of these, together with the 'Opening of the Crystal Palace,' were exhibited in the Royal Academy in the spring of 1853. Lord Londesborough's picture was exhibited in Edinburgh and Birmingham in 1854, and in the International in Paris 1855.

Mr. Roberts painted for Mr. Gambart 'General View of Elgin Cathedral,' and the 'Cathedral of Dunblane,' price £50 each; 'Ruins of the Temple of Kom Ombos—Morning,' and 'Ruins of the Temple of Kom Ombos—Evening,' £125 each; and 'The Castle of Caerlaverock,' £125. He also painted 'Proposed Restoration of the Temple at Tivoli, at Dunsappie, near Arthur Seat, with a Distant View of the Bay of Aberlady,' for Mr. Christie, £84; 'Entrance to Carmona,' for Mr. Merryweather; 'The Church of the Jesuits—View on the Grand Canal, Venice,' for Mr. Graham, £125; 'Church of St. Maria della Saluti at Venice' for Mr. Brooks, £250.

On the 14th September Roberts left London, having agreed to meet Messrs. Haghe in Paris, and proceed with them to Rome. They left Paris on the 22d for Chalons, thence to Lyons and Avignon, where they made a short stay, making excursions to and sketches of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood. At Arles Roberts made two drawings of a church which he describes as a curious specimen of the earliest Christian period, and very interesting to the archæologist as showing the connecting-link between the Roman and the pointed styles of architecture. They travelled by Marseilles, Toulon, and Nice to Genoa. The interior of the cathedral of Genoa Roberts describes as very like a mosque, and the whole town and neighbourhood to be so eastern in appearance that they might be mistaken for Alexandria or Cairo, the ramparts reminding him of the Levant, and the tower more like the minaret of a mosque than belonging to a Christian church. He strongly recommends the whole to the notice of artists who may have time to study the peculiarities of the architecture. The entrances and gateways he char-

acterises as exceedingly rich and beautiful. The travellers then proceeded by Leghorn to Pisa, where they remained a week, making drawings of the principal objects of interest. From Pisa they proceeded to Florence, where they remained a week, similarly employed, and returned to Leghorn, where they embarked for Civita Vecchia, and arrived in Rome on the 18th October.

Roberts' chief object in going to Rome was to paint the interior of St. Peter's, and after some delay he got permission from the authorities to work there for fifteen days from 11 to 3 o'clock. The number of days was afterwards extended, and how well he employed them his glorious works attest. The following passage from his jottings shows how he was impressed with the scene:—

'How pleasant to wander through this vast temple and sit alone under the dome, surrounded by the art-treasures of ages, collected by the influence of the most powerful church the world has known—a church that adapts itself so successfully to the charming of the senses. The eye is delighted with the most glorious works of her artists, the stupendous architecture of her churches, and the gorgeous splendour of her religious ceremonies. The altars are decked with the most beautiful flowers, their fragrance combined with the fumes of frankincense, while the heavenly notes of the organ lull the mind to repose.

'25th October.—Visited Tivoli, and made two drawings.

'26th.—Commenced sketch of the Forum.

'27th.—All day at the Forum; made five sketches for picture.

'28th.—Went to Frascati; made a sketch from the Villa Tusculum.

'29th.—Made two drawings of the Castle of St. Angelo.

'30th.—Went to St. Peter's, and saw the grand ceremony of making a saint.

'31st.—Made several drawings; one of the Temple of Vesta, and one of the island, with two bridges across the Tiber.'

These jottings from Roberts' diary for one week give an

idea of how his time was occupied while he remained in Rome, which he left on the 4th February 1854, bringing away with him, as usual, an immense collection of drawings, made during the three and a half months he had sojourned there. He returned by Naples, visited Pompeii, and reached London on the 11th March, having been about six months from home.

The following extracts from Roberts' letters to his daughter and son-in-law, show how he was impressed with the grandeur of the Eternal City:—

*‘ November.*

‘ Here is abundance for the painter but little for the philanthropist. Splendid edifices encompassed with filth. The most picturesque costumes accompanied by disease and poverty. Sleek priests, burly abbots, and fat friars are well clothed and arrogant, while all beyond, with a few exceptions, tell of the most bigoted ignorance and squalid penury.

‘ I have just returned from seeing the Pope. Once a-year he visits the church of St. Carlo, in the street of the Corso. All the streets are lined with military, chiefly French, although the Papal troops dress nearly the same; only, on their halberts, they have the keys of St. Peter instead of the eagle. The carriages of the cardinals, with their gay footmen, each in a different colour, looked very gay, while all the windows were hung with rich draperies. As the Pope passed, all fell on their knees, the soldiers included; and the whole scene was very impressive. I was near the church, and got a good view of the procession. First came the Pope's officers of rank, in rich uniform, and took their places on each side of the steps by which the choir is approached. Then came his Holiness's bodyguards, consisting of the sons of noble families, carrying muskets, then the Swiss guard, in a sort of harlequin dress, said to have been designed by Michael Angelo, carrying halberts. These having ranged themselves along each side of the nave, the cardinals entered in their crimson robes, and took their seats in the choir. Then came the hero of the spectacle, the Pope himself, whose countenance seemed mild and benignant. He was seated on a state chair, borne on



the shoulders of his vassals, and on each side were fan-bearers, the whole an imitation of the processions of ancient Egypt. The Pope gave his benediction right and left, and after being carried round the church, he was placed on a throne to the left of the altar, after which grand mass was performed, and his Holiness was plentifully besprinkled with incense.

‘I cannot attempt to give any general description of Rome, but the objects of interest far exceed my expectations. The vast remains of theatres, baths, and temples are magnificent, while the delicious climate, and the picturesque costumes of the people (notwithstanding their filth and poverty), render the place very attractive.

‘I am painting the interior of St. Peter’s on a half-length sized canvas. The view is taken from the centre, looking upon the bronze baldacino and the high altar. I am only allowed to work three or four hours daily, between morning prayers and vespers, and on fête days get nothing done.

‘The weather continues beautiful, and to see the sun set on old Rome, with its hundreds of churches and convents, its vast ruins, all overtopped by the Colosseum, the miles of aqueducts, stretching across the Campagna to the mountains of Tivoli, Frascati, and Albano, all lit up by the setting sun, is a scene that never can be surpassed.

‘The city, seen from the east of the Tiber, from the hills overlooking the quarter called Trastevere, is magnificent. The city, with St. Peter’s, the Vatican, and the Castle of St. Angelo, seemed bathed in floods of living fire; while the Sabine hills, those of Albano, and the Apennines, together with the intermediate landscape, are of a purple or rather a deep rose colour. Turner has got nearer this than any painter.

‘*Dec. 21st.*—I have now completed two pictures of St. Peter’s; one as it is decorated with crimson hangings for festivals, and one without these appurtenances. I have also painted a view of Rome from Mount Janiculum, and have made many sketches in water-colours embodying the leading features of ancient and modern Rome.

‘Rome is at present very gay, but the upper classes are very exclusive, and this is probably necessary, for here, as with us, there is no lack of vulgarity and mobism. There are Yankees, with no end of dollars, and idle English, who go abroad with their pockets full of money, and are

determined to spend it. The fine arts of course flourish, for after having killed the lions, the chief amusement is to visit artists' studios, and everybody buys something. Scores of artists are employed copying pictures, for which they find a ready market. The Yankee backwoodsman from the north, and the slave-proprietor from the south, become overpowered on beholding some of these productions, and, determined that America, which has whipped all creation, shall not be behind in the fine arts, they buy pictures, good, bad, and indifferent, and send them off in ship-loads to the New World. At the same time, high art is well patronised. Overbeck, Buckner, and Penry Williams are the leading painters; Tenerani, Gibson, and Macdonald, the leading sculptors.

'*Jan. 15, 1854.*—The weather here for the last two days has been beautiful, a bright sky, and the sun so hot that I have been nearly roasted while making a drawing of the Pantheon. When I left England I intended that my trip to Rome would be for recreation rather than employment, but every day here I find something that prevents me from remaining idle. These two past days have been great days. On the first the Pope blessed all the animals down to the donkey, and there was an immense assemblage mustered round St. Peter's. Yesterday the identical chair in which St. Peter is said to have sat was exhibited, and the Pope was carried round the building amid a splendid array of cardinals and other dignitaries, the church being lined by the Pope's guard, consisting exclusively of nobles. If, please God, I get back safe to England, this will form a prominent part in St. Peter's when I paint it. I have now three distinct subjects connected with the interior of this church. While all were kneeling around me yesterday, as the Pope was carried past, I thought I saw him fix his eye on me for a moment, as I stood opposite to him, book in hand, and, I fear, with a knee scarcely bent, but I booked him, chair and all.

'I have now made drawings of most of the public buildings, picturesque piazzas, and splendid fountains, not many of which have been painted hitherto. A square called Piazza Navona, having a fountain surmounted by an obelisk by Bernini, is a splendid subject, and another fountain called Trevi, with fine sculpture. I think in another week I shall leave Rome.

'*Jan. 28th.*—I have packed up my sketches and pictures to be sent by sea to England, and intend leaving this day week. I had a visit the other day from Cardinal Wiseman, who came in great state, his carriages and appointments being almost regal. He seemed much interested in all I showed him, and hoped that when, on my return home, I painted St. Peter's, he might be permitted to see the picture. Since his visit, I have had quite a levee, immense numbers of people with whom I have become acquainted having expressed a wish to see my pictures. My atelier was quite crowded.

'After every capital in Europe has been lighted with gas for thirty or forty years, an English company has at length got leave to introduce gas here, and it was amusing to see the amazement depicted on the countenances of the people as the street lamps were lighted one by one for the first time, crowds gathering together and feeling if the conducting pipes were hot. Whether St. Peter's may be lighted with the new flame, or the old wax and oil, is yet a matter of uncertainty.

'*Naples, 14th February.*

'Here at night the weather is intensely cold, as, although during the day sometimes the thermometer is as high as 80, at night it will have sunk to 40. There are thousands of poor creatures here, accustomed, during the greater part of the year, to lie basking in the sun almost without clothing, who must be in a wretched condition in this weather. You see lots of naked urchins, who apparently live in the streets, huddling together over a fire made of a few chips, while the more hardy bare-legged fishermen, with their heads against the wall and their backs to the bitter wind, appear to feel the cold intensely. All business seems done in the streets. Groups of women and children are seen sewing, knitting, making and mending nets; while shoemakers, carpenters, and the like are all hard at work, so that passing along the narrow, crowded streets becomes difficult.

The following note has been furnished by Roberts' friend Mr. Alfred Ashpitel, who was one of his sketching companions at Rome :—

'The great picture of 'Rome' was undertaken under these circum-

stances :—Roberts and I had been busy all day sketching in the Forum, after which we took a carriage and went round through the *Questorum*, to see the convent and the relics of Tasso, which are kept there. While standing in an open gallery at the top of that building, the sun was setting, and shed a rich glow, lighting up the tops of every object with indescribable brilliancy, while the lower parts of the city were shrouded in gloom. The effect was extraordinary, and lasted about ten or fifteen minutes, during which Roberts was charmed, and said, 'I must paint this. Do you think they would let me sit here and make the sketches? Go and ask them, for I don't understand their lingo.' I accordingly inquired for the prior, to whom I explained what was wanted, and he at once gave orders that every facility should be afforded to the artist. Roberts commenced the studies first in pencil, then in water-colours, but could not catch the effect till he had recourse to oil colours, when he said to me, 'Now, Ashpitel, I think I have got it at last. What do you think?' I replied, 'Yes, you have caught the effect indeed; but the effect is so unusual, and you have rendered it so truthfully, that I doubt whether the critics will not say it is exaggerated and unnatural. This turned out afterwards to be the fact, though I can safely vouch for the accuracy of the colouring of the picture.

This year, after his return home, Roberts painted 'The Town of Tiberias, Sea of Galilee, with Mount Hermon in the distance; and Ancient Sidon, looking towards the Mountains of Lebanon,' for Mr. Brooks, price £300; 'Church of St. Maria Saluti, Venice,' presented to his daughter on her birthday: 'Basilica of St. Peter's, Rome, on Christmas Day 1853,' for Mr. Cubitt, price 1000 guineas; 'Rome from the Convent of St. Onofrio, Mount Janiculum.' This picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy 1855; in the Great Art-Treasures Exhibition, Manchester, 1857; and afterwards presented by the artist to the Royal Scottish Academy as a contribution to their gallery, which it now adorns.

Early this spring Roberts made and presented to the

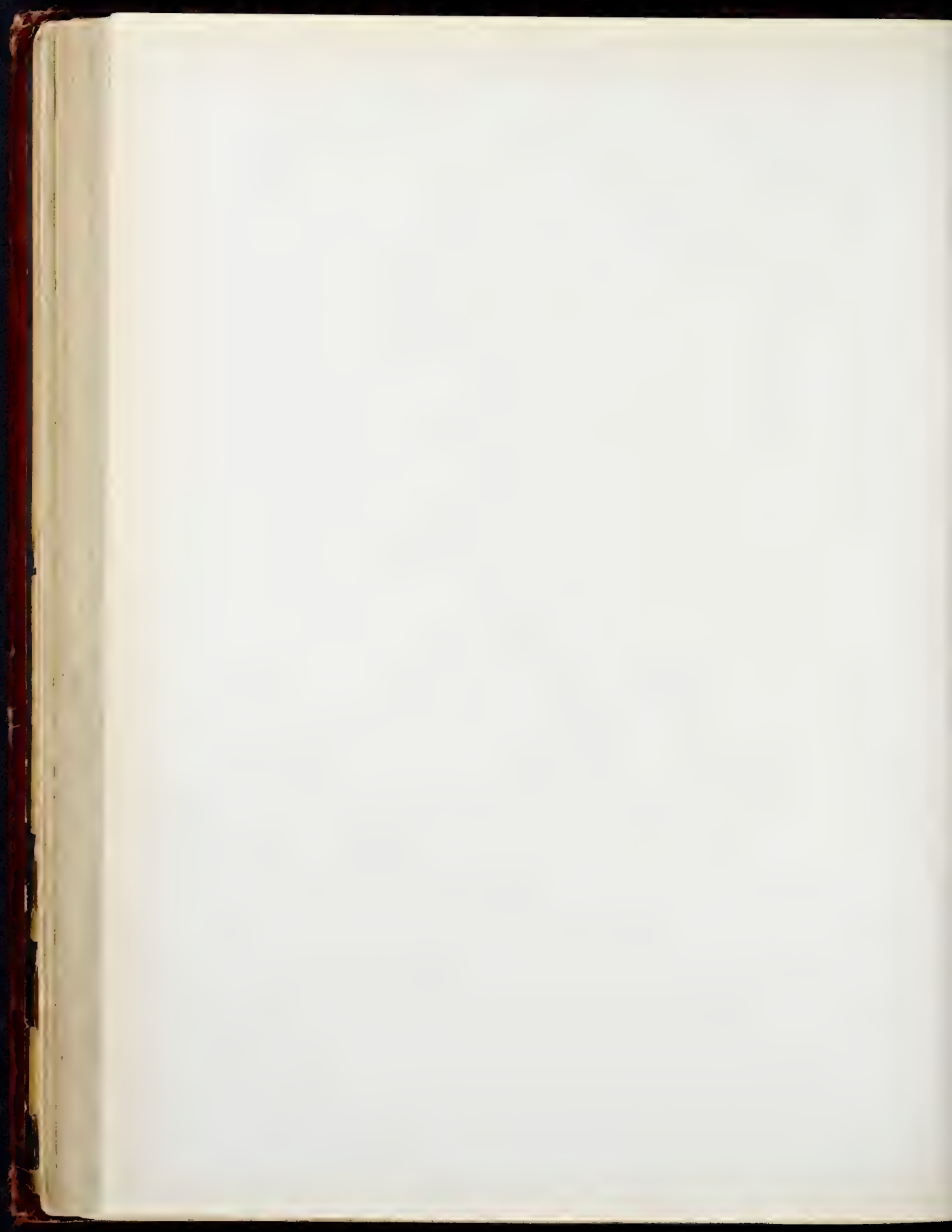


Scenes

From the Mount of St. Procopio, Mount. Jerusalem. I. Exhibition of  
the Royal Academy, 1853.



on his return, for two weeks on its return from the Royal Academy  
in April & May 1853. — Exhibition at the Great Exhibition at Manchester  
in 1857. Harris plays a very, very fine piece, is the oldest Academy. But if they saw  
his a paper of Henry they could have seen their own. I could point them a picture. They saw  
a large tree — not finding any better. (1857) just what it was. It is very interesting to find them here  
on the shore of the Exhibition.



Town-Council of Edinburgh, as trustees of the Scott Monument, designs for painted glass for four windows in the chamber designed for a museum there, which were executed and erected in the following year. The Lord Provost thus acknowledged Mr. Roberts' presentation:—

*'Edinburgh, May 9, 1855.'*

'Sir,—The trustees of the monument erected here to the memory of Sir Walter Scott have had before them the drawings which you were so kind as to prepare for the further decoration of the structure, and have resolved unanimously and cordially to adopt them.

'The Committee request me to express to you their grateful sense of the labour and ability bestowed on the preparation of these drawings, and their appreciation thereof as a valuable acquisition to the structure. It is peculiarly gratifying to the Committee that they have been thus aided in embellishing the monument by one whose talents do honour to the country of him whose genius the edifice was erected to commemorate.—I have the honour to be your faithful and obedient servant,

*'JOHN MELVILLE, Lord Provost.'*

To this letter the following reply was sent:—

*'London, May 11, 1855.'*

'My Lord Provost,—I have to acknowledge your Lordship's letter of the 9th inst., conveying to me the thanks of the trustees of the Scott Monument for the series of designs supplied by me to my friend James Ballantine, for decorating the upper chamber in that edifice with stained-glass windows.

'Any assistance I may have rendered to carry out that desirable object is more than compensated by the approval of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of my native town.—I have the honour to be your Lordship's obedient servant,

DAVID ROBERTS.'

This year Roberts painted—'Sketch for Large Picture of St. Stephen's, Vienna,' for Mr. Wetherall, £157:10s.; 'St. Peter's, from the Villa Madama,' a gift to Mrs. Arden; 'Sketch—Opening of the Crystal Palace,' presented to Sir

Joseph Paxton; 'Entrance to the Grand Canal, Venice,' £150; 'Façade of the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum,' £200. He also painted two different views of Pæstum; one for Mr. Newsham, the other for Mr. Wynn Williams, price £157:10s. each.

In September he visited the great International Exhibition at Paris, where a number of his pictures were placed, and a gold medal was awarded him. In a letter to his friend Colonel Macniven after his return home Roberts says:—

'I was much interested in your description of the Beaux Arts, and think with you that the English have a right to feel proud of their display in the Paris Exhibition. The French admit that we can lay more claim to a school than they can. Every picture is thoroughly English to the backbone, and unlike anything continental. The water-colours especially are purely and entirely indigenous to Britain.'

In 1856 Roberts painted—'The Church of St. Jacques at Bruges,' for Mr. Miller, £210; 'Monument of Scaligeri at Verona,' for Mrs. Parker, £210; 'Mount St. Michael, Coast of Normandy,' for Mr. Caird, £210; 'Interior of the Church of St. Gomer at Lierre, in Belgium,' for Mr. Baring, charged £500, but paid with £600;\* 'Interior of the Church of St. Lorenzo at Rome,' for Alderman Salomons, £525; 'Tower of Santa Fosca, island of Torcello, Venice,' given to his daughter; 'Roslin Castle,' presented to his friend the Rev. James White.

This year he visited Scotland, in July, spending a week among his friends in Edinburgh, and attending a meeting

\* The following note from Mr. Baring must have been highly gratifying to Roberts:

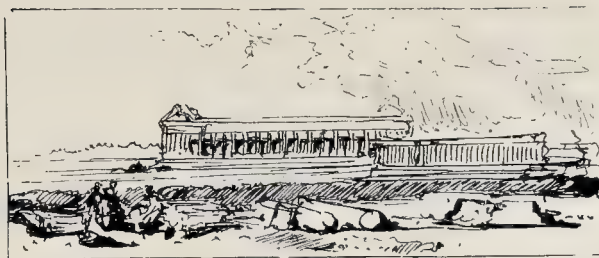
*Grosvenor Street, 28th April 1857.*

'My dear Sir,—I ought sooner to have thanked you for your kind note, but immediately after my return from Norman Court I had to start for Paris, and am just back. Pray let me make the enclosed cheque for round pounds, say £600, as a trifling evidence that I don't think that you at all over-rate the value of your work, for which I again beg you to accept my sincere thanks.—Ever yours truly,

THOMAS BARING'



*Ruins of Pasture*

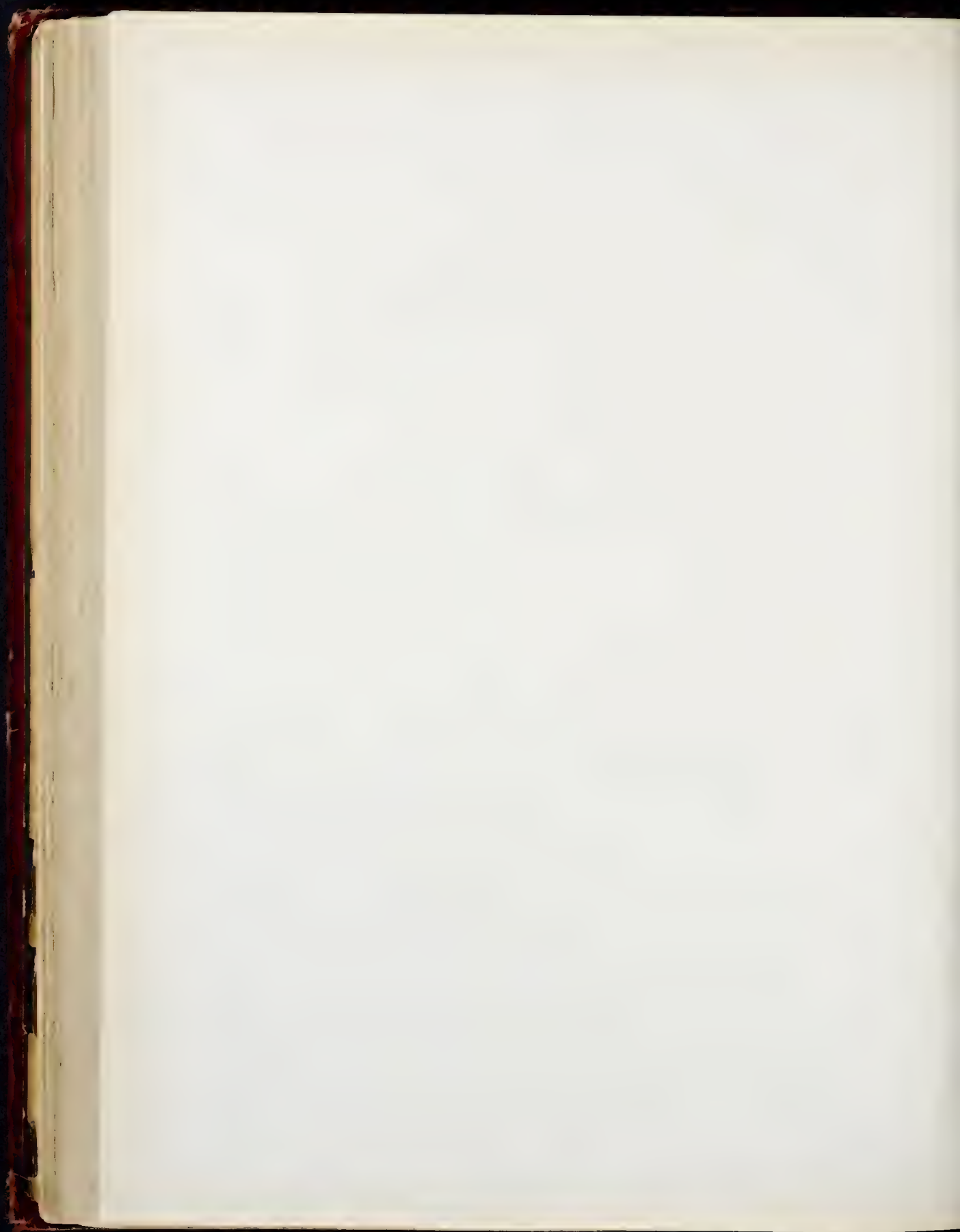


*Foundation for Richard Llewellyn of Boston as agreed upon for  
Nov £157.10 & the same*

*Ruins of Pasture*



*Wynne Williams of Boston Place, and the 3 of the same  
the Hundred & Fifty seven*



of the Royal Scottish Academy, after which he visited his friends Dawson at Linlithgow, Macnee at Glasgow, Caird at Greenock, Napier at Shandon, and Wilson at Banknock, whence he returned to Edinburgh, leaving for London on the 11th August.

Roberts, in politics, as in religion, was consistently liberal. His detestation of all attempts to trammel the liberty of the press is well illustrated by the following letter :—

*' Fitzroy Street, London, August 12, 1856.*

' My dear Ballantine,—I arrived safe and sound here last night by 10 o'clock, and feel a world the better of my three weeks in the north. I have by this post written Provost Dawson, enclosing a cheque for £5:5s. towards the subscription for the *Scotsman*, this really being the only way one can show his detestation of oppression, backed by a verdict of twelve stupid men, who I blush to think are Scotchmen. I trust this verdict may arouse men of every shade of politics to the danger of muzzling the press of this country. In our happy land all, from the Queen to the beggar, are governed by public opinion ; but a verdict such as this, if passed without notice, may go far to undo that which every Briton considers his birthright, the right to call things by their proper name.'

In 1857 Roberts was appointed by the Royal Commissioners of the Fine Arts one of a committee, consisting of Lord Stanhope, Stirling of Keir, Roberts, Brunel, and Burn, to decide on the merits of the designs submitted in public competition for the War and Foreign Offices in London. From jottings and sketches in his note-book he must have examined them all very carefully, and there can be no doubt great weight was attached to his opinion by those associated with him in this important trust.

Jottings from letters this year :—

*' January 15, 1857.*

' My dear Provost,—I see by the *Scotsman* you have work in hand. God preserve me! are you going to hang a man in your decent quiet

town, and this to be done by yourself and your neighbour magistrates? Can you not get Sir George Grey to give him a ticket-of-leave, and save the royal burgh of Linlithgow from this sad disgrace? Try, provost, try!

‘That fine old brick Napier of Shandon sent me a huge bun on New Year’s Day, and on cutting it a bottle of whisky tumbled out, to the astonishment of all at table. Of course, we drank his health, and to the inauguration of his new picture.

‘I will take care to convey to Mrs. Bicknell your kind invitation to visit you when she goes to Scotland. The last time she was there was on her marriage-jaut, but she loves the country of her birth with all the enthusiasm of childhood, and your fair loch of Linlithgow, with its old palace, would delight her. The days are now lengthening; the back of winter is broken, and I look forward to the forthcoming spring with great gladness. The spring, after all, is the most joyous season. The youth of nature is like the youth of man.—Faithfully and truly,

‘DAVID ROBERTS.’

‘April 10, 1857.

‘I have completed four pictures, and sent them for exhibition in the Royal Academy; now I am working on a fifth for our good friend the Laird of Shandon, which I could not finish in time, so it must remain on the stocks a little longer. One of the others is for Caird. These Glasgow men, like the merchants of Flanders and Venice, are surrounding themselves with the works of the best artists of their day, and will leave to posterity other things of value besides silver and gold.’

‘November 2, 1857.

‘My dear Hay,—I managed to get to Manchester on the last week of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, and felt on the whole so well that I had intended coming to see you and ‘our ain auld toun,’ but wandering through the galleries for two succeeding days brought on some warning symptoms that made me relinquish the journey. I had several objects in view. One was a desire to see you in your charming snuggerie by the banks of the sacred stream the Jordan; another, to make one or two memoranda for a picture I am painting for Napier of Shandon, of Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. Since I made the sketch, the new



Academy buildings on the Mound have been erected ; and as I cannot come myself, I will feel obliged if you will get one of your clever callants to go to the top of the steps near the Nelson Monument, and give me an outline of the Academy building as seen from this point. He had better take in the Scott Monument and the Royal Institution, so that I may know their relative proportions.

'I suppose you will have heard of my presenting the large picture of 'Rome' to the Scottish Academy. Many years ago I promised to my friend Thomas Hamilton, treasurer, and D. O. Hill, secretary to the Academy, that when they got their new building I would paint a picture for them. This summer I was so ill that I saw little likelihood of ever being able to fulfil my promise, and knowing that this picture would help to fill the naked space on their new walls, I made up my mind to present it. I had refused large sums for it, but as the gift was to my native town, I thought I might as well be generous while about it. I hope the picture may be placed near to the eye, as the entire city of Rome, with its buildings, is carefully and accurately drawn. I trust also that the gallery in which it is to be placed, alongside of Etty and others, may at all times be open to the hard-handed working man.'

'December 1, 1857.

'My dear Provost,—I am glad to learn that your health is improving, but you must take care of yourself. These blae winds from the north and north-east are sad foes to those afflicted with rheumatism, and when the wind sets in these directions, I would follow the example of the hedgehog, and keep rolled up in my shell ; and instead of ascending the mighty '*Glower owre him*,' I would be content to *glower at him* from my parlour window, and by the side of a cozy fire.

'Thank God, I am now very well, and never painted to please myself better. The picture which I have presented to the Scottish Academy is only such as I ought to give to my native town. The giver is more honoured than the receiver. I have a great belief in the vast influence of art in an educational point of view, and could wish to see a gallery of art in every large town. Thousands can understand a historical painting who could not read Milton, or understand an epic poem, even when read to them. The late gathering at Manchester showed that the

learned and the unlearned, the lord and the peasant, all appreciated and enjoyed the beauties of the art-treasures gathered together there.'

The following letter shows how his gift was appreciated by the Royal Scottish Academy:—

*Edinburgh, 17th December 1857.*

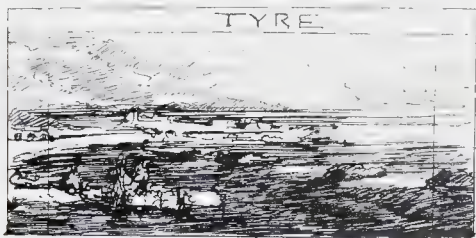
'My dear Roberts,—You will receive by this day's post a copy of the annual report of the Council of the Academy for the past year, in which they have attempted to give a permanent and public record of your late much-prized gift. I have, by the instructions of the Council, placed a copy in the hands of the binder, to be suitably bound for preservation: as soon as it is ready I shall forward it to you.

'I shall this day despatch by railway a box containing copies in bronze and silver of the Academy's medal. On the former, your election as an honorary member is recorded; the latter, which is presented to you by the unanimous vote of the annual general assembly of the academicians on the 11th ult., they are desirous should remain in your family as a permanent record of their regard for your long-continued friendship and services.—My dear Roberts, yours ever faithfully,

D. O. HILL,

*'Secretary, Royal Scottish Academy.'*

In addition to the pictures alluded to in the foregoing letters, I find from his note-book that this year he painted 'Tyre and Sidon,' for Elhanan Bicknell, price 300 guineas; and 'Milan Cathedral,' for Mr. Houldsworth, price £650.



*Exhibited at the British Institution, 1857.  
1858.*



Painted in 1857.

The following extracts are from a letter to his friend Colonel Macniven :—

*Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, October 1857.*

‘My dear Colonel,—Although not strong enough to travel far, I am really very well, and enjoying the quiet of this lovely place, strolling on the sea-shore or gathering blackberries on the downs with my grandchildren. I have been deprived of my visit to Edinburgh this year, but if my health is regained I will enjoy it all the more next season. Its dear old hill—even the Castle Rock—recalls the old times when I first tried my prentice hand on sketching, and although many sad changes have since taken place in the ancient town, the sight of it always brings with it recollections of many happy days.

‘I have just laid aside the paper after reading sundry letters from India containing pathetic and heart-rending descriptions of the murder of children, women, and noble fellows, and it is impossible to be otherwise than melancholy. Let us hope that the worst is past, and that it is but a dark prelude to a bright future. That vast and fruitful country must no longer be left to the worship of Beelzebub or Juggernaut, or any other demon who may have been worshipped there through remote ages. The humanising influences of Christianity must be brought to bear upon and overcome such inhumanity, and the British government must lend all its weight to spread over her vast dominions a

knowledge of the divine precepts of our blessed Saviour. Why should we stand aloof as if ashamed of such a mission? Let us hope that the iron horse and steamers on the Ganges may soon hasten this desirable end.

DAVID ROBERTS.'

In 1858 Roberts painted—'Ruins of Baalbec,' given to a friend; 'View of Edinburgh,' presented to his daughter; 'Ruins of Kom Ombos,' 'Ruins of the Temple of Neptune, Pozzuoli,' 'Venice,' for Mr. Caird, Greenock, £630; 'Edinburgh from the Calton Hill,' for Mr. Napier.

### VENICE.



Painted For James. S. Caird, Esq of Greenock  
Recd For the Same Six Hundred Guineas



EDINBURGH  
FROM THE  
CALTON-HILL.



Painted about Napier Coog of Shandon. 1858.  
Rec<sup>d</sup> for the same. Frame included Five Hundred guineas

CHAPTER XII.

IN the autumn of this year (1858) Roberts and his old friend Stanfield visited Scotland together, remaining in Edinburgh and renewing their acquaintance with the scenery in the neighbourhood, where they had in their youth incited each other's emulation. The following letter from Roberts to Mrs. Bicknell gives a graphic idea of the manner in which the veteran artists enjoyed themselves on that occasion.

'91 Princes Street, Edinburgh,  
'5th September 1858.

'My dear Christine,—We found all very comfortable at this hotel when we arrived on Thursday, and dined quietly by ourselves, after

which we were joined by Hill, Fraser, and Ballantine, which closed our first evening in Auld Reekie. Next day, Friday, we attended a meeting of the Academy in their new building, where Stanfield was formally presented with his diploma and bronze medal, and enrolled as an R.S.A. In the afternoon we drove, by the Queen's Drive, round Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crag. Yesterday we went to see a very fine young fellow, a member of the R.S.A., with whose works we were much pleased, and equally so with himself. His studio is at Canonmills, near to my own dear old Stockbridge, and we strolled along the old road, and crossed the burn I had so often paddled in, after which, when passing through the village, I pointed out to Stanny an early effort of mine in sign, not scene, painting, done when I was an apprentice-boy. We had a look of the old house where some of my happiest days were spent, and afterwards met Robert Chambers, who kindly gave us his invaluable services in exploring the peculiarities of ancient Edinburgh. This interesting exploration occupied us all the afternoon, and in the evening we dined with Sir John Watson Gordon and a large party at Catherine Bank, Trinity.

'To-morrow Stanny and I intend going to Hawthornden and Roslin, afterwards to Linlithgow, Glasgow, Greenock, etc.; after which we come back to Edinburgh, go to St. Andrews for a week, and then return about the end of the month to Edinburgh, to dine with the Royal Scottish Academy in their new rooms.'

*'Burnfoot, by Ayr, September 12, 1858.'*

'My dear Christine,—We left Edinburgh on Thursday last for Linlithgow, where my old friend Provost Dawson was waiting us, and received us most cordially. On Friday we went over the palace, with which Stanfield was much delighted, and still more with the hospitality and thorough Scottish character of the provost and his family. In the afternoon we left with regret, and were in Glasgow by 4 o'clock, where Messrs. Houldsworth, Fraser, and Macnee were waiting us; and having got into the train for Ayr, in less than three hours we found ourselves hid among the wild hills of Ayrshire, where the Doon has its rise. Mr. Houldsworth's mansion, or cottage as he calls it, is 600 feet above the

level of the sea ; the air is bracing, and has already done Stanfield and me a world of good ; and when I tell you that preparatory to a good substantial breakfast we sup a huge plateful of oatmeal porridge and plenty of milk, you may guess what a condition we are in. Yesterday we explored Loch Doon, a lake eight miles in length, embosomed in high hills, covered with heather, as wild as anything in the remote Highlands. The Doon issues from this secluded loch, a wild brawling stream, dashing through a beautiful and picturesque ravine. The stream is overhung with steep precipitous rocks, thickly clustered with the oak, hazel, beech, and ash. Again you descend into a lovely valley, and as the stream widens in its descent the streamlet and landscape become more placid and harmonious. The ironworks here, which belong to our host, are extensive, and he employs about 800 workmen, the population numbering between 2000 and 3000. The houses have all been erected within a few years, and are all clean and tidy. The people turn out well dressed to church on Sunday ; there are lots of fine healthy children ; the women do not work out of doors, but remain at home attending to their families, and when the guidman comes hame he finds his wife and weans happy, wi' a bleezing ingle and a clean fire-side. There is a good school, and an excellent library ; and the district, not long ago a barren waste, is now rapidly becoming rich and populous. To-morrow we leave this for Ayr—

“ Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonny lasses.”

‘Of course we’ll pay a visit to the Brig o’ Doon and Alloway Kirk, after which we’ll return to Glasgow ; thence to Caird, at Greenock, and to Napier, at Shandon ; back to Edinburgh, thence to St. Andrews ; and on the 29th dine with the Scottish Academy. Stanfield, who is in high glee, sends all sorts of kind messages to Henry and yourself.

‘I have not made one sketch.

DAVID ROBERTS.’

On the 29th September the Town-Council of Edinburgh met in the Council-Chambers, and in the presence of a number of Roberts’ friends and admirers, conferred on him the freedom of the city.

‘The Lord Provost having stated that the meeting had been called for the purpose of carrying into effect the resolution adopted at a recent meeting of the Town-Council to present the freedom of the city to Mr. Roberts, the City-Clerk read the resolution, and the Lord Provost, in presenting the burgess-ticket to Mr. Roberts, among other things, said—It is peculiarly gratifying to us to add to the roll of our honorary citizens the name of one who is a native of our city, who has always evinced a warm interest in its prosperity and an earnest desire to add to its embellishment. I cannot omit here specially to allude to the very valuable addition made to our National Gallery, in the munificent gift presented by you of one of your greatest works, which will go down to posterity as a monument of your genius, your liberality, and the interest you take in the progress of art in this city—a progress of which, I rejoice to say, thanks to the exertions of our native artists, we may well be proud. I trust you will live long to reflect additional lustre on the profession to which you belong, and on your native city, who now adopts you as one of her honorary sons.’

‘Mr. Roberts then said :—My Lord Provost and gentlemen, I feel almost, for the first time in my life, at a loss for words to say how much I am sensible of the honour which you have this day conferred upon me. It is the fortune of a great many of my countrymen to leave Scotland, and to look to other lands for the purpose of bettering their condition; but there is one thing they never forget, and that is their love of country. Wherever a Scotchman may be—in whatever distant lands his lot may be cast—he always remembers those early impressions which he has received at home; and if there is one desire that is more permanent than another, it is the desire to do honour to his native land. Few—very, very few indeed—return to the place of their birth to receive such an honour as has been conferred upon me this day—an honour which, as I have already said, I am utterly unable to acknowledge in adequate terms. Early in life I was taught the duty of respect to my superiors; but while giving them all due honour, I was also taught never to forget that self respect which belongs to every honest man. If I have risen in life from humble circumstances, and from a humble position, I hope I have done so with



honour, with integrity, and with probity; for whatever country a man may belong to, if these things are kept in view, he will never want friends. I have certainly through life met with many friends; and I very rarely, if ever, lost any. The same principles which have guided me I am sure guide thousands of my countrymen; and if I, once a humble apprentice in this my native town, have, by adopting these principles, risen to the highest distinction that can be conferred in my profession, I trust that others such as I then was may be incited to follow out the same principles of integrity and honour; and if my acceptance of this mark of the respect of the city of Edinburgh should be an inducement to the apprentice-boys of Edinburgh to persevere in a course of laudable and honourable conduct, in their names I accept this honour, and with gratitude return my sincere thanks to you for it. I hope I shall never disgrace this burgess-ticket; I am sure I shall always prize it and honour it. Your Lordship has alluded to my presentation of a picture to my native town; but I am aware that I have only done that which hundreds of Scotchmen would have been very proud to do if they had been placed in my position. I believe that the arts confer a great benefit on mankind. I am sure that the contemplation of a beautiful picture, whether it be a landscape or a representation of a historical event, must tend to raise the mind to better and higher objects. I believe that the contemplation of a picture in a National Gallery appeals to the most uneducated as well as to the best educated and most cultivated minds, and I should like to see a National Gallery opened in all the principal towns of my native land. With that feeling, I presented to my native town a work of which I shall only say I wish it had been better. But at all events I hope it will be preserved, and that it may do something towards carrying out that great object which the Scottish Academy have in view—viz. directing the attention of the citizens of Edinburgh to the promotion of the arts which confer so much good upon society, and which must make us better and wiser men. I again say that I feel a total want of words to express my sense of the honour which has been conferred upon me; but, wishing success and prosperity to the city of Edinburgh, from my heart I thank you.'

'Mr. Roberts having shaken hands with all the councillors present, the proceedings terminated.'

In the evening the president and council of the Royal Scottish Academy invited several of the friends of art and the members of the Academy to meet at dinner in their rooms their distinguished brethren Messrs. Stanfield and Roberts. Sir John Watson Gordon, the president of the Academy, proposed the health of Stanfield, remarking that whether on sea or land he had the power of embodying his poetical conceptions with equal felicity, while his warm heart and kind manners endeared him to all his professional brethren. Mr. Stanfield, in reply, feelingly referred to the circumstances of his acquaintance and uninterrupted friendship with Roberts during five-and-thirty years, commencing in Edinburgh as rival scene-painters, and continuing this rivalry in London, covering acres of canvas in emulous efforts, and latterly in the Royal Academy, if on a smaller scale with no less arduous aim; but this rivalry had never for an hour interrupted that friendship, which now was as cordial as ever. In proposing the health of Roberts, the chairman adverted to his having been born in Edinburgh, to the distinction he had achieved in his profession, and to the kindness ever shown by him to his brother artists from Scotland. He also alluded to his munificent gift of his picture of Rome, which would ever remain a monument in his native town of his genius and liberality. Mr. Roberts, in reply, said he anticipated great results from the Scottish National Gallery, to which his contribution was made from a motive of duty, for he believed that nothing tended so much to the education and refinement of the people as

paintings displayed in galleries of works of art. These workpeople could think and judge of for themselves, and in them read delineations of interesting places or striking historical events more clearly and in less time than in books. A number of other speeches were given and toasts proposed; and the following verses written for the occasion were read by the author:—

Now Scottish Art keeps pace wi' Time,  
Her Artist noddle's working prime,  
And in her hame o' stane an' lime  
    She welcomes here  
Twa sons whom every age and clime  
    Shall aye hand dear.

Though ane was born ayont the Tweed,  
They baith are sons in thought an' deed;  
For here the bright artistic seed  
    In them was sown,  
That now, unmarred by storm or weed,  
    So fair hath grown.

Auld Scotland's fanes that proudly rise—  
Her hills, her dales, her seas, her skies,  
In murky tones, in brilliant dyes,  
    Shining or lowering,  
Inspired their hearts and charmed their eyes  
    Wi' love o'erpowering.

In every touch that love shone bright,  
Whene'er their hands, wi' magic might,  
Brought Scotland's varied scenes to light,  
    Sae fair and clear,  
That ilka weel-kenn'd howe and height  
    Grew doubly dear.

Ilk ower his pet scenes had command—  
Ane ower the sea, ane ower the land;  
Ane wander'd by the rocky strand  
    And surging main;  
Ane by auld biggins took his stand,  
    And scored ilk stane.

Now, when they baith come here thegither,  
 They heeze the heart o' their auld mither,  
 And gain the love o' ilka brither,

And gaur us a',  
 For "Dave" and "Stanny" linked in ither,  
 Cry, Hip, hurrah!

In 1859 Roberts sold Mr. Gambart seventy-five of his Spanish sketches for £1338, averaging about £17 each. These were framed and exhibited at the German Gallery in New Bond Street, and in 1860 were sold at Christie and Manson's for about £3000, averaging about £40 each.

This season Roberts painted—'Remains of the Roman Forum' for Mr. Herbert of Clapham Common, £220; 'Entrance to Pisa,' £200; 'Market-Place, Verona,' £200; 'Temple of Pallas, Rome,' £100, and another 'Roman View,' £100, for Mr. Gambart; 'Santa Maria della Salute, Venice,' £420, for Mr. Caird; 'Interior of Cathedral, Pisa,' £525, for Mr. Preston, Liverpool; 'Interior of St. Mark's, Venice,' £262:10s., for Mr. Burnant; 'Arch of Titus,' presented to his daughter on her birthday; two 'Views of Rome,' £105, for a dealer; and large picture of 'The Interior of St. Mark's, Venice,' £630, for Mr. Eaton, Princes Gate.

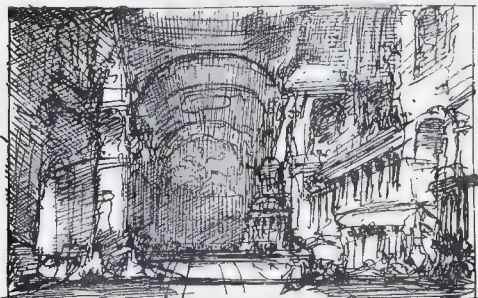
#### AT . ROME .



*Forum Romanum. Remains of the Temple of Jupiter Bonus*



Interior of the Church of St. Mark at VENICE



Painted for — EATON of Princes. Gate.

Jottings from journal 1859:—

'*January 20th.*—Died at Northwick Park, aged 89 years, my earliest and best friend, Lord Northwick.

'*29th.*—Council meeting, Royal Academy, at which the president announced an offer from Government of Burlington House in exchange for Trafalgar Square buildings.

'*31st.*—General meeting, Royal Academy, resolved to accept the Government offer.

'*February 7th.*—Council meeting, Royal Academy, passed donations, £160. Academy pays annually, pensions £480; donations, £600; Turner fund, £600; in all £1680.

'*March 25th.*—General meeting, Royal Academy. Barry elected architect for new building.

'*April 9th.*—Meeting of Building Committee. Barry submitted plans. Decided that the cost of building should not exceed £50,000, with £10,000 for extras. Barry to communicate with Government, and report thereon.

'*July 23d.*—Meeting of the Royal Academy carried an important resolution, that a report be drawn up and published of the state of the

Academy's affairs from its commencement, and what it has done for art by its schools and exhibitions.

'*July 26th.*—Meeting of the Royal Academy; report read; receipts this year £8000; capital funded, £95,000; Turner's bequest, £22,000; interest, £13,000; in all £130,000.

'*December 8th.*—Meeting of the Royal Academy; carried a resolution that the pensions to Academicians, associates, and others, be taken into consideration, with a view to their being increased.'

Roberts, whose health had been indifferent, spent the month of September in Scotland, and the following jottings are from letters chiefly connected with his visit there:—

'*Edinburgh, 2d September 1859.*

'My dear Christine,—I will leave this to-morrow for Provost Dawson's, Linlithgow, where I intend remaining a few days dawdling about indolently and quietly. I am now, thank God, quite well, and taking it very easy. I dined on Wednesday with my friend Hay at Morning-side, and yesterday with Ballantine at the Meadows. Edinburgh is out of town, and those you meet are chiefly tourists in the oddest of dresses: men with plaids and hats like hunting-caps with rims all round; women wearing flat straw hats, like wash-hand basins, and sort of half-gowns, half-waistcoats, attached to preposterous petticoats, stockings red or red and blue, like the clowns in a pantomime, with Balmoral boots.'

To his son-in-law:—

'*Bonnytown, Linlithgow, 6th September 1859.*

'My dear Henry,—Here I am in this very pretty place, my window overlooking the loch and the old palace in which Mary Queen of Scots was born. The weather is fine, and the air bracing to a Scotsman. Yesterday I drove over to an old castle of the once powerful house of Seton, and had a day's sketching. It is an interesting old stronghold in a picturesque glen, where Mary fled on her escape from Lochleven. To-day Robert Chambers is coming out to see the Provost and go with us over the old Palace of Linlithgow, which I anticipate will be a rich treat, as in all such matters Chambers is a handbook.'

*'Blackness House, by Dundee,*

*'11th September 1859.*

'My dear Christine,—My health, thank God, is now excellent. The week I spent at Linlithgow put me all right, and I am here with my old friend Mr. Hunter, an enthusiast in art, and himself a good painter. The mansion is a quaint old-fashioned one, overlooking Dundee and the river Tay. He is a bachelor, and his brother, now here on a visit, roughed it in the Crimea and took part in the charge at Balaclava. The house is superintended by an aunt, a fine specimen of the old Scotch lady. I do as I like, and feel quite at home. We breakfast on porridge and *real* milk, *alias* cream, and there is all the hospitality usually found in an old Scotch mansion. We make sketching excursions together, travelling in the laird's dog-cart with a pair of stout ponies and a tiger. We went yesterday to Glamis Castle, and visited the scenery of Macbeth. On Thursday we went over a fine old castle, the birthplace of Montrose.'

Roberts had a most intense affection for Roslin Chapel, and at this time it was reported that some operations were going on there that would injure the dear old biggin'. On this occasion he wrote me the following letter:—

*'St Andrew's Day, 1859, London.*

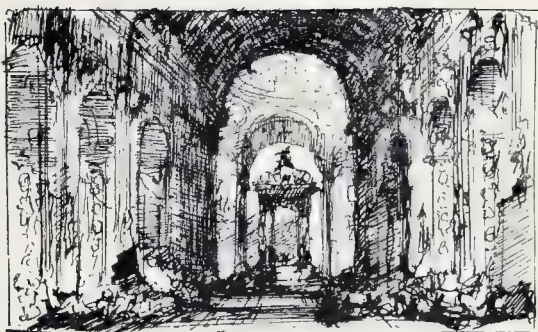
'My dear Ballantine,—What are you and the archæologists of Auld Reekie about, when you go snooving about and allow the finest relic left us in Scotland, Roslin Chapel, to be disfigured, by enclosing the east end with iron stanchions? Fie upon you! Although this was perpetrated two weeks ago, I have looked in vain for any notice of it in any of the Edinburgh papers. Is Roslin to share the fate of the Trinity Church? Where are all the declaimers about brave auld Scotland and her ancient monuments? 'Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!' and save ere too late the 'Prentice Pillar. Ask Bishop Gillis to put in a word for the preservation of God's altar; and if any of the gutter blood flows in your veins, remember that Roslin Chapel is as much the property of the sons of Auld Reekie as of its noble owner. Look to this, ye auld Gaberlunzie, or I'll stir up every ragged 'prentice laddie,

frae the Crosseauseway to Canonmills, to rush to the rescue of their ain pillar. Look to it, I say, or . . .

‘ Given frae our ain studio in Fitzroy Street, London, by me,  
‘ ANCE A ‘PRENTICE LADDIE NOW AN R.A.’

On inquiry, I found that the repairs and restoration of Roslin Chapel had been misrepresented to Mr. Roberts, and in the following autumn, when he and I paid it a visit, he expressed to the stone-carvers employed there, under Mr. Bryce, architect, his complete satisfaction with what had been done. He made a sketch on the spot of an east window, in unison with the other windows, that he wished substituted for the present one, erected some thirty years ago, which dwarfs the other portions of the building. This sketch he sent to Mr. Bryce, and it is to be hoped it may yet be carried out. It is also to be hoped that the recent conversion of the chapel into what Cockburn prophetically called ‘*a meeting-house for modern Episcopalians*’ may be temporary ; that the benches which choke up and destroy the exquisite picturesque beauty and fairy-like symmetry of a structure which attracts admirers from all countries may be removed ; and that people of all denominations may be allowed, as they were wont, to saunter through the dear old fabric, delighted with its beauty, and overpowered by the poetry of its ancient associations.





*A Fête-day at St. Peter's, painted for Robert Napier  
of Tharston N. B. Received for the same Eight Hundred Guineas*

#### CHAPTER XIII.

IN 1860 Roberts painted 'Great Square of St. Mark's, Venice,' for Mr. Gambart, £525,—sold in 1864 at Christie and Manson's, £1050. Mr. Gambart also bought 'Piazza of St. Mark's, Venice,' £200; 'Piazza of St. Mark's from the Canal,' £200; and 'Jerusalem, looking south,' £400. Roberts also painted 'Rome, the Colloseum—evening,' 'Rome, Approach to the Forum,' for Mr. Ravenhill, £420; 'Street in Antwerp,' for the city architect, Mr. Bunning, £150; 'On the Grand Canal, Venice,' a gift to Mr. Merryweather, his dentist; 'Bridge of St. Angelo, Rome,' a birthday present to his daughter, Mrs. H. Bicknell; 'Cathedral and Piazza at Brescia, Lombardy,' and 'Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives,' for Mr. Flateau, £262 : 10s.; 'Interior of the Collegiate Church of St. Paul at Antwerp,' a gift to Mr. Caird; and 'Fête-day at St. Peter's, Rome,' for Mr. Napier, £840.

The idea of painting a series of 'Pictures of London from the Thames' had been suggested to Roberts by Turner, who said he had thought of it too late in life to carry it out himself. On the very last occasion on which Sir Charles Barry and Roberts met this had formed a chief subject of their conversation, and Roberts had pledged himself to begin the work without delay. The death of Sir Charles, which took place on the 12th May, affected Roberts very deeply, and, in accordance with his promise, he shortly thereafter began to make the sketches of that magnificent series, on a picture from one of which he was engaged the day he died. The following jottings from his diary show how anxiously and industriously he set about fulfilling his promise.

- 'August 9th.—Sketched from Blackfriars Bridge.
- '12th.—Made several sketches on the Thames.
- '14th.—Sketched from London Bridge.
- '20th.—Sketched from Vauxhall Bridge.
- '27th.—Sketched from the Horse Ferry, Westminster.
- '28th.—Sketched Houses of Parliament from Lambeth.
- '29th.—Sketched from Humphrey's Wharf.
- '30th.—Sketched Greenwich Hospital.
- '31st.—Sketched Queenhythe from Southwark Bridge.
- 'September 1st.—Sketched from Waterloo Bridge.
- '3d.—Sketched Westminster Bridge.'

Jottings from letters :—

'15th May.

'My dear Christine,—We had a general meeting of the Royal Academy last night, but the death of poor Barry quite disheartened us. He was a most efficient member of the present council, was much loved and respected by all, and we felt as if we had lost our very best man. His death is a great national loss, for he was unquestion-

ably our greatest architect, and the only one who seemed to combine with his art that of the painter. His Houses of Parliament and the Reform Club have given a tone to the architecture of our day. Those great tall houses with overhanging cornices and richly-decorated architraves would never have been introduced had his Reform and Travellers Club never been built. In the Houses of Parliament he has not only introduced the decorative in Gothic, but has created, what was much desiderated, a school of carvers in wood and stone, and workers in metals.'

*'22d May.*

'Yesterday we laid poor Barry in the grave, and no public funeral that I remember brought together so many who really felt so deeply the loss they had sustained. The Duchess of Sutherland was there weeping like a child, and with the hundreds of workmen employed at the Houses of Parliament, numerous private friends, and artistic and scientific bodies, the scene was one never to be forgotten.'

*'August.*

'I am, as usual, when the afternoon is fine, taking my stroll about town, on and near the river. Yesterday I made a sketch from Black friars Bridge, which was not very pleasant, for I had some very ragged customers round me. Still the more I see of my proposed work the more I am convinced that I have fallen on a mine of wealth in good subjects. True, I have to get into all sorts of disagreeable and odd places, such as coal-wharves, lime-wharves, etc., for, from the number of steamers plying on the river, it is impossible to sit in a boat with safety, and the work must be done now or never, as the proposed new embankment will completely change the appearance of the river and its picturesque adjuncts.'

*'June 1.*

'My dear Ballantine,—I sometimes think when some of my visitors, such as Macnee, Robert Chambers, or yourself, say to me on parting, 'Weel, you'll be doun to see us this simmer as usual'—Why should I?

'I am very comfortable where I am, and a generation has arisen in Scotland that knows me not; yet it may be ungrateful for me to express myself thus to you, who moved the civic authorities of my native

town to confer on me the honour of presenting me with the freedom of the city on my late visit. Therefore all honour to the painter-poet say I; but, alas! many auld friends have passed away, and those who are left canna be fashed wi' auld stories. If I write to Hay, and allude to our early friends Sheely Dallas and Snuffy Davie of the West Port, I get in return a dry business like letter that might be written by his clerk. So you see there are few inducements to my 'coming down as usual,' and therefore I beg you when you have a spare moment to drop me a penny stamp worth, and tell me how my dear auld crony Hay is, and anything else you like.

'This last year has thinned the ranks of my friends. Sir Charles Barry, John Houldsworth, Albert Smith, whom you knew, and many others whom you did not know, all gone, and as Captain Morris's song says:—

'Many a lad I loved is dead,  
And many a lass grown old.'

So, I will e'en be content to gather my old cloak about me, and sit doun by my ain fireside, which, praise be to the Giver of all good! has been long a peaceful one, for which I am very grateful. I am blessed with the best and kindest of friends in my dear daughter and son-in-law, and my grandchildren grow apace, and leave nothing undone to make grandpapa happy; yet I have a sort of craving to hear occasionally from dear old Edinburgh, and knowing your good nature and your love of a place equally dear to the poet and the painter, I make free to draw on your good nature and beg you to send me a little gossip occasionally about yourself and others equally dear to me.'

'October 1860.

'My dear Christine,—I returned home last night all safe and sound, and, thank God, feel extremely well and all the better of the two weeks spent in dear auld Scotland. I met with our friend W. Leitch in Glasgow, and went with him and Macnee to see Bothwell Castle. The day was lovely, and this ancient stronghold of the Douglasses I found much grander, and its situation more romantic, than I had ever conceived it to be. Although we each had taken our sketch-books with us, we did little else than 'glower' and think of the Arab woman singing to



her baby the song of her infancy—'O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair.' The situation is finer than Roslin, with magnificent forest trees, which Roslin has not.'

*' 7 Fitzroy Street, 14th October 1860.*

' My dear Ballantine,—I am extremely sorry at having missed Mr. Bryce when he was in London, but I only returned home on Saturday from the Isle of Wight, where I have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell for some weeks, and only found your letter when I got home.

' Your statement of what Prince Albert said about my large picture of Rome in your National Gallery, as reported to you by my friend Sheriff Gordon, is very flattering, and is all the more gratifying to me that it was expressed to one whom I esteem so highly. I regretted much that he was not in Edinburgh during my short stay there.

' As to the masonic honours intended to have been conferred on me, I feel I am a very negligent brother of the ancient craft, having been made some forty years ago in the lodge of Scoon and Perth, and, although often asked, have scarcely been in a lodge since. Still, so highly do I prize the craft, that I have my diploma framed and hung in my bedroom, where I see it daily.

' I fear I am not qualified to give you any advice about the decoration of the Masonic Hall, not having seen it; but feel assured it cannot be in better hands than with Mr. Bryce and yourself. If you have a view of the Temple in the space you allude to, it should be that of the first Temple, which there can be no question was in imitation of those in Egypt. The Jews were simply shepherds, and had to have recourse to Phœnicia and Egypt both for designs and workmen. Solomon married a daughter of Pharaoh, and all their notions of civilisation, even to their religious ceremonies, were borrowed from Egypt. The Ark, even to the Cherubims, carried by the priests, was brought by Moses from the land of On. One distinction there was:—the Jews had no plurality of gods, the Egyptians had.'

*' London, December 3, 1860.*

' My dear Ballantine,—I am still going on as usual, trying to paint something better than hitherto. I have long thought that the river

Thames and London itself was as good, if not better, than many things we go to other countries to look for. Be that as it may, I am going on the principle that our 'ain hame' must have an interest beyond all others, 'be it ever so homely,' as the song has it; and should the present generation be indifferent, I have some consolation that the future may not; and should my pictures survive to the period when that New Zealander is to stand on the ruins of London Bridge, and survey the very little left of London, he may still find in some national gallery, far away maybe in Timbuctoo, a representation of what London once was. I have likewise on hand a large picture of St. Peter's at Rome, which is as likely to undergo a change as the capital of Great Britain.

Roberts having suggested to Stanfield that, in commemoration of their long connection with the stage, they should jointly build one of the houses for decayed actors established by Webster, Dickens, and others, they now paid the amount of their joint subscription, £250. The following note from Stanfield will be read with interest:—

*'Hampstead, November 23, 1860.*

'My dear Davie,—Although I shall have to fork out a largish sum of money shortly, yet I don't like to baulk you in your good intentions anent the Dramatic College, and I own to you I should like to have my name associated with yours in the good work, and as we have for many years, my dear old friend, pulled together, we will not separate in this act of grace, so I shall be prepared with the *tin* when called for.—

Yours, my dear Davie, most sincerely,

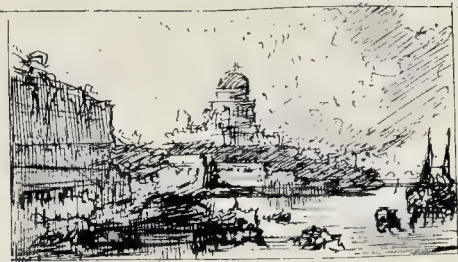
C. STANFIELD.

*'David Roberts, R.A.'*

In 1861 Roberts painted 'The Temple of Baalbec,' for Mr. Dunbar; and for Mr. Charles Lucas, 'The New Palace at Westminster from the River,' £525; 'The Houses of Parliament from Millbank,' £210; 'Somerset House and the Adelphi from Hungerford,' £210; 'St. Paul's from Waterloo Bridge,' £210; and 'The Houses of Parliament

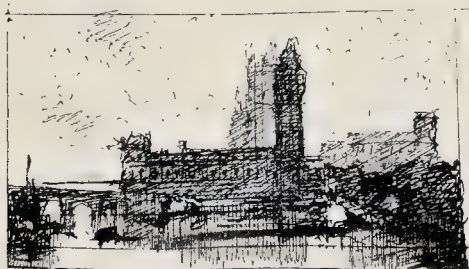
1861

St Pauls. From Waterloo Bridge  
Exhibited at the A. A. 1862  
Hanging in the Middle Room



£ 210 - 0 - 0

The House of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey



£ 210 - 0 - 0





and Westminster Abbey,' £210. Mr. Lucas bought the whole of the first portion of Roberts' London series.

*The Temple of The Sun at Baalbec Syria.*

*This was painted in three weeks. bought by Duncan Dunbar for Seven Hundred Pounds. Exhibited at the R.A. 1861.*



The following jottings are from Roberts' diary for 1861:

'January 1st.—Dined with me to-day Christine and Henry (his daughter and son-in law), Louis and Charles Haghe, Solomon Hart, etc.

'7th.—At the marriage of dear Stanfield's daughter.

'29th.—Poole elected R.A., and Ansdell, Faed, Marochetti, and Barry, A.R.A. Poor William Kidd £5.\*

\* Among the numerous recipients of Roberts' bounty was the late William Kidd, the well-known painter of Scottish life, pathetic and humorous. He had worked in Bengo's shop when Roberts was a boy, and had been looked up to as the leading artist in their juvenile academy in Mary King's Close. I had expressed to Roberts a wish to have one of Kidd's pictures, and the following extracts from letters I received from Roberts this year show the interest he took in his poor friend:—

'Poor Kidd, I suspect his case is hopeless, and the £50 he receives annually from the Royal Academy, as well as sums from other parties, seem to do him no good. I

'February 12th.—Dined with Sir Roderick Murchison, and met Lord Selkirk, Lord Clyde, Sir William Jardine, etc.

'March 1st.—Received telegram that my dear sister had died at 11 o'clock.

'April 2d.—Attended a meeting at Sir Charles Eastlake's, relative to an Art Congress to be held at Antwerp in August.

'13th.—Poor Cross's widow £5 : 5s.

'May 25th.—At a dinner at the Mansion House, given by the Lord Mayor Cubitt to the Royal Academy and the Royal Society. Very large gathering.

'30th.—Dined with me to-day Duncan Dunbar, Robert Chambers, James Ballantine, Daniel Macnee, Stanfield, Hart, Cooke, Thomas, MacDowell, Dr. Herring, and Henry Bicknell.

'June 5th.—To the Barry memorial £5 : 5s.

'July 2d.—Dined with me to-day Stanfield, Colonel Macniven, Arden, Macculloch, W. B. Johnstone, Alexander Johnstone, Faed, O'Neil, Hart, Leitch, and Henry Bicknell.

'30th. Poor David Kerr £4.\*

have remonstrated with him again and again, generally finishing my remonstrances by giving him a few pounds. I hope, however, yet to get him to do something good for you.'

'Poor Kidd was here yesterday with a picture, and as the subject is one that will please you, I bought it for you. It is a scene at the door of the Old Guard-house, in the Luckenbooths, where John Kennedy, the well-known Sergeant of the Town-guard, is seated, holding a Lochaber axe. One of the guard has seized a boy for breaking the water-can of a girl, who holds up the handle, being the only portion left. The expression of the girl telling her tale, the consternation of the delinquent, the countenances of some prisoners peeping out over the jail-door, and the action of a dog endeavouring to get in to his imprisoned friends, are all good, and the picture I hope will at once please and amuse you.'

\* Kerr was another of Roberts' acquaintances in early life who continued through life a recipient of his bounty. A letter from Kerr, dated August 2, says:—

'I received your bounty £4, which has enabled me to pay all my small debts, and may God repay you for your goodness towards me, for I have been very ill for long, and my wife has not been able these six years past to put her foot to the ground.

'We have wandered many a weary foot since we left Stockbridge. I recollect well our May fast-days' journeys to Roslin, Craigmillar, and Habbies Howe, as also that memorable November fast-day's trip to Newhall, when you sat in a summer-

'August 17th.—Arrived at Antwerp with Louis and Charles Haghe to be present at the Art Congress.

'22d.—Leave for Bruges, make sketches of Notre Dame and St. Giles, and return to London on the 28th.

'31st.—At Greenwich making drawings of Hospital.

'September 1st.—Leave for Scotland, returning on the 26th.

'October 14th.—Made sketches from Waterloo Bridge.

'24th.—My birthday. Dined at Fulse Hill. Great joy on the occasion.

'November 1st.—Went on a visit to my dear friend James Nasmyth at Penshurst, and returned to London on the 5th.

'19th.—Dined with me to-day Lord Tenterden, Fitzroy Stanhope, Sir Edwin and Charles Landseer, Stanfield, Charles Dance, Sir Charles Taylor, Frank Fladgate, Joe Arden, Sir William De Bathe, and H. Bicknell.

'27th.—Died my dear friend Elhanan Bicknell.

'December 10th.—Elected on the council of the R.A. in place of Egg, gone to Algiers.

'14th.—The town taken by surprise at the announcement in the *Times* of the dangerous illness of Prince Albert. The second edition of the *Globe*, at 8 o'clock, stated that the symptoms were of the worst kind, and at 11 o'clock he died. This is a heavy blow for our dear good Queen, and a severe loss to the nation.

'16th.—Monday. A meeting of the Garrick Club agreed to raise £12,000 to build a new club. I put my name down for £1000.

'30th.—General assembly of the Royal Academy to vote an address of condolence to the Queen.

'31st.—Dined at the R.A. with old and new council—Eastlake in the chair.'

house, pencil in hand, while the snow fell thickly around. Of our scrambling by the side of the South Esk, and stopping to see the French prisoners at Penicuik, where, for the first time in our lives, we got tipsy, yet managed to find our way home, ten miles on a bad road, in a dark night, chanting merrily, Welcome, Royal Charlie! Our day's productions were afterwards termed by our dear fathers and mothers, 'The Drunken Landscapes.'

Extracts from letters, 1861 :—

*'Hotel d'Universe, Brussels, 17th August 1861.*

'My dear Christine,—First of all, I am quite well, and got here without any material accident. Louis and Charles Haghe I met at the London Bridge Station. Our train did not reach Dover in time for the steamer, so we settled down comfortably for the day at the Lord Warden Hotel, and next morning, by 9 o'clock, we went on board, where we found a strong muster of tourists in the most odd stage costumes, and each provided with his red *Murray's* Guide. One of them had a more dignified appearance than the others, and although he had no red *Murray* was red even to his stockings. This was Cardinal Wiseman, accompanied by a priest and his medical attendant. He recognised me at once; adverted to our meeting at Rome (the only time, by the way, he had ever seen me), and was most eulogistic in speaking of what I had done. He seemed most interested in the view of Rome at sunset, and wished to know who had it. We had much talk about Stanfield and Herbert, and as he was anxious to have some information about Belgium, I introduced him to Louis and Charles Haghe, who, I told him, were not only Belgians, but were (what I was not) good Catholics, at which his Excellency laughed very jocosely, and gave them his benediction, which they received very modestly. We crossed in an hour and three-quarters; a train was in waiting for Brussels, and we parted with the Cardinal at Lisle. We got to this very comfortable hotel about 8 o'clock; had a good beefsteak, a pint of sherry, a cigar, and a good night's rest. This morning, in a stroll up to the Place du Theatre, I was accosted by a French artist, Monsieur Wild (whose works you have seen at the French gallery), who had with him a number of French artists, to all of whom I was introduced. No doubt there will be a gathering of the clans at Antwerp, and although there may be a deficiency of the clan tartans, there will be none of ribbons, for all wore decorations. As I am so well, and the weather is beautiful, I may prolong my stay beyond the 20th.'

*'Antwerp, 18th August, Sunday.*

'Here all is excitement. The fête to-day in honour of the Virgin, the patroness of Antwerp, commences at 12 noon with a procession



from the Cathedral. This is to be followed by a dinner in the theatre to 985 persons, and a general illumination and ball to the million in the Place Vert. Yesterday we were received at the station by the president of the academy, De Keyser, and the municipal authorities. I had cards for accommodation at the houses of two of the principal families in the town, but as the Haghes were to reside with their friend Monsieur Jacob, a marine painter, whom I met on the Nile, and as he insisted on my also being his guest, I gave him the preference, and here I am domiciled in a Flemish family, the only drawback being their trying to kill me with kindness. The weather is glorious, and as I write bands of music are sounding, and bells are ringing in every direction, flags and escutcheons of the different countries who send deputations are hung out at every house; while the whole population, from the highest to the lowest, are well dressed, and all bent on being happy, so I am off to see the procession.

*'Monday, 19th.*—Yesterday was like a day in Spain, with a burning sun and a cloudless sky. In the middle of the Place de Mar was erected an altar, superbly decorated and streaming with flags. The bishop, surrounded by hosts of priests, ascended to the altar, performed the ceremony of high mass, and gave the benediction. The dresses were gorgeous. The whole place was crowded with banners and crucifixes, priests and soldiers; and while the eye was feasted to surfeit, the ear was overpowered by the music, and the nose was regaled by the clouds of sweet-smelling incense. Ancient Rome in all its glory, with all the pomp of pagan idolatry, could never have excelled this. Then came the dinner in the theatre and assembly-rooms, when 900 were present. Garlands of flowers were suspended from the boxes and ceiling, with scrolls in which Antwerp welcomed the artists of the world. The dinner was first-class. Champagne flowed like water, and French, German, Dutch, and English partook of the excitement of the Flemings, and all seemed mad with joy.

*'Tuesday.*—This morning Congress met in a large saloon in the Academy. The seats of the R.A.'s were placed on a raised dais. After we had taken our seats, the president, De Keyser, made an eloquent speech, showing the beneficial effect of art, after which we adjourned to

another great meeting, at which the Burgomaster and civic dignitaries presided. Visited the exhibition and the house of Rubens.

*Wednesday.*—Dined with the Burgomaster. The most sumptuous dinner I ever saw. About sixty were present. A grand concert was given in our honour in an adjoining garden, to which we retired, after which we strolled through the town to see the illumination. The Cathedral Tower was lit from top to bottom by blue, red, green, and purple fire, the effect of which was as if the tracery had been covered with lacework of fire.

*Bruges, 25th August.*

‘We left Antwerp on the 22d for this fine old city, where all the churches are so well adapted for the painter. I have been busy as usual. To-morrow I mean to make a careful drawing of a part of the cathedral, of which I made a slight sketch four years ago, after which I shall leave, and expect to be home on Thursday.’

*October 20, 1861.*

‘My dear Provost Dawson,—I feel all the better of my northern sojourn, and, thank God, am now very well. I am going on with my views on the Thames, taking my walks in the afternoons, varied by sketching excursions. I write or read at night, and finish with a cigar. Stanfield was here yesterday, and always alludes to his visit to your hospitable home, and his enjoyment of the shearers’ porridge. He is rather tottery on the legs, but otherwise very well. For my own part, I have reason to be thankful to God that my mind is free from care, and by prudent conduct I have been able to place myself beyond the frowns of fortune. My only child is well and happy with the best of husbands, surrounded by a host of fine children. I am now enjoying the greatest of blessings, health! My foot is placed on the highest spoke of the artistic ladder, and as yet without a rival in my own department. It would be strange indeed, if in my old age, with all these blessings, I did not feel happy.’

In 1862 Roberts painted—‘St. Paul’s, from Blackfriars,’ sold for £525; ‘Chapel in the Cathedral of Notre Dame,

Bruges,' for Mr. Lancaster, £420; Two small pictures, both Egyptian compositions,—one a birthday gift to Mrs. H. Bicknell, the other to Dr. Bence Jones, in gratitude for his professional aid; two 'Views on the Thames' for Mr. Gambart, price £210 each; 'Edinburgh, from the Calton Hill, looking west,' and 'Edinburgh from the Calton Hill, looking east,' also for Mr. Gambart, price £105 each.

Four of his great pictures were in the International Exhibition, and excited much admiration.

Jottings from diary :—

'January 10th.—Met Captain Fowke at the South Kensington Museum, and gave him my ideas as to its decoration.

'16th.—Furnished a pattern for the colouring of the great hall of Museum.

'February 7th.—Meeting of the R.A. Voted £500 to the Albert testimonial.

'September 1st.—Made two sketches from the Aldephi Wharf.

'4th.—Made two sketches—Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange.

'8th.—Left for Scotland.

'October 11th.—Returned from Scotland.

'20th.—Sent to James Ballantine the snuff-box presented by Robert Burns to George Richmond, 1788.\*

'22d.—My sixty-sixth birth-day, thank God, in excellent health.

Extracts from letters :—

*'London, February 7, 1862.*

'My dear Ballantine,—I am at work on Robert Napier's picture of St. Peter's, Rome, which I have in a manner entirely repainted for the forthcoming exhibition. I was anxious to make it one of my very best works, and, as sometimes will happen in taking too much pains at the

\* This box is now in the Burns Museum, Edinburgh, as well as two sketches by Roberts, presented by his daughter. Roberts took a lively interest in the fitting up of this monument as a repository of relics, and contributed £10 to pay for a waxcloth to the floor.

beginning, I lost breadth and pictorial effect. But on seeing it after it had been away from me for twelve months, I saw its faults and found the remedy. I expect to have three or four of my views of London from the Thames ready for the R.A. exhibition if all goes as I hope. No doubt you, with all the rest of the world, will be up early to the International. It will be a wonderful gathering of art treasures, as all Europe will be contributors; a noble tournament especially betwixt the great historical works of the continental schools and the productions of our pre-Raphaelite brethren, now all the rage. Thank God, we are to have the noble ETTYS from the Scottish Academy, and pictures of other great British artists, that will keep us afloat, although I regret that there are several possessors of great collections who will not lend their pictures for the occasion.

'Remember me kindly to our dear old Hay, and all round your own ingle,' etc. etc.

*'London, March 21, 1862.'*

'My dear Provost Dawson,—I often think about you and how Bonnytown looks with the snow on Glowero'erhim, and the curlers at their roaring game on the ice. No doubt you have your enjoyments in your own way as well as we Cockneys, who, with dining out and dinners to our friends, varied by a night at the theatre occasionally, make the winter pass pretty smoothly. As to me, what with getting ready for the Royal Academy Exhibition and the bustle for the International, I have scarcely a minute for leisure. Indeed this year I may say I am as anxious as a novice with his first picture, for I break new ground with my 'London from the Thames;' but I have still two weeks, and if the weather keeps free from fog I shall be all right and ready.'

*'May day, 1862.'*

'My dear Provost Dawson,—To-day is the opening day of the International Exhibition, but as I have no desire to press into the crowd I am loitering at home till the afternoon, when I will join Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell, who have gone early to see the procession and hear the music, etc.

'London swarms with foreigners and red-faced healthy-looking



people from the country, and I have no doubt that, notwithstanding the absence of the Queen and the unlooked-for death of the royal projector of the exhibition, the whole will be a grand demonstration, and the result an honour and glory to the nation. The building may be deficient in architectural beauty, but admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, and it has been raised in less time than it could have been done in any other country.'

*'Cowden House, by Dollar, September 12, 1862.*

'My dear Christine,—After having visited and sketched Tantallon and Dunbar Castles, I left on Wednesday morning for Edinburgh, and having an hour to wait for a train, I called on Mr. Blackwood, who told me that he and Dr. Burt were going to Cluny to-day to stay for a week with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. It is possible I may visit Cluny while they are there.

'Mr. and Mrs. Horne are here, with a very fine family, up among the hills in rather an old-fashioned house, but in the midst of a very pretty country, and close on the old castle which belonged to the Campbells, called the Castle of Gloom. The mansion I am in belonged to the Ogilvies, who burnt Castle Campbell during the civil war of the Charleses. The laird, now here on a visit, has a number of Jacobite relics, among others a wine-glass with a silver bottom in which the Chevalier St. George, when on the top of Clackmannan Tower, drank confusion to the House of Hanover, and as he concluded he pitched the glass, instead of the Hanoverian monarch, from the top of the tower. The situation of the Castle of Gloom is one of the most romantic and wild I have met with in dear old Scotland.

'Yesterday we drove to Kinross, and sailed to the island in Loch Leven, where Mary was imprisoned. Of course I made sundry sketches. The apartments appear to have been of the smallest and rudest kind. Perhaps it is unfair to compare our ideas of comfort with what may have been considered satisfactory three hundred years ago, but still one remembers that Mary, as wife to the Dauphin of France, must have been accustomed to luxuries, to which this rude prison and her bitterest enemy—her lady jailor—must have formed sad contrasts. There is a

difference of opinion as to which part of the castle Mary occupied, some affirming it was the keep, or dungeon tower. This can only be entered by a door sixteen feet high from the ground, and the parties entering would require to have been drawn up by a windlass and chain, which would not have suited the beautiful queen and her Maies to get out to their morning and evening walks. The tower in the north-east angle of the courtyard, with a projecting oriel window, through which the Queen is said to have escaped, was doubtless the place of her abode. The window, having been chipped away for relics, is now much dilapidated. The structure has recently been repaired in a very clumsy manner, and the little island has been planted with firs, which have grown as high as the remains of the old castle. We returned by a different route to see the Pass of the Devon at the Rumbling Brig and the Cauldron Linn. The former is the grandest thing of the kind I have met with, the chasm over which the bridge is thrown being at least 150 feet high, and very narrow. The whole is covered with the most luxuriant vegetation and overhanging trees. There is a capital hotel, and an excellent Highland host, called Donald Macara, and it is the very scene Creswick should go a thousand miles to paint.

‘Thank God, I am very well, and I hope I may get sufficiently hardened to enable me on my return to commence the winter campaign by some new works.’

‘*The Athenæum, London, October 12, 1862.*’

‘My dear Ballantine,--Having arranged to meet Emerson Tennent at Manchester on a given day, and having had many pressing invitations to prolong my stay in Glasgow, I had to forego my intended visit to ‘Auld Reekie.’ This I did with extreme reluctance, as I wished much to have seen the gallant Colonel Macniven, as well as yourself. I am glad to have seen my oldest and best of friends, D. R. Hay, and hope that by a little care he may jog on for some Hansel Mondays yet. Tell my esteemed friend, the President of the Scottish Academy, to excuse my not coming to his invitation. When he next visits London, I hope he will dine with me instead. In a few days I will send you the snuff-box Burns gave to George Richmond, the only account of whom I find in a letter from the bard, giving his friend a narrative of a Highland spree,

in which Burns seems to have come off second best. All my folks are abroad, and I have come here to try to get some dinner, but find the kitchen shut up. As I have the Garriek to adjourn to, there is no fear of starving, only I have a dislike to being in London on Sunday.'

*'London, 19th November 1862.'*

'My dear Colonel Macniven,—I am always glad to see your sturdy old handwriting, and trust that so long as we are blessed with health we shall continue our correspondence. Taking it for granted you are again in your cozy old quarters at Tusculum, I write to say that I am jogging on in the old way, a little in the popery line as usual, having on the easel an interior of Milan Cathedral, which I am rather partial to, as from this the singular and beautiful east window of Melrose Cathedral was borrowed by its architect in the 15th century. I am not aware that this has been noticed by archæologists. As there is no such window anywhere else, I am justified in this opinion. My views on the Thames are progressing, but at present I am finishing my views of St. Andrews, the destination of which, I hope, may be dear Auld Scotland. I am also engaged on two smaller works,—Holyrood from the Calton Hill, and a companion picture, from the same hill, of Edinburgh Castle, Pentland and Corstorphine in the distance; so, if my head is not in the 'Highlands a-chasing the deer,' it is in the town of my boyhood, which to me is dearer.

'Our president, Sir Charles Eastlake, has returned from Italy, but is by no means well. I dined with Sir Edwin Landseer on Thursday; he is also croaky. Stanfield is laid on his beam-ends occasionally, but his head is as clear as ever. The fact is, we are all getting old, but so long as we can paint and dauber about let us be thankful to God, and make much of the friends left around us. My dear old veteran, go on in your artistic career; carry out your works on the city of David; you cannot be better occupied than in finishing the series of subjects begun on the Holy Land so dear to every Christian. So work away, and pass me a note now and then telling me how you run on.

'Thank God I am well, and in my studio, fog or no fog. Remember me kindly to Ballantine when you see him.'

In 1863 Roberts painted—'Interior of the Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna,' for J. B. Bunning, the city architect, £210; 'Interior of Milan Cathedral,' for Theophilus Burdand, £525; 'St. Paul's from the River, looking east,' and 'St. Paul's from the River, looking west,' both for Charles Lucas, £420; 'Rome, the Capitol from the Tiber,' 'Interior of the Church of St. Jacques, Bruges,' 'Rome, view on the Tiber, looking towards Mounts Palatine and Aventine,' and 'Interior of the Church of St. Jaen at Caen—the four sold to Gambart for 1000 guineas; 'View of the Mausoleum, better known as the Castle of St. Angelo, from the gardens of the Villa Barbarina at Rome,' for T. J. Miller, M.P., £630—exhibited in the R.A. 1864—hung in the centre, north side, of the middle room.

Jottings from diary :—

'January 17th.—Horace Vernet died, aged 73.

'18th.—The Pacha of Egypt died. Sketched his portrait at Alexandria 1839.

'February 4th.—William Kidd here with the old story. A distress put into his house,—£5.

'March 3d.—Attend general assembly of the R.A. Thirty-one members present. Boxall elected R.A., Lejuene A.R.A.

'6th.—Dined with me Sir E. Tennent, Sir E. Landseer, Stanfield, Maclise, Frith, Pender, Whitworth, Nasmyth, Hart, and Henry Bicknell.

'7th, Saturday.—A glorious day; saw the procession of the Prince and Princess of Wales from the National Gallery.

'April 25th.—Sale of the Bicknell pictures. Amount of sale, £58,000. The Turners brought £17,000.

'June 9th.—Leave on a visit to James Nasmyth, Penshurst.

'11th.—Made a sketch at Hungerford.

'18th.—All the afternoon on the river. Made sundry sketches.



'29th.—Went with Penrose over St. Paul's and Fleet Street for a sketch.

'July 1st.—Portugal Hotel, Fleet Street. Got two good sketches of Ludgate Hill and Temple Bar.

'7th.—Died at Linden Grove, William Mulready, R.A., aged 77. Poor old Mul! Went on the river in a small boat. Sketched the Tower.

'31st.—Made a sketch of St. Paul's from Clerkenwell.

'August 20th.—Leave for Scotland, return 14th September.

'September 24th.—Went with the Bicknell family to Paris, and returned to London on 10th October.

'October 24th.—My birthday, thank God. Well, well!

'November 30th.—Explained my views anent the proposed National Gallery to the Chief Commissioner of Works.

'December 24th.—Died poor William Kidd.

'30th.—Thackeray buried in Kensal Green.'

Extracts from letters :—

*'London, March 16, 1863.*

'My dear Provost Dawson,—How go on matters in her Majesty's ancient and royal burgh of Linlithgow? I see that the chief magistrate and his brother councillors have been keeping up their former renown—devoting jolly bumpers to the king and queen to be. This, at all events, is better than burning the solemn league and covenant, which I believe they once did in their devotion to kingcraft. The souters of your ancient burgh now know better, and would hesitate before doing this over again. Here we have been 'a' clean daft,' and it only wants the animated and pretty face of the fair dame to make us bedlamites. No doubt this universal outburst of loyalty may have been called forth from us, as from the citizens of your royal burgh, by our associations with royalty; but a stimulus no doubt has been given to it by what has passed and what is now passing in America, where democracy has been more despotic than the despotism of the Old World ever was. Then think of what is doing now in the Old World, where every Englishman and Scotchman blesses God that he lives in a land of law and liberty.

‘ But this is not what I sat down to write you about, but to ask you how you and all your belongings are. As for me, I go on in the old way, spoiling canvas ; but so long as it pleases people to buy the pictures, which I have pleasure in painting, I feel happy and contented. I went up this afternoon to see Stanfield, who is rather wheezy, but painting away for the forthcoming exhibition. The pretty place you saw at Hernehill, which belonged to my late friend Mr. Bicknell, is to be sold, and all its art treasures scattered. The pictures and statuary are to be sold at Christie’s at the end of the month, and will no doubt bring great prices.’

‘ 7 Fitzroy Street, April 1863.

‘ My dear Christine,—I have just had a visit from a real genuine Yankee from Pennsylvania, bearing a diploma from the Royal Academy of Arts there, by which I am appointed an honorary member of that distinguished body, with all its privileges. How strange ! Rosa Bonheur, the Marquis of Westminster, and David Roberts !—what a trio ! I have also had to-day a book on ancient Egypt, presented by its author, from New York.’

‘ Edinburgh, 5th September 1863.

‘ My dear Christine,—I am here keeping myself very quiet, refusing invitations from all and sundry ; so last night after dinner I strolled out to a new theatre in the south side of the town, and saw a part of the Ticket of Leave Man. The piece is of itself good, though made up of the history of blackguards and blackguardism. The piece was well acted, and I felt not a little gratified to find that the act-drop had been copied from the engraving of one of my drawings of Oberwesel on the Rhine. I am going out to-day with Ballantine to see Hay. Sir John Watson Gordon and Sir William Gibson-Craig have both wished me to dine with them, but I refused, and intend keeping quiet and remaining ‘at mine ease in mine inn.’ The weather now seems settled, and I hope to have an opportunity of booking some old bits I know of in and about ‘mine own romantic town.’

To his son-in-law :—

‘ 7 Fitzroy Street, 24th November 1863.

‘ My dear Henry,—I fear I was rather hum-drum on Sunday, having

a touch that day of my old complaint, which, however, has now passed away, and I feel all right.

'This week winds up all the few pictures I have had so long on hand. I long to begin something new—one of the first to be the Colosseum,\* which you and others have so often urged me to try my 'canny' hand on.'

'December 23, 1863.

'My dear Ballantine,—Wishing you and yours all the happiness of the season, may I ask you to take charge of, and distribute as follows, the enclosed five pounds?† (Here the recipients are named.)

'How goes on the Burns Monument? I hope the new carpet' (which he had sent £10 to purchase) 'adds to the comfort of the keeper in these bitter cold days.

'I have no news to send you. We are all, thank God, well, and looking forward to the usual Christmas enjoyments when the boys (his grandchildren) come home from school. This year, however, one of them will be wanting. The eldest is with his regiment, the 18th, in New Zealand, fighting the Maories, and has already had a brush with these savages, and more than one narrow escape. He is reported in the despatches as having distinguished himself, and has been gazetted for his noble conduct.'

'London, 26th December 1863.

'Jamie, you are a trump! You have managed my little commission admirably, and deserve, as you have, my best thanks.

'I am sorry to announce to you the death of my old friend William Kidd. Poor fellow! he was one of those sons of genius quite incapable of managing his worldly affairs, and had lived 'from hand to mouth,' as the saying is, all his days. All my attempts to help him seemed to have no effect, but latterly, with £50 yearly from the Academy, and

\* The interior of the Colosseum at Rome he had some difficulty in making compose pleasantly; and he was engaged at the time of his death in painting a small picture of it, preparatory to the large one he contemplated.

† This is one of many of similar import I had received from him during the last years of his life; and if I heard of any of his early friends or acquaintances requiring assistance, I was commissioned to assist them, and strictly enjoined to keep them in ignorance of where the welcome donation came from.

other helps, he must have been as well off as ever he had been at any former period of his life. The same morning my old friend Thackeray was found dead in bed. This has given me a shock which I will not recover from for some time, for I had seen much of him lately, and we met as usual at the Garrick Club on Tuesday, and had a long gossip, when he appeared in his usual health and spirits. The following day he was seized with spasms, but felt better towards evening. The next morning his servant found him dead in bed. He, along with some other members of the club, was to have dined with me on Wednesday, but my cook was taken unwell, and I postponed the party for a week, much to Thackeray's disappointment.'

In 1864 Roberts painted—'Chapel in the Church of Dixmude, West Flanders,' for John Pender, M.P. for Totness, £630; 'Interior of the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome,' the sketch for the large picture, sold to Mr. Gambart, £525.

*Jottings from diary :—*

'February 19th.—Subscription to Shakspeare memorial, £10 : 10s.

'April 8th.—To the Artists' Benevolent Fund, £15 : 15s.\*

'15th.—To the Artists' Benevolent Fund, £5 : 5s.

'16th.—Introduced to Garibaldi at the Crystal Palace.

'20th.—Garibaldi Fund, £10 : 10s.

'27th.—Attended a committee meeting at the new Houses of Parliament; unanimous in awarding the prize to Solomon.

'May.—Attended at the Houses of Parliament with Tite, Ferguson, Pennythorne, and Lord Elcho, and awarded the premium for the design for the New Museum of Science and Art, South Kensington, to No. 1, which turned out to be by Captain Fowke.

'16th.—Sat to Macnee for my portrait.

\* To this fund Roberts had contributed £120; to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, of which he had been vice-president, his twenty-sixth donation was £21.



'June 1st.—Died at Edinburgh my dear old friend Sir John Watson Gordon.

'4th.—Artists' General Benevolent Fund, £5 : 5s.'

'London, 4th June 1864.

'My dear Christine,—Many, many happy returns of this your birthday. I only write to add that dear old Stanny (Stanfield) came here yesterday with the picture he has painted expressly for you, and which he intended should be presented to you to-day. I think it one of the best things of the kind he has ever done. He calls it 'The Mouth of the Humber,' where no doubt many a day, when a sailor boy, he had studied the scene. I saw from his anxiety and care in getting it out of the carriage that he is proud of it, and it is indeed kind and generous in him to devote so many days of his valuable time to such a labour of love. I said all the kind things I could, but he told me I had nothing to do with it, for his regard for you was greater than mine. I know that you will be disappointed at my not getting down to-day, but I will come to-morrow, and bring with me 'The Mouth of the Humber.'

'Had a letter to-day from D. O. Hill, full of information about the death of Sir John Watson Gordon, and another from his brother, Mr. Henry Watson, stating that he passed away apparently in a tranquil sleep. Happy end!'

'Bonchurch, September 5, 1864.

'My dear Ballantine,—I see by a newspaper sent me the other day that your museum at the Burns Monument continues to receive many interesting additions. This is as it should be; and when Brodie's bust of the bard is placed there, the museum will be very complete. By the way, I was delighted to learn that Brodie's statue of Prince Albert at Perth had given so much satisfaction to the Queen, but would have been more pleased if, when she had the sword in her hand, she had clanked it over the head of the sculptor as well as of the provost.

'All here desire to be kindly remembered to you and your family. I am here taking mine ease, doing next to nothing, except eating, sleeping, and daudering about the braes, not even pretending to work.'

*‘ Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, 10th September 1864.*

‘ My dear Ballantine,—Many thanks for the manner in which you have executed my little commission’ (to pay away money to poor people, and not let them know who sent it), ‘and for your kind invitation to accompany you to the Highlands, to which I feel sure I could have no better companion and guide. But as years creep on I feel more and more contented to sit still and comfort myself with recollections of the past rather than seek for some new excitement. So here I am with every comfort, and with little desire to go elsewhere.’

*‘ London, September 29, 1864.*

‘ My dear Provost,—It is now so many summers since I promised paying you a visit at Bonnytown that it seems as if there was a blank left to fill up in the passing year, and such is my love of the good old ‘Land of Cakes,’ that if I could have found any excuse to come northward for a week or two I would have done so, but alas! alas! my old friends there are passing one by one away. My good old friend Colonel Macniven writes me, ‘What will the provost say if you fail to come and have a look at the old palace of the Scottish kings?’ I answer, With the exception of the provost I have few left who can take much interest in my visit. So, whether I come or stay, let me hear from you that this hot summer has defeated your enemy’ (the gout or rheumatism), ‘that you are able to be about, counting the stooks, weighing the potatoes, or lost in admiration at the size of the turnips.

‘ ‘Hoo sells black cattle? what brings woo the year?  
For siclike kindly questions will I speir.’

‘ I have passed six weeks delightfully in the Isle of Wight, and have just run up to see that the whitewashers have not spoiled my house in my absence. Bicknell is with me, and has not forgotten the lesson you gave him in English, for at breakfast he asks for a slice of *haam*, not *ham*, as was his wont. Mrs. Bicknell and the young ones are still at the Isle of Wight, and will continue there till their new house at Clapham is ready. For myself, thank God I am very well, spoiling canvas as usual, but taking it very easy.’

‘ Winterbourne, Bonchurch,

‘ Isle of Wight, October 16, 1864.

‘ My dear Ballantine,—It gave me great pleasure, in looking over the *Telegraph* of yesterday, to find your name mentioned in their foreign correspondence as having executed some beautiful stained-glass windows for the Chapel Royal at Fredericksburg in Denmark. I also saw you favourably noticed in connection with some windows you had put in Gloucester Cathedral. I feel the more pleasure in dropping unexpectedly on these notices when I think how you and others have been treated by the ‘Glasgow bodies’ in their preference of foreign artists, the productions of whom, even supposing they had been superior in artistic treatment, are totally out of harmony with everything in and about the Cathedral of St. Mungo.

‘ I am still staying at this pretty place, which is in some measure a small compensation for the want of my usual trip at this season to dear old Scotland; and when I think that almost all the old friends who rendered it dear to me have gradually dropped off, I have much to be thankful for in having a happy home here. I am in good health, and amusing myself by mending some of my early sketches, and strolling through some of the prettiest dells in England. The trees are now in their richest foliage, and although every gust of wind scatters their leaves, and their stems will soon be bare, yet it is only preparatory to their being again clothed with the vernal buddings of spring, and the luxuriant glory of summer. So may it be with us! I wish you were here, if only for one stroll, to see a bit of *real English landscape* in the height of its beauty, in contrast to the rugged grandeur in and around your ‘own romantic town.’

‘ Winterbourne, Bonchurch,

‘ Isle of Wight, October 31, 1864.

‘ My dear Nasmyth,—I have to thank you for your very kind letter of the 22d. Indeed, I ought to have written to you apprising you of having at last been able to lay my hands on the drawing I had so long promised you; but as I left Fitzroy Street for Winterbourne at rather short notice, it devolved, with other things, on Henry Bicknell. I am

happy to think they are now in the possession of one who will set the proper value upon them, for although you were too young to remember the beautiful series of scenes painted by your father for the Glasgow theatre, this drawing will be a proof of the estimation in which I held these beautiful works; indeed, my love and admiration were by no means limited to those of Glasgow, as you will see by another careful drawing from a scene painted by him in the Dumfries theatre.

‘I used to feel gratified when in after times your father claimed me as a pupil, which, strictly speaking, was scarcely correct; but if love and admiration for his works, unwearied industry in copying them, and afterwards doing my best to imitate them, could make a pupil, I was one in the truest sense of the word.

‘How much it is to be regretted that this magnificent theatre and beautiful works of art perished some thirty years ago, for, as pictures of their kind, they exceeded all I have ever seen,—ay, even in dimensions as in merit, the flats and wings being 24 feet in height, whilst those of Drury and Covent Garden are but 21. The act-scene, a view on the Clyde, with Dumbarton Castle, was a *picture*, perhaps the grandest landscape ever painted. But then, it was before pre-Raphaelism was invented, when artists learned to draw and understand perspective before they tried to paint or get up sensation effects. When I take up the illustrated Tennyson, or even the Cornhill of this month, I rub my eyes to find whether I am in a dream. This new phase of art may after all have its charms for the rising generation, though unseen by me; but they as well as I must come to the same conclusion, that if this be right, then all that has been done before is wrong. Both cannot be right. Well, let that pass; the world is wide enough for all; but my remembrance of all that was beautiful in art, as found in the works of your father and brother, is preferable to me, and before long will be so to the rest of mankind.

‘All here join in kind regards to you and the guidwife, who they hope is as well as when enjoying the strolls through the landslip. After being a fortnight in London, Christine prevailed on me to come down here again for a week or so, and now I have been a month. What with the girls, Gibby, and the dog Prinny, time passes glibly. The scene has



considerably changed since the day you left, but notwithstanding the fall of the leaf the landscape is still beautiful, 'though the wind is chill.' I have much to be grateful for, and pray to God I may be sensible of it.'

On the 25th of November Roberts painted as usual, his work being 'St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill'—almost the subject of his first picture painted in London. He left home in perfect health, playing with his little grandchild on the steps as he started for his daily walk; he was seized with apoplexy while walking in Berners Street, and died the same evening, aged 68 years.

Roberts was buried in Norwood Cemetery, near to his old and dear friend Mr. Elhanan Bicknell. Sir Charles Eastlake communicated his willingness to attend the funeral as President of the Royal Academy, and expressed his belief that, if acceptable to the family, the members as a body would also be present; but this and similar offers were declined, as Roberts had always expressed himself much opposed to show at funerals. The invitations were, as far as possible, limited, but a number of his attached friends and brother-artists attended, and by their presence bore testimony to the grief with which they mourned the loss of one they had loved so dearly and prized so highly.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

I HAVE now completed an account of the every work-a-day life of my dear and much-esteemed friend David Roberts, mainly from his own journals, diaries, and letters. This was somewhat difficult to accomplish, for Roberts had such a high respect for the many friends with whom he corresponded, that he had carefully preserved almost all their letters; and in multifarious volumes, carefully arranged and labelled, are to be found communications from the leading men of his day, so full of interesting matter that I have been often tempted to quote them; but had I done so, the book would have been extended beyond ordinary limits, and would not have been the life of Roberts, but the life and opinions of himself and his friends.

Every one who knew Roberts as I did knew that his faculty of delineating with his pen what he saw was equal to his power of doing so with his pencil, while his shrewd sagacity and habits of close observation enabled him to describe genially and graphically all that was passing around him. At the present time, when the Holy Land has been so thoroughly explored, it may perhaps be thought that the extracts from Roberts' journal in the East might have been shortened; but I felt that he was the first and the greatest artistic pioneer who had opened

up that sacred country to our ken ; and when I found that every day, while engaged in making these magnificent sketches, he had never failed to jot down all his adventures and impressions, and more especially when I recollected that this journey had been the dream of his boyhood, and the great end and aim of his manhood, I thought it but right that his own account of this great central episode of his artistic life should be very fully recorded and preserved. As for the other portions of his journals and letters, they exhibit his character so clearly, that any remarks I might have interpolated would have been superfluous. His worth, his kindness, his industry, his courage, his perseverance, and his genius, are all amply illustrated. From his first *caulk-and-keel* representations of wild animals on the white-washed kitchen-walls of the humble home of his birth until the last of his great but unfinished achievements, the series of pictures of 'London from the Thames,' there are discernible the same elements impelling onwards and soaring upwards. Nothing worthy of notice within the reach of his art ever escaped him. Novelty and beauty, when allied to historical association, always inspired him with deep poetic feeling ; and his graphic pencil conveyed to modern times the grandest and most varied representations of the ancient world of art, uniting in picturesque and harmonious combination structures which in other hands would have lost half their interest and beauty.

One of the peculiar marvels of Roberts' art may here be noticed. With a few touches he could produce an effect rivalling in apparent elaboration the most laboured productions, and far excelling them in breadth and power. He seemed to have the faculty of photographing objects on his eye, for I have again and again been with him while he was

sketching very elaborate structures or very extensive views, and he took in a large mass at one glance, not requiring to look again at that portion until he had it completed in his sketch. Other artists only caught small bits at a time, and required to be renewing their glances continually. Roberts, by this extraordinary faculty, either natural or acquired, got over more than double their work with half their labour.

What lessons may be learned by young artists studying Roberts' career! In early life, without a friend competent either to advise or assist him, brought up in a village of millers, carters, and out-door labourers, where, with the exception of 'The Crooked Family,' 'The Prodigal Son,' and similar marvels of art pasted now and then on the walls of a cottage, no such thing as a picture was ever seen;—yet here *Davie*, the sole ambition of whose father had been to get his *laddie* to sit down beside him and help him to cobble shoes, suddenly, on a visit to a wild-beast show, becomes imbued with a love for art, and after a trial finds out that nature has made him an artist. After he feels this in his breast, see with what single-hearted earnestness and firm resolution he pursues his career, nothing daunted nor discouraged by many years of hard and ill-requited labour, coolly waiting his time, and at last reaping his reward in the universal appreciation and admiration of all the civilised world.

Roberts never forgot his early hardships, and rather liked to refer to them occasionally. They made him, he said, always feel sympathy with young artists who, struggling upward as he had done from a humble origin, had perseverance, industry, and determination to work; for unless they felt a consciousness of power, and had a true



love for their art, they would soon return to the point whence they had started. If Roberts, when applied to by a young artist for his patronage or advice, was convinced that the applicant had within him the true elements of which an artist must be composed, he not only gave him his advice, but did all he could to forward him in his career.\* This kindness was also carried out to old artists, some of whom might have mistaken their profession, and who had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf without having realised what would support them in their declining years.

Roberts was very hospitable, and his guests were generally artists and those who took an interest in art. Turner, Etty, Maclise, Stanfield, and others were often to be met with at his table, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to introduce to such men young artists who had come from the country to see the R.A. exhibition, or who had just settled in the metropolis. Many of these think often now of Roberts' kindness, and cherish most pleasing recollections of their warm reception at his hospitable board, and of the distinguished men they met there.†

There never was a more delightful companion than Roberts. In wandering with him through an old abbey or palace he invested the whole with vitality. From the ancient runic crosses lying mouldering in Iona, to the refined shafts and capitals of Melrose Abbey, his jolly, homely tongue went on commenting and telling the quaint old stories connected with the localities, mixed up with running commentaries on the peculiarities of the architectural detail, and all the while his busy pencil was covering the leaves of his sketch-book with representations of the most striking objects he saw around him. All the old people who

\* See note A, p. 237.

† See note B, p. 238.

kept the Scottish abbeys, castles, and palaces, knew him and spoke of him as David Roberts, and even yet retain and retail many of his observations. The eminent sculptor William Calder Marshall, in a note now before me, says : 'It is curious that the last time I was in Linlithgow Palace the keeper said, 'David Roberts was here yesterday.' Even he used the affectionate term *David*.

His love for Scotland was intense, if possible increasing and strengthening to the last. He could not live without seeing his native town almost every year, and then such a happy, homely life he led !—meeting with his old friends, who were no less pleased to see him than he them ; the happy reunions ; the reminiscences of auld langsyne ; the excursions to Roslin, Habbie's Howe, Dalmeny, Linlithgow, Dunfermline, and similar places ; the intermediate days filled up daundering through the slee neuks of the Old Town ; sketching in the Old Greyfriars graveyard ; exploring and explaining such places as the Magdalen Chapel, Cowgate, where the first General Assembly was held ; wandering down to Stockbridge, and pointing out affectionately the house where he was born, then paying a visit to the grave of his parents ; then wandering about the localities where the rival theatres once stood in which he first let loose his pencil on scenery, where no end of stories were told about the early friendship and adventures of himself and his friend Stanfield ; then a scramble to the Calton Hill or Salisbury Crag, where an hour served to put in that magical book a sketch from which you were almost sure to see a picture that set the world agog. In this way he enjoyed himself and gave joy to his friends during annual visits. No wonder they were looked forward to, and are still looked back on, with so much delight.

In all the relationships of son, husband, brother, father, and grandfather, he was ever most affectionate. His parents he provided for most liberally, and his greatest pleasure was to witness their happiness and receive their renewed blessings. His wife, to whom he was married in early life, was a very handsome woman, and they had an only child. His sister, Mrs. M'Laughlan, he loved with the most brotherly affection, and was proud of her sterling worth. Both wife and sister predeceased him several years. His dear and only child, now Mrs. Henry Bicknell, was always the apple of his eye and the delight of his heart. He had taken the greatest care of her from infancy, and when absent on his long journeys in Spain and the Holy Land, he placed her under the motherly care of Mrs. George Cooke, the wife of the eminent engraver, and mother of Edward Cooke, R.A., who brought her up, and educated her with her own children, and the result has been all that could be desired. His daughter was happy in having married one who reciprocated the genial kindness of Roberts; their fireside in the neighbourhood of London and at Bonchurch was his happy home in all his leisure hours, and his grandchildren, from the youngest to the oldest, were his glee friends and bosom companions.

Of Roberts as a painter it is almost needless here to speak. The universal appreciation of his works is proved by their unbounded and unrivalled popularity. No man ever invested with more poetic feeling and artistic beauty the noble structures of the past, whether palatial, castellated, or ecclesiastical. He realised the glory typified in Shakspeare's inspired language as applied to the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, and the solemn temples. These towers of his—their summits mingling with the

murky clouds, while the sunbeams are here and there kissing and brightening their delicate traceries, finials, and crocketing—fairly captivate the senses, and your admiration is increased by the subtle manner in which portions are half-veiled in the shifting clouds, while others are lit by the sparkling and playful sunbeams. In the picturesque groups introduced in his pictures, such as *St. Peter's*, what a knowledge of costume and perception of character is seen, while the most varied dresses and the most striking contrasts of colour are brought together and arranged in the most perfect harmony! We owe him much for what he brought home to us from those distant countries through which he wandered; and his pictures, both of home and foreign scenes and structures, will ever retain their place among the most masterly productions in their own department that the world has seen.

It is always curious, and often instructive, to note the little incidents in early life that often influence a man's career. The book on fortune-telling that Roberts read when a boy, which said that a mole on his leg indicated that he was to be a great traveller, had its effect in inducing him to wander; the Bible, the words of which had been engraved on his memory by his parents, made his visit to the Holy Land the chief object of his desire; and his holiday visits to Roslin Chapel had a large share in making him an architectural painter.



## NOTES.

### NOTE A. (Page 233.)

AN artist who, after struggling manfully, has now attained a good position, gives the following account of his first interview with Roberts :—‘ I had a note of introduction to Roberts given to me by one whose intercourse with him had been in years long bygone : I did not expect much from it, and might never have used it but I had been some weeks in London, and not been able to dispose of any of my drawings. My means were exhausted, and it was necessary to make an effort, so I looked out this note of introduction and called one morning on the great man. After waiting about ten minutes in a small room adjoining his studio, he came to me with the *Times* newspaper in his hand, and certainly my reception at first was such as to make me regret that I had troubled him. He said, ‘ I suppose, like most of the other chaps from the north, you think you are going to set the Thames on fire, but you will find yourself mistaken ; there are plenty of clever young fellows here, and it will be difficult for you to keep up with them. The old story of Whittington—you will not find London paved with gold.’ This reception nearly upset me, and stammering out some kind of an apology for taking up his time, I backed towards the door, and was taking up a portfolio of sketches I had placed on a chair, when Roberts called out—‘ Stop a bit ; you are in a devil of a hurry. Are these your sketches ? Let’s look at them. Sit down, sit down.’ He examined my drawings carefully—put some shrewd questions about my intentions and prospects—asked me to follow him into his studio—showed me what he was working at—wrote and handed me a note to one of a firm who dealt extensively in works of art, and told me to call afterwards and let him know the result. I went immediately with this introduction, and after looking over my drawings, this gentleman asked me what price I put on them. After some hesitation, I told him I expected from 30s. to £2 for each. He then said £2 a drawing was certainly moderate enough—he would take the whole at that price, and hoped I would give him the offer of the next set I executed. It cost me a considerable effort to control my feelings at this unexpected windfall. I received the cash, walked with affected coolness a short distance from the shop, and then started off at full speed for my lodgings, which I entered with a very different spirit from that in which I had set out in the morning, when I had slipped away very quietly, being afraid to face my landlady and her bill. Thus I was indebted to Roberts for my first start in London, and I trust I shall always feel grateful to him.’

## NOTE B. (Page 233.)

THE following memorandum by an artist from the country, who had been invited by Roberts to dinner, gives an excellent idea of the delightful gatherings that took place under his hospitable roof. 'In my anxiety to keep correct time I arrived rather early, and Roberts, who had not finished dressing, looked in at the drawing-room-door, and said, 'You are early; but on the side-table you will find a portfolio of sketches I have laid out for you.' I was just about to examine them when another early guest made his appearance, but his name was not announced. He was short in stature and corpulent, had a red face, an aquiline nose, and bright sparkling eyes. I said to him that we were before time, but that Mr. Roberts had left out these sketches to be looked over. They were views in Scotland, and seemed to interest the gentleman very much. He evidently knew well most of the localities represented. By the time we had gone over the drawings another guest (MacIse) arrived, who addressed the gentleman as Turner, and now I knew that the person with whom I had been conversing was the guest of the evening. I had shut up the portfolio, for other guests were arriving, but Turner said to me that he wished to look again at one of the drawings—Dunnottar Castle; when he had examined it very carefully, he said, 'I thought I had sketched every castle on the north-east coast of Scotland, but I find I have somehow or other missed this one.' This meeting took place as long ago as 1850, but as it was the first time I had met Turner, and as, like all artists, I had the highest admiration of his genius, there was an impression made on my mind regarding him which is still very distinct. From what I had previously heard, I had a notion that he was shabby in dress and appearance, unsocial, hasty in temper, and not at all agreeable in manner, but at Roberts' I found him very different; his manner was very agreeable, his quick bright eye sparkled, and his whole countenance expressed a desire to please. He was constantly making, or rather trying to make, jokes; his dress, though rather old-fashioned, was far from being shabby.

'Turner and an Irish gentleman holding a high position under government were seated respectively right and left of the host, whose jolly face was radiant with the highest gratification. There was little state or ceremony; Roberts' son-in-law, Mr. Bicknell, was at the foot of the table; good cheer and good fellowship abounded, and all seemed to be quite at ease and enjoy themselves fully.

'Early in the evening the member of government got up to express the high gratification he experienced at meeting so many distinguished artists, and proposed Turner's health, which, he said, he had great pleasure and pride in doing, more especially as at one time he had been a pupil of the great artist, for he had attended his lectures on perspective, in which the subject had been so admirably explained and illustrated that he had been enabled completely to master this difficult science. Turner made a short reply in a jocular way, and concluded by saying, rather sarcastically, that he was glad the honourable gentleman had profited so much by his lectures as thoroughly to understand perspective, for it was more than he did himself. Soon after this, Roberts was called out of the room for a short time; and Turner,

who had been requested by him to take the chair during his absence, was asked by Stanfield to propose Davy's health. He accordingly rose, hurried on as quickly as possible, speaking in a highly-complimentary manner of Roberts' worth and talents, but soon ran short of words or breath, and dropped down on his chair with a hearty laugh, starting up again, and finishing with a hip, hip, hurrah! Instantly upon the hubbub subsiding Roberts entered, and on being informed of the honour done him, made a reply, in which he repudiated any title to be so distinguished, alluded modestly to his early struggles, and wound up by thanking his guests for their kindness in honouring his board with their presence.

'On this occasion no more speeches followed, but the conversation was kept up without flagging, and many subjects besides the fine arts were keenly and ably discussed. The company afterwards adjourned to Roberts' studio, where coffee and cigars were served, and before twelve o'clock all the guests had taken their departure. I called on Roberts a few days afterwards, and he mentioned an incident which illustrated Turner's peculiarly cautious habits. Turner was the last who left, and Roberts accompanied him along the street, in order to hail a cab. At this time Turner was indulging in the singular freak of living, under the name of Mr. Booth, in a small lodging on the banks of the Thames, near the old bridge that spans the river from Chelsea to Battersea. This, though now cleared up, was a mystery to his friends then, and Roberts was anxious to unravel it. When the cab drove up, he assisted Turner to his seat, shut the door, and asked where he would tell cabbie to take him; but Turner was not to be caught, and with a knowing wink replied, 'Tell him to drive to Oxford Street, and then I'll direct him where to go.'





## APPENDIX.

THE following note explains the purpose for which Roberts made the series of etchings now published in this volume. The historical and descriptive notices are chiefly from jottings by the artist :—

*' 7 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square,  
' April 29, 1864.*

' My dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in presenting you with the accompanying etchings, being the commencement of a series of the monastic remains of Scotland for a work I had begun in 1831, but from my leaving England the following year, and other causes, it was never carried further, and only a few impressions were taken for myself and a limited circle of friends, among whom I am most happy in having the opportunity of including James T. Gibson-Craig.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

DAVID ROBERTS.

*' To James T. Gibson-Craig, Esq.'*

### FALKLAND PALACE.

Falkland Palace was originally a stronghold belonging to Macduff, Earl of Fife, but on the forfeiture of Murdoc, Duke of Albany, in 1434, it, along with other possessions of that potent family, was attached to the Crown, and became a hunting-seat of the Scottish monarchs. The present building, the south side of which is represented in this etching, was erected by James V., who died there, and was the favourite palace of James VI. The last royal personage who occupied it was Charles II., who, during his captivity among the Presbyterians, re-

sided there a few days. In his reign the east side was destroyed by fire, and the park, which abounded with deer, was ruined by Cromwell, who had the fine oak-trees cut down to build a fort at Perth.

In the old castle David, Duke of Rothesay, brother to James I., was cruelly starved to death by his uncle, the Duke of Albany. His life was preserved for a time by two women, the wives of tradesmen in the town, one of whom gave him cakes through a chink in the wall, the other conveying the milk of her breast to his mouth by means of an oaten reed. Another incident of a historical nature occurred at Falkland at a later period. In the year 1715, after the battle of Sheriffmuir, the famous Rob Roy garrisoned the palace with a party of the Macgregors, laid the country under contribution for miles round, and after continuing their violent practices for some time, retired unmolested with great booty.

The greater part of the front shown in the etching is occupied by the chapel, and the roof is of wood, which still retains fragments of its ancient gilding and painting. The tower apartments are occupied by the steward of the proprietor, Bruce of Falkland, by whom the estate was purchased, and who deserves great credit for the manner in which he has renovated the old structure, and decorated the environs with an extensive flower-garden.

#### ST. ANDREWS.

##### *Ruins of the Cathedral and of the Chapel of St. Regulus.*

This etching shows the remains of the west entrance to the Cathedral, which was founded by Bishop Arnold in 1159, but was not completed till 1318. During the 159 years which elapsed between its foundation and completion it engrossed the attention of fourteen successive bishops, and contributions were received from all parts of Europe. It was dedicated by Bishop Lamberton in presence of Robert the Bruce, of whom he was a zealous and effective supporter.

The structure, which took so long to build, was demolished by John Knox in one day. The Cathedral from east to west, within the walls, is 350 feet in length by 65 feet in breadth, with a transept or nave, 180 feet long, crossing it from north to south.

The square tower in the background belongs to the chapel of St. Regulus, which is situated about 40 yards to the south-west of the cathedral church, and is of great antiquity. The building is said to have been erected by Hergust, one of the Pictish kings, for the accommodation of the holy Regulus and his company of Greek monks and virgins. There is nothing of the Gothic architecture in its composition, and it is supposed to be at least as ancient as the middle of the ninth century. The tower is 103 feet in height.

## ST. ANDREWS.

*Monastery of the Black Friars.*

This etching shows a remnant of the monastery or convent of Black Friars, said to have been founded by Bishop Wishart in 1274. The buildings belonging to this convent seem to have been pretty extensive. The ground to the south and west of the ruins, when dug up, showed proofs of having been built on, and until lately some old houses existed, which had the appearance of having once formed part of the buildings of the convent. This structure was also razed to the ground in June 1559, in consequence of the famous sermon preached by John Knox.

## IONA OR ICOLMKILL.

The first of these etchings represents the chancel of the cathedral, looking towards the great east window; the second, the great altar of St. Mary's Church. The cathedral is 155 feet in length, by 75 feet in breadth; and in addition to the cathedral is the monastery, of which the college and chapter-house still remain. This religious establishment was founded by St. Columba, who is said to have come here from Ireland in 565, and the following prophetic distich is ascribed to the founder :—

' O sacred dome, and my beloved abode,  
Whose walls now echo to the praise of God !  
The time shall come when lauding monks shall cease,  
And howling herds shall occupy their space ;  
But better ages shall hereafter come,  
And praise re-echo in this sacred dome.'

It is recorded that Columba was accompanied from Ireland by twelve or thirteen pious saints, and that they commenced a system of propagating Christianity, by which, in a few years, the greater part of the Pictish kingdom was converted, and hundreds of churches, monasteries, and cells were founded and supported. They also spread the Christian religion among the Anglo-Saxons through the northern parts of England, where the influence of Iona was felt for ages, as they long continued to be supplied by religious teachers from this remote region. Columba and his companions are also said to have made voyages to the surrounding islands and the Norwegian seas, for the purpose of propagating the gospel; and instructing the barbarous natives in agriculture and other arts tending to promote comfort and happiness. The sacred interest attached to this island caused it to be the favourite burial-place of the Scottish,

Norwegian, and Irish kings, as well as the chieftains of the Isles, and the whole ground is literally crowded with gravestones, many of which have been elaborately carved, but are now so overgrown with moss and weeds that they are rapidly mouldering away. It is supposed that this was preferred as a place of sepulture by these ancient monarchs and chieftains in consequence of an old prophecy, which was translated by Dr. Smith of Campbelton as follows :—

‘ Seven years before that awful day  
When time shall be no more,  
A watery deluge shall o’ersweep  
Hibernia’s mossy shore.

‘ The green-clad Isla too shall sink,  
While, with the great and good,  
Columba’s happy isle shall rear  
Her towers above the flood.’

#### CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE, DUMFRIESSHIRE.

This grand old pile stands on a flat piece of ground on the east side of the Nith, about eight miles from Dumfries, and is surrounded by a moat. It belonged to the Maxwells, an ancient Border family, and has suffered many sieges, the first of which was by Edward I. in 1300. It was retaken by the Scots in the following year, and on being again attacked by the English, Sir Eustace Maxwell, after being closely besieged for several weeks, was obliged to retire, previously, however, dismantling it, so as render it useless to the invaders. For this patriotic service he had remitted the annual sum paid to the Crown for the castle and lands of Caerlaverock. The castle was entirely rebuilt in 1638 by Robert, first Earl of Nithsdale, but was surrendered to Cromwell in 1651. Since then it has fallen into decay, and now presents a massive and picturesque ruin full of interesting detail. The great hall is about 90 feet long, and the internal length of the side of the building on which the hall is situated is above 120 feet. Coats of arms, legends, and illustrations of fables are carved on the pediments and architraves of the doors and windows, and altogether, this is one of the most interesting of all the castles of the Borders.

#### SWEETHEART ABBEY.

This ruin, which is also called New Abbey, is in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, about eight miles from Dumfries, and was founded early in the thirteenth century by Devorgilla, daughter of Allan Lord of Galloway, niece to David Earl of Huntingdon, and wife of John Baliol, who died in 1269, and was buried here.



His heart was embalmed by his lady, and placed in an ivory case, bound with silver, which she kept by her at all times ; and which, when she died, was by her instructions laid on her breast, and buried with her beside her husband. Hence the structure obtained, and has retained during 500 years, the name of Sweetheart Abbey.

The length of the building from east to west is about 194 feet, the breadth from north to south about 162 feet. The refectory stood opposite the church, and was used for divine service till 1731, when, partly falling to decay, it was taken down, and a new church erected. The chapter-house adjoins the old church, and is still standing. The picturesque forms which the ruins of the abbey assume, when seen from different points, and in various aspects, leave a very pleasing and powerful impression on the mind.

## MELROSE ABBEY.

This etching represents the great east window of Melrose Abbey, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture of which Scotland can boast, and the most beautiful of all the ecclesiastical ruins in the kingdom. The length of the edifice is 258 feet, the cross aisle 137 feet. The name of the architect of this venerable pile is learned from the following inscription on a panel in the walls :—

‘ John Murdo sum tyme callit was I,  
And born in Parysse certainly,  
And had in keeping all mason-werk  
Of Sant Androys ; ye hye kirk  
Of Glasgu, Melros, and Paslay,  
Of Nyddysdayll, and of Galway :  
Pray to God and Mary baith,  
And sweet Sanct John keep this haly kirk frae skaith.’

The stone of the building, which has resisted the weather for many ages, retains such perfect sharpness, that the most minute ornaments are as complete as on the day they were carved. In some of the cloisters there are representations of flowers, vegetables, etc., cut in stone, with such accuracy and delicacy that we almost (says Scott) distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. If we may judge of the manner in which the interior had been decorated by the beautiful sculpture on the exterior, all employed must have been first-class artists. It is somewhat remarkable that only within the present century Melrose Abbey became an object of interest to the tourist, and this was in consequence of the publication of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Sir Walter Scott, whose poetical

description led to the visits of strangers from all quarters. The following lines give an idea of the jolly life led by the old monks of Melrose:—

'The monks of Melrose made gude kail  
On Fridays when they fasted,  
And wanted neither beef nor ale  
Sae lang's their neighbours' lasted.'

LEUCHARS CHURCH, NEAR ST. ANDREWS.

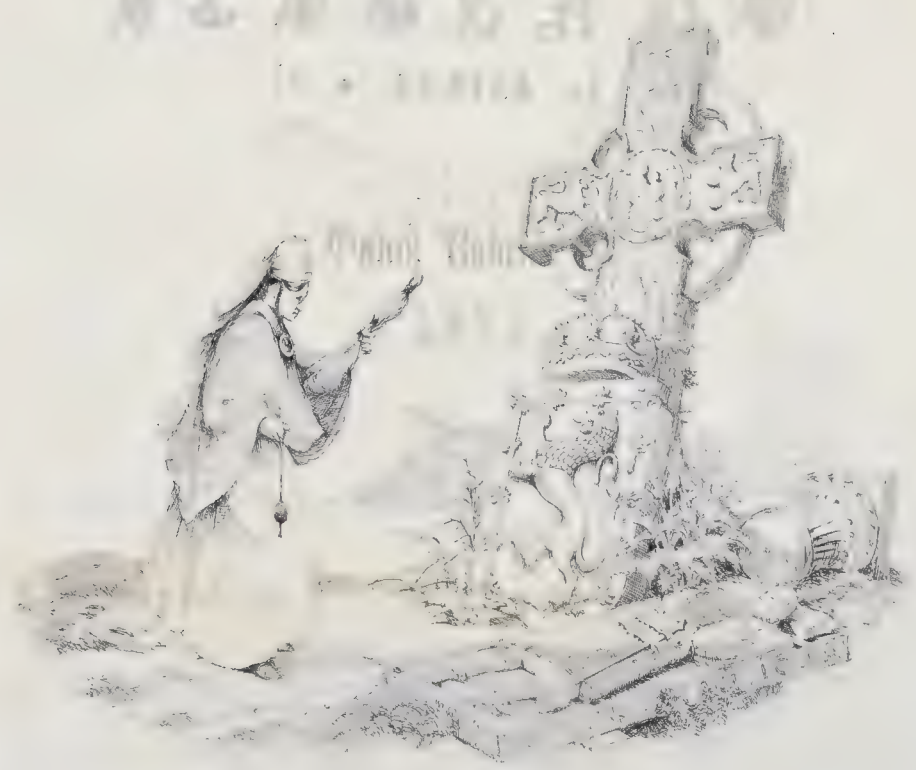
Since the etching of this fine old Norman church was made, a large addition to the building has been made, in which there is not a single feature in harmony with the original structure.

ETCHINGS BY DAVID ROBERTS

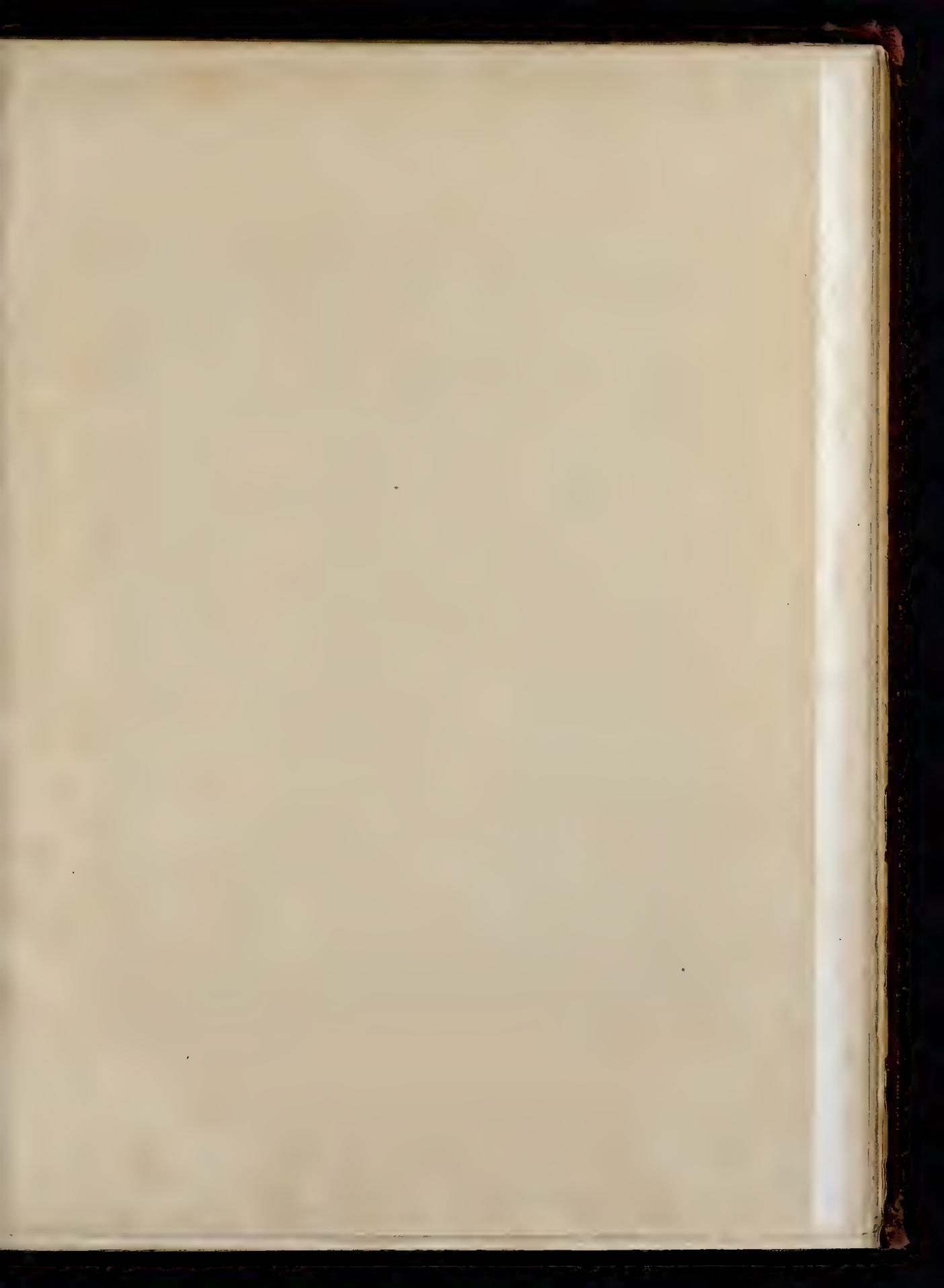




THE HISTORY OF  
THE  
LIFE OF  
THE  
LORD OF THE  
MOUNTAINS







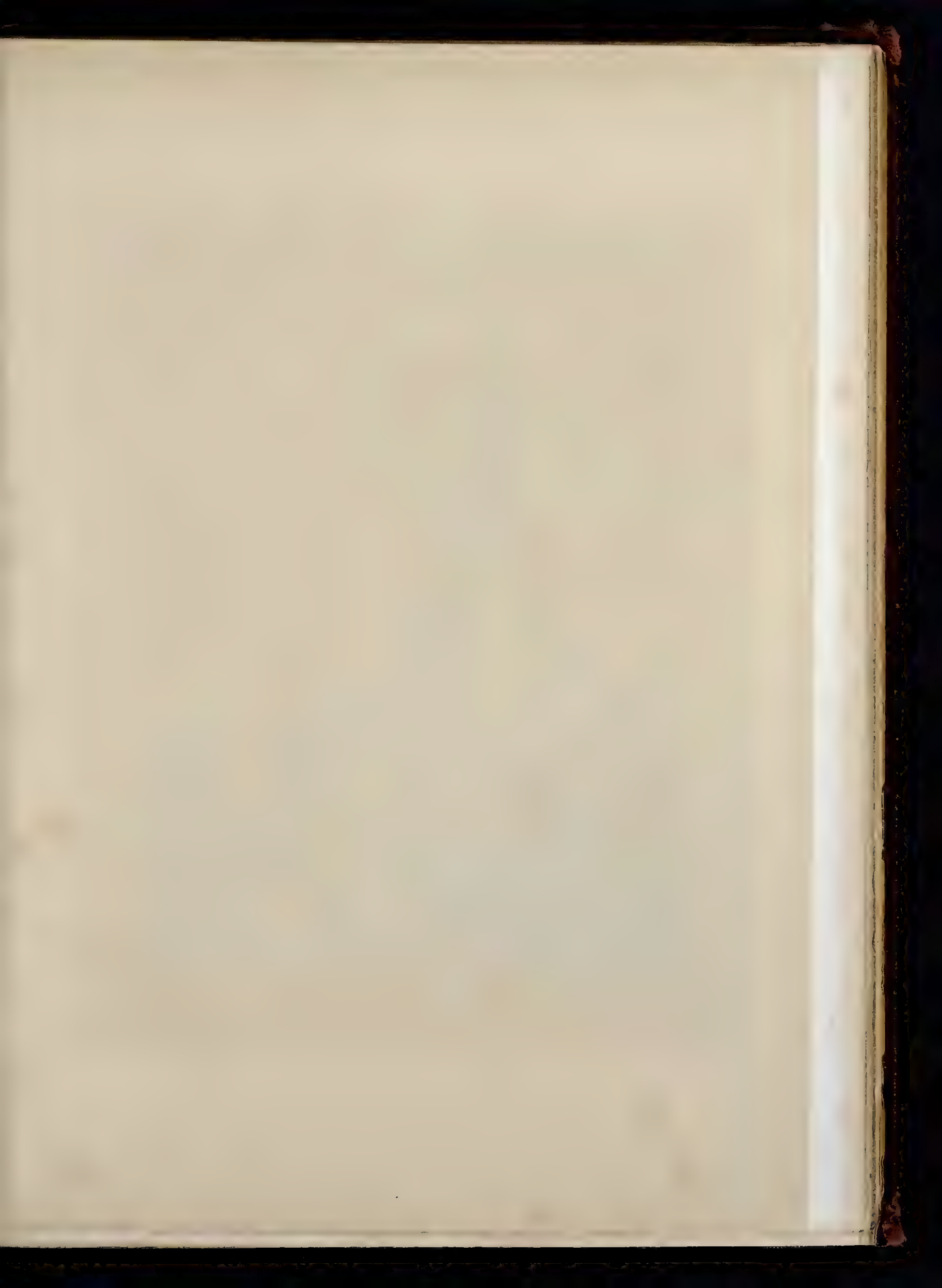






FALKLAND PALACE





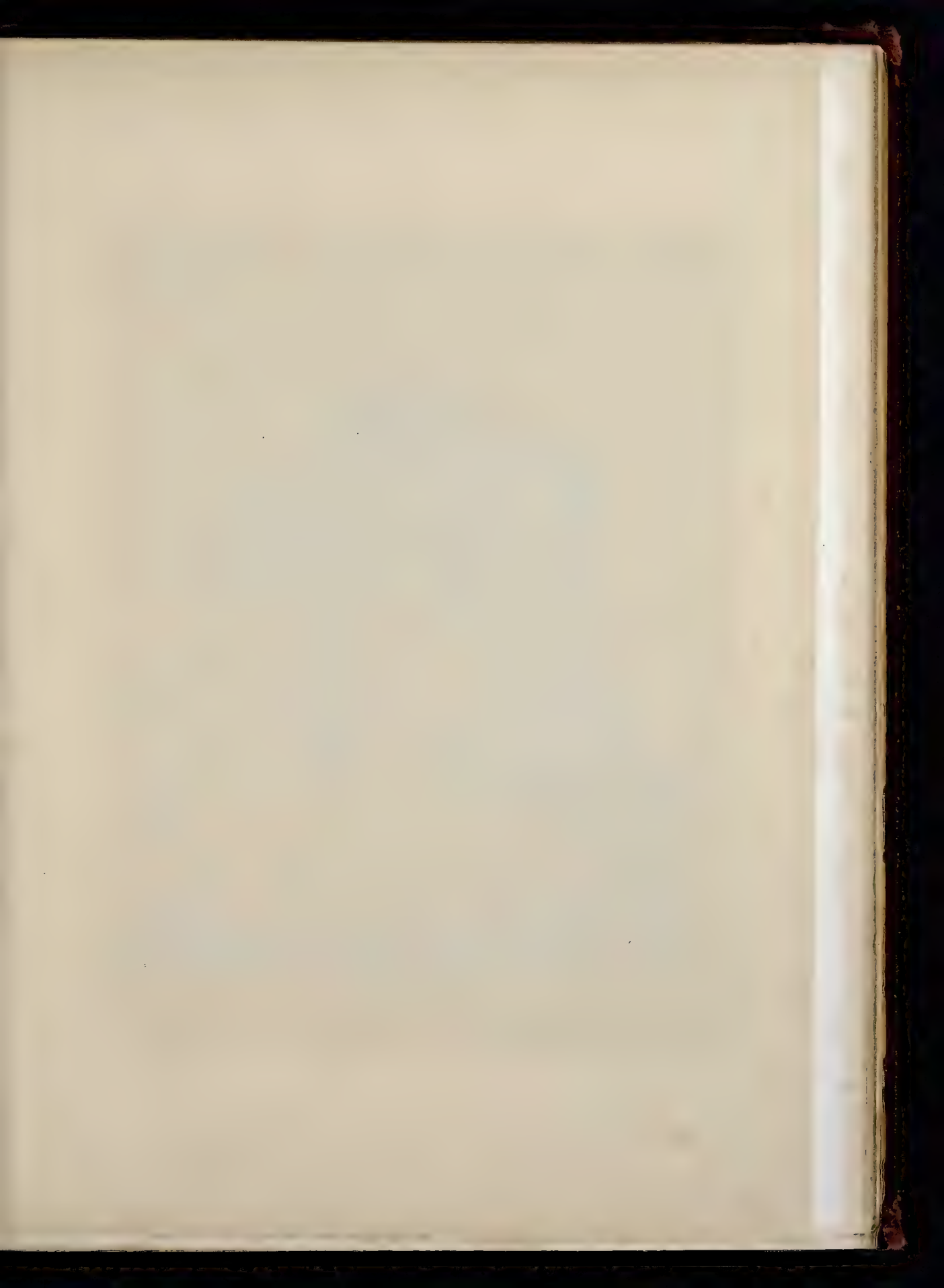






ST. ANDREW'S.











BLACKFRIARS ST ANDREWS





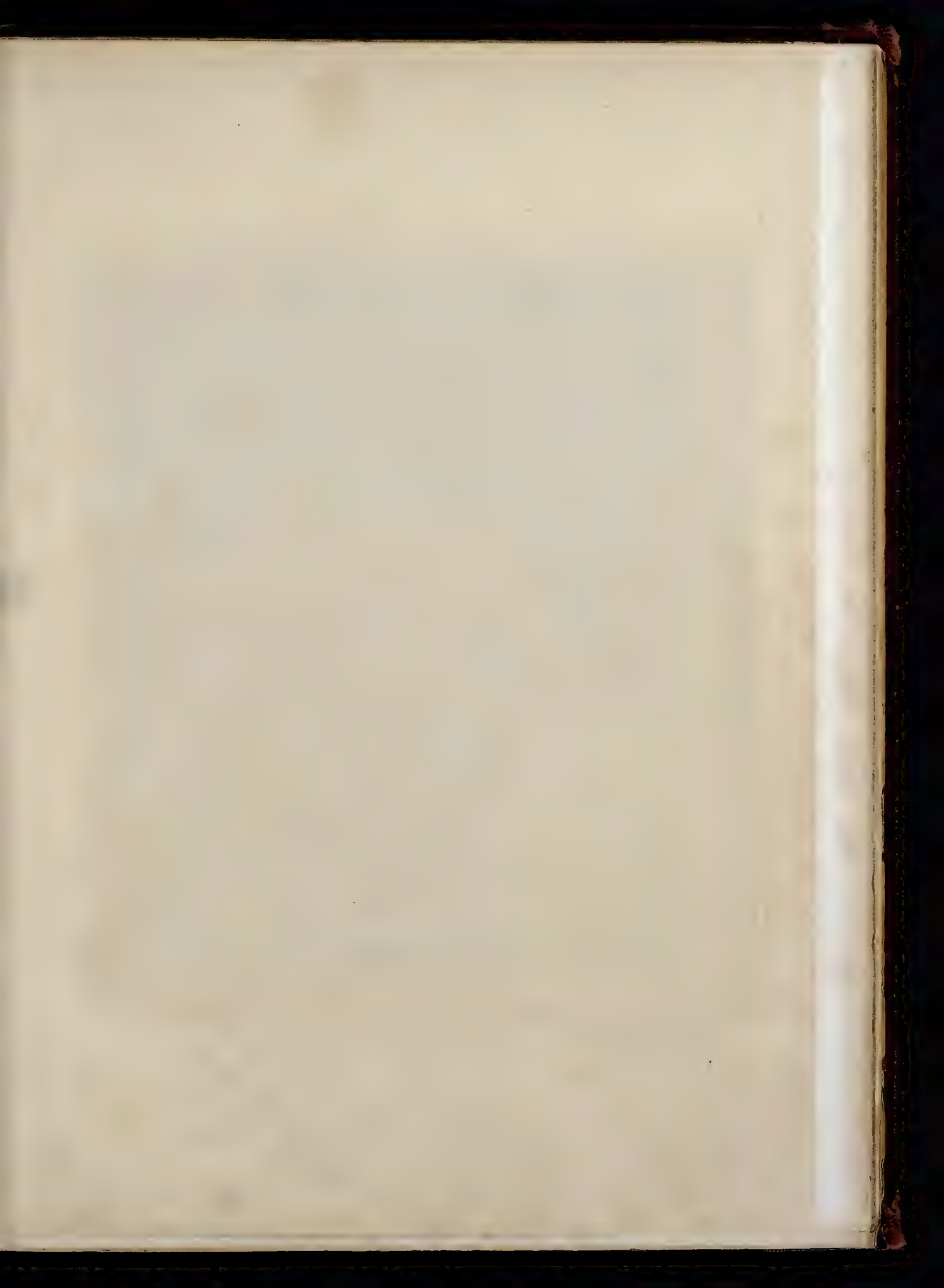






COLMKILL.









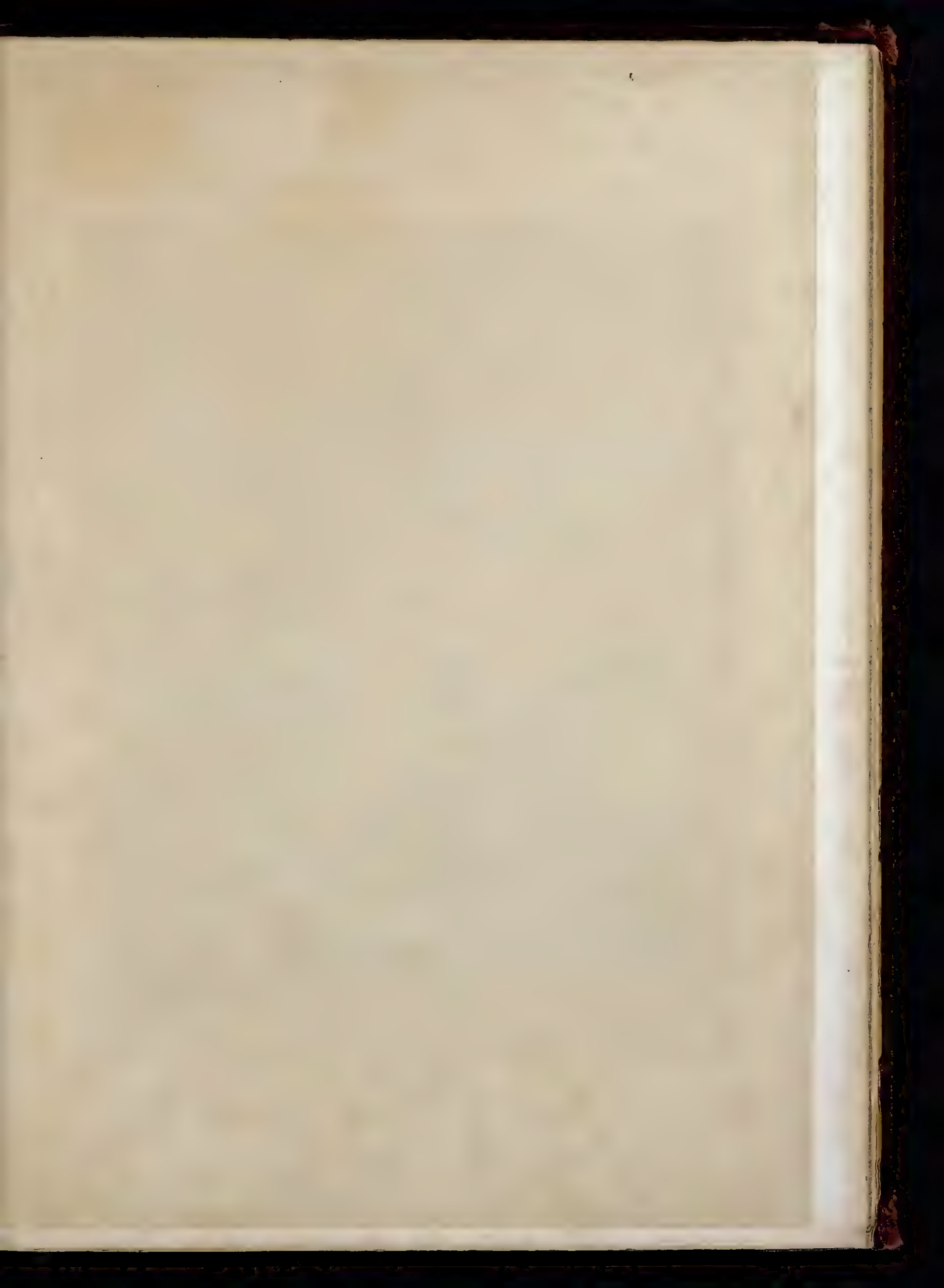


0381 1880

*Near the Great Altar St. Marys Church.*

**ICOLVMILL**





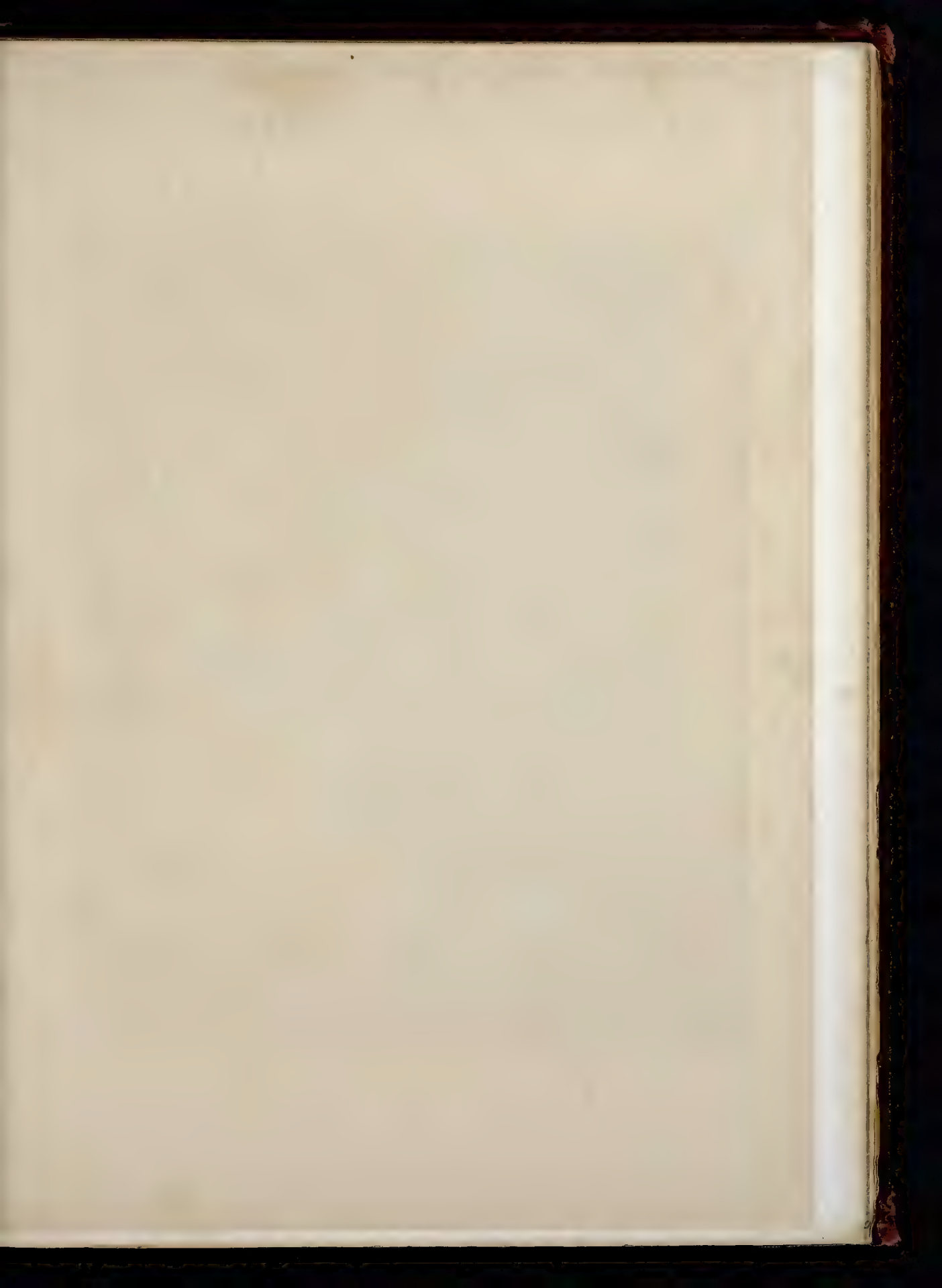






LAIRL & CO





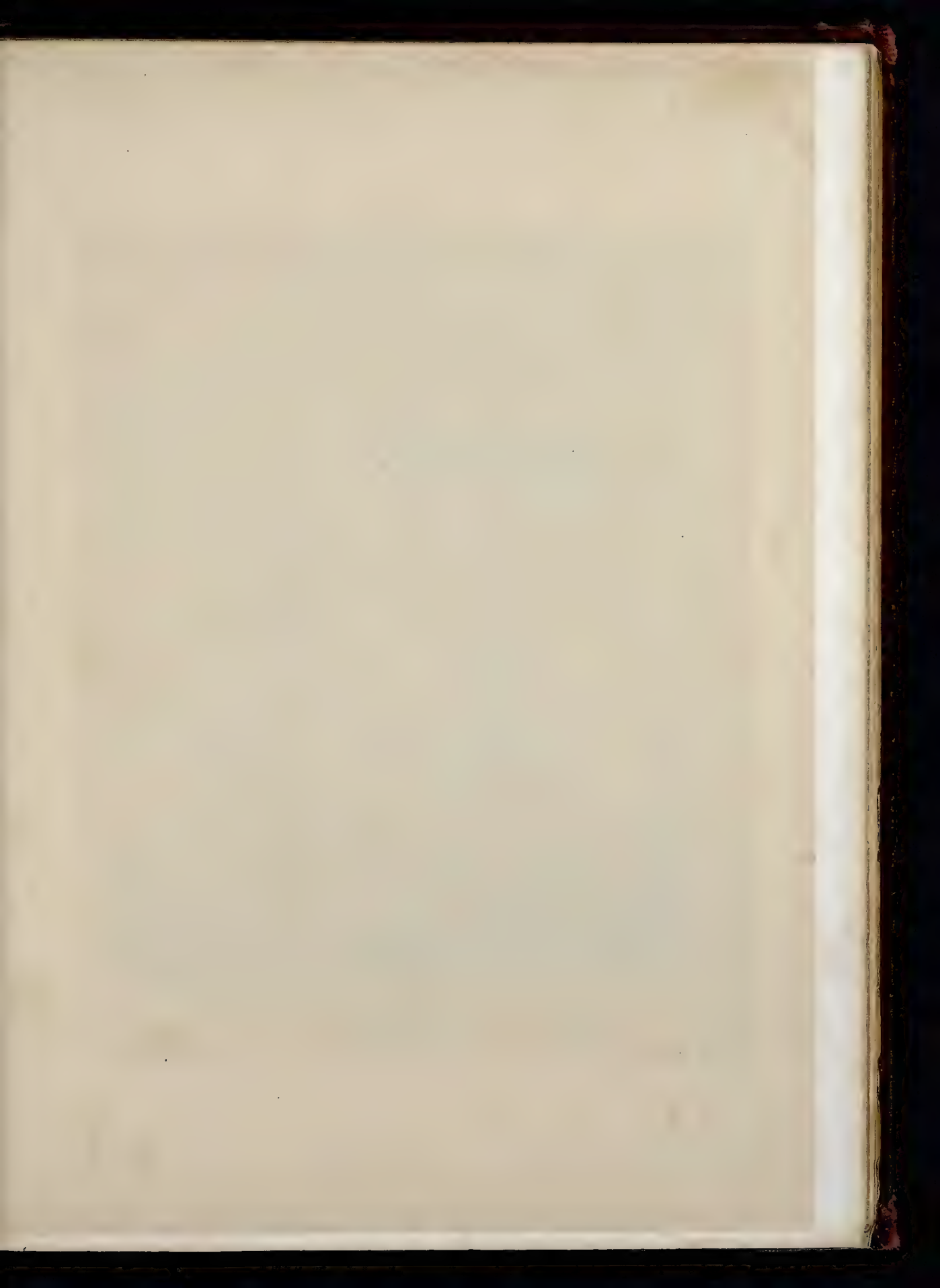


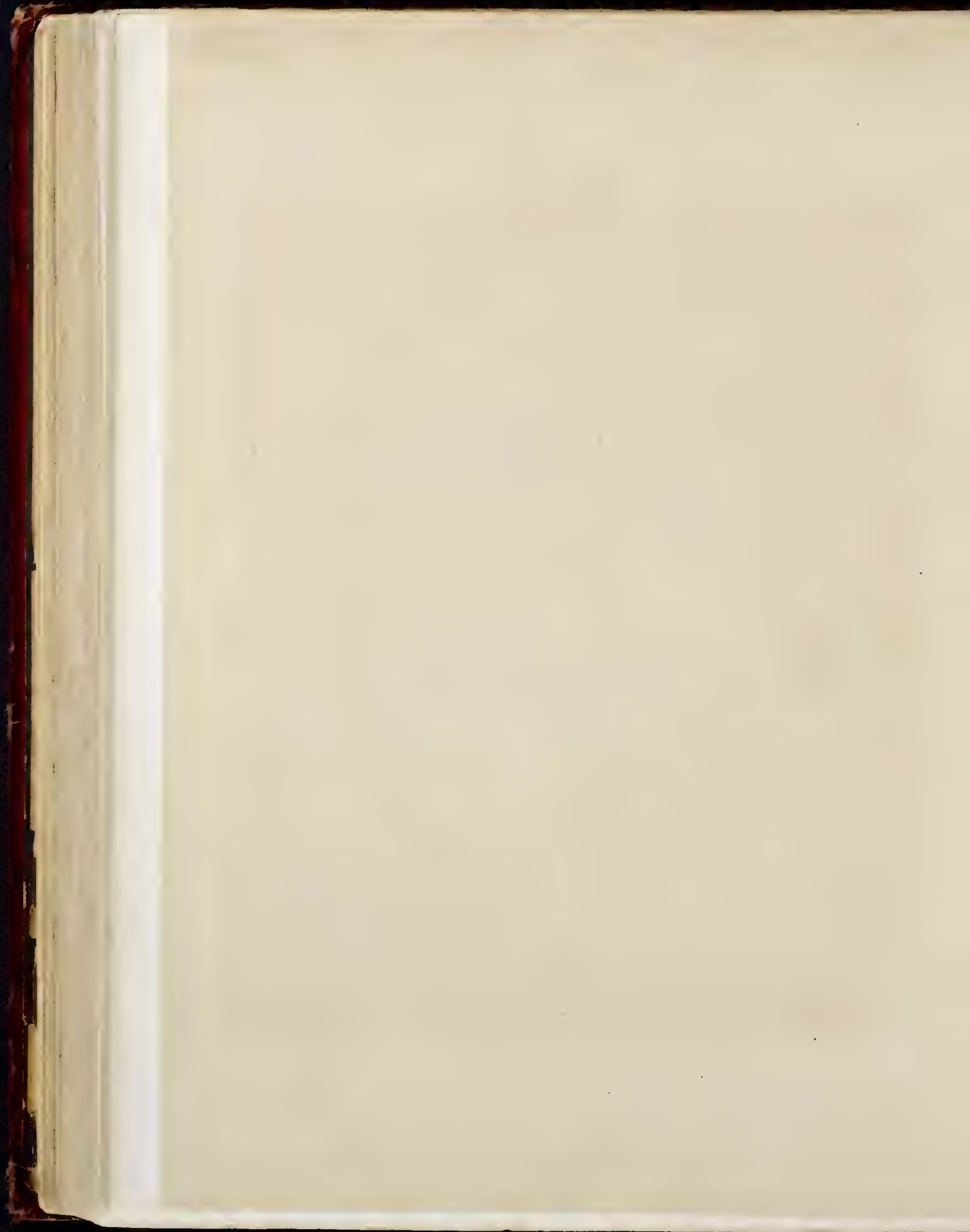




SWEET - HEART.





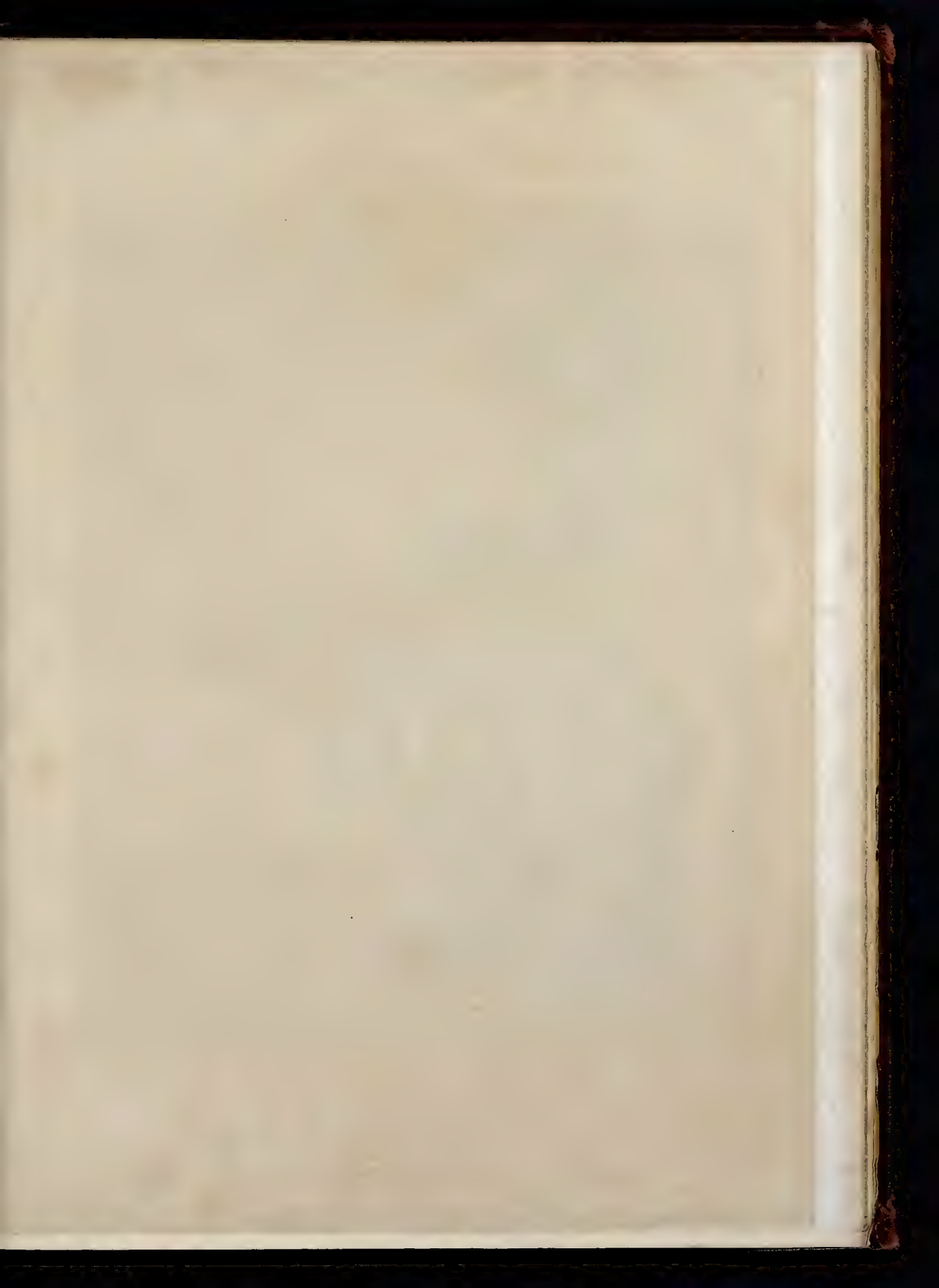


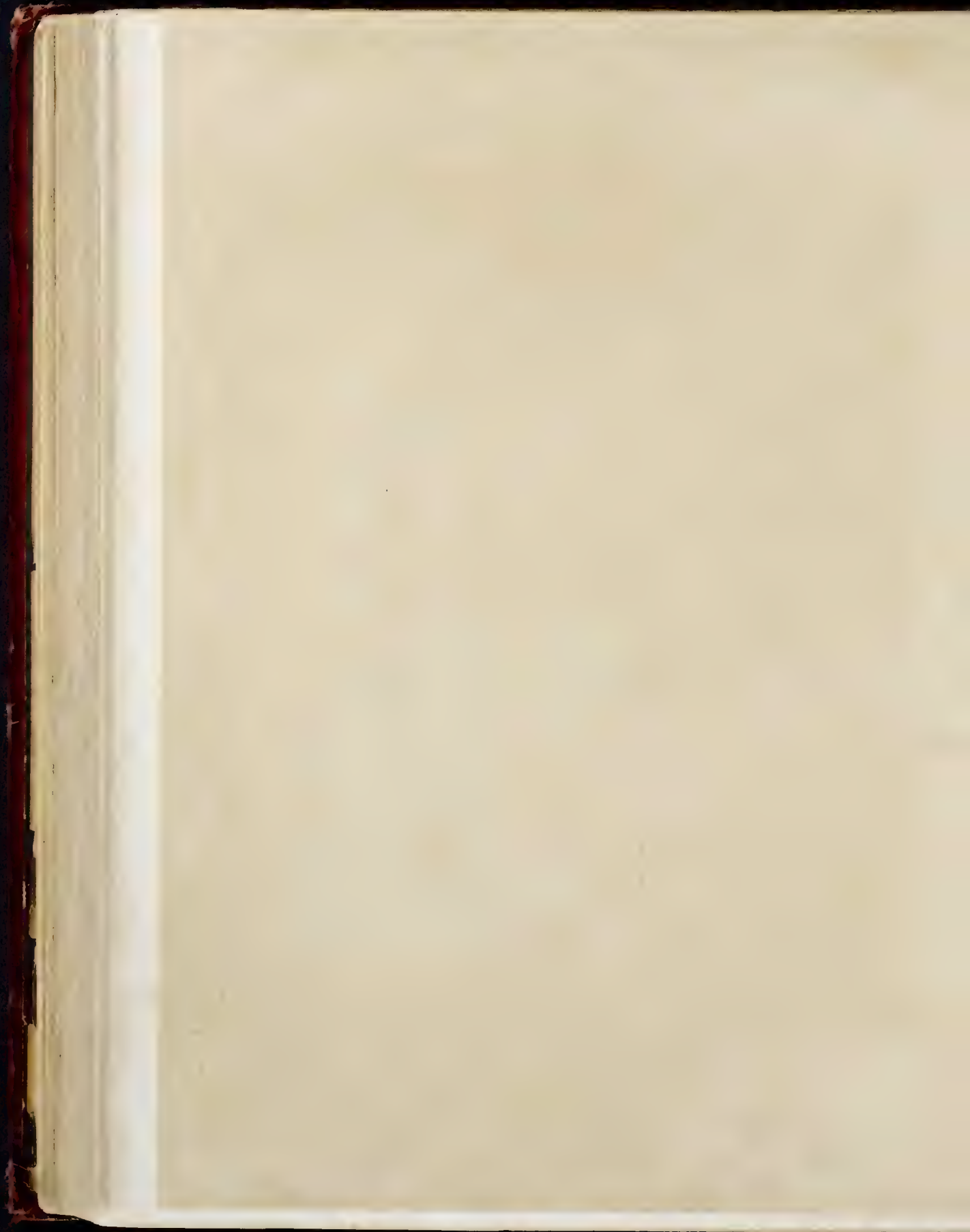




MELROSE

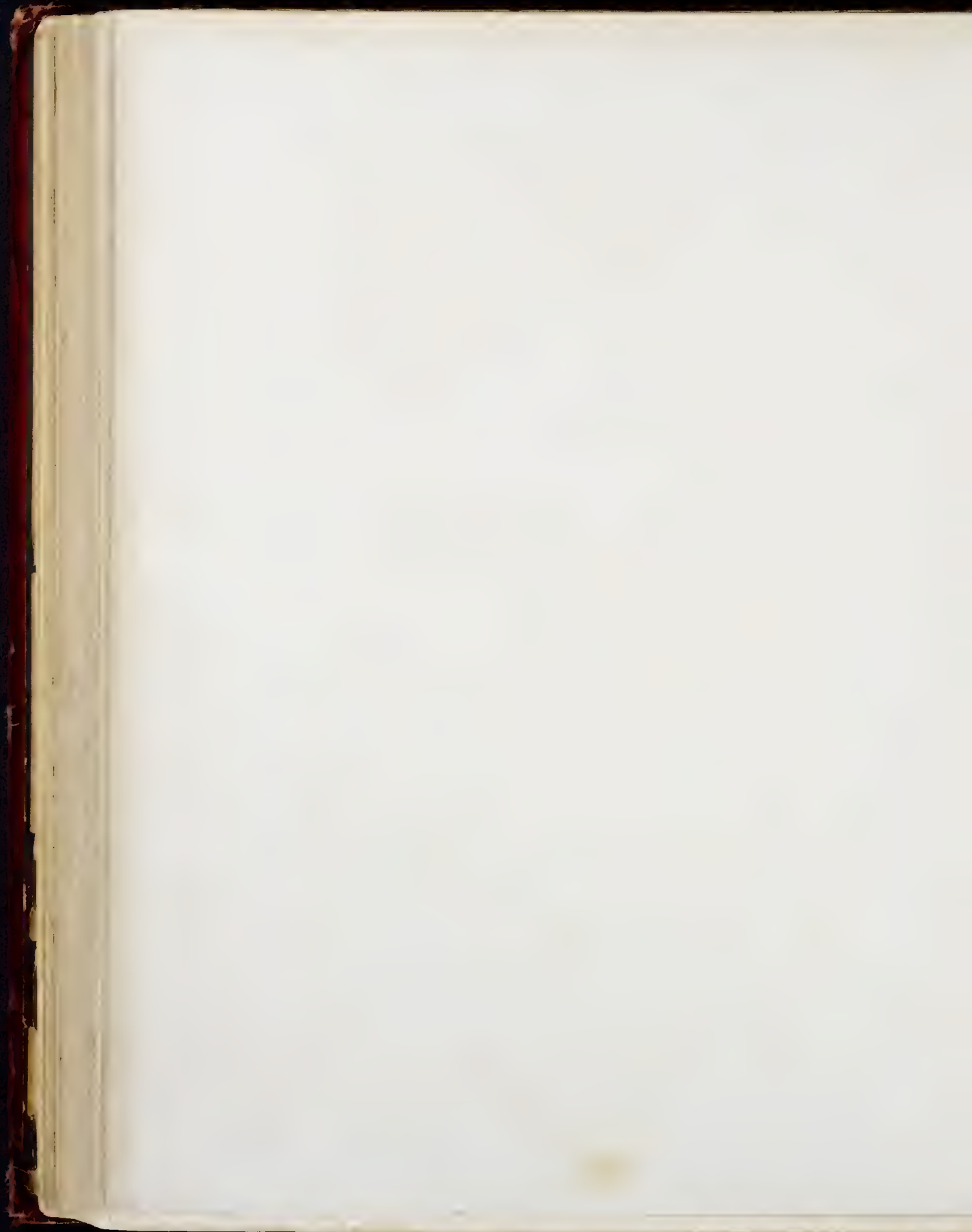












# LIST OF PICTURES PAINTED BY DAVID ROBERTS.

Date.	No.	Subject of Picture.	Buyer.	Price.	First Exhibited.
1821	1	New Abbey, Dumfriesshire . . . .	A dealer . . . .	Never paid for.	
	2	Old House, Cowgate, Edinburgh . . .	Baron Clerk-Rattray . . .	£2 10	Edinburgh.
	3	The Nether Bow, Edinburgh . . . .	James Stewart . . . .	2 10	"
1824	4	New Abbey, Dumfriesshire . . . .	Mrs. H. Bicknell . . . .	...	"
	5	Dryburgh Abbey—given to . . . .	Gosden . . . .		British Instit <sup>n</sup> .
	6	East Front, Melrose Abbey . . . .	Sir Felix Booth . . . .	26 5	British Artists.
	7	South Transept, Melrose Abbey . . .	" . . . .	26 5	"
1825	8	West Front, Notre Dame, Rouen . . .	" . . . .	84 0	"
	9	Entrance to the Church of St. Maclou, Rouen	M. A. Taylor, M.P. . . .	26 5	"
	10	South Transept of Notre Dame, Rouen .	" . . . .	26 5	"
	11	Part of the Church of St. Jacques, Dieppe	W. Robins . . . .	12 12	"
1826	12	Chancel of Church of St. Jacques, Dieppe	} Lord Northwick . . .	200 0	} British Instit <sup>n</sup> . R.A.
	13	Exterior of Rouen Cathedral . . . .			
	14	Interior of the Pantheon, or Church of St. Genevieve, Paris . . . .	Marquis of Stafford . . .	84 0	British Artists.
	15	Rue du Change, Rouen . . . .	A dealer . . . .	30 0	"
	16	Exterior of St. Jacques, Dieppe . . .	William Beckford . . .	52 10	"
1827	17	Entrance to St. Genevieve, Amiens . .	Colnaghi . . . .	...	R.A.
	18	Interior of Choir of York Minster . . .	" . . . .		"
	19	Marché au Blé, Abbeville . . . .	Robert Vernon . . . .	63 0	British Instit <sup>n</sup> .
	20	Part of Hotel de Ville, Louvain . . .	Sir Francis Freeling . . .	42 0	"
	21	Interior of St. Gudule, with the Oak Pul- pit, Brussels . . . .	... . .	...	"
	22	West End of Roslin Castle . . . .	Lord Carysfort . . . .	52 10	British Artists.
	23	Shrine of Edward the Confessor, West- minster Abbey . . . .	} Lord Northwick . . .	{ 84 0 157 10	{ " . . . " . . .
	24	Exterior of Cathedral of Notre Dame, Antwerp . . . .			
	25	Alloway Kirk—the scene of Burns' 'Tam o' Shanter' . . . .			
1828	26	Chancel of St. Rombauld, Tirlemont . .	" . . . .	31 10	British Instit <sup>n</sup> .
	27	Tower of St. Rombauld, Mechlin . . .	Duke of Bedford . . . .	26 5	British Artists.
	28	Entrance to a Church—composition . .	E. M. Westmacott . . .	8 8	"
	29	Exterior of St. Wulfstan, Abbeville . .	Buchan . . . .	40 0	"
	30	View in Abbeville . . . .	Marquis of Lansdowne . .	26 5	"
	31	The Barge, Southampton . . . .	Buchan . . . .	15 15	"

Date.	No.	Subject of Picture	Buyer.	Price.	First Exhibited.
1828	32	Exterior of Town Hall, Louvain . . .	William Wells	£21 0	
	33	Tower of St. Rombauld, Mechlin—a replica . . .	"	26 5	
	34	Chapel of the Virgin, St. Pierre, Caen . . .	Lord Northwick	84 0	British Instit <sup>n</sup> .
1829	35	Exterior of Church of St. Remy, Amiens . . .	Scarnel . . .	15 0	"
	36	Interior of St. Jacques, Dieppe—a replica . . .	W. Trotter . . .	...	Edinburgh.
	37	Exterior of Antwerp Cathedral—a replica . . .	Gritten . . .	...	"
	38	Exterior of Town-Hall, Ghent . . .	J. P. Ord . . .	31 10	"
	39	Exterior of St. Maclou, Rouen . . .	"	31 10	"
	40	Interior of St. Rombauld, Tirllemont . . .	Lord Farnborough	52 10	British Artists.
	41	Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt— a composition . . .	Lord Northwick	...	"
1830	42	Choir of the Church of St. Pierre, Caen . . .	William Wells	84 0	"
	43	Exterior of the Chapel of the Virgin, St. Pierre, Caen . . .	J. P. Ord . . .	84 0	"
	44	Ruins of the Monastery of the Black Friars, St. Andrews . . .	Walker . . .	21 0	"
	45	Ruins of Cathedral of St. Regulus, St. Andrews . . .	Redfern . . .	26 5	"
	46	Composition of Hindoo Architecture . . .	Captain Grindlay	21 0	"
	47	Exterior of St. Pierre, Caen—given to . . .	E. Child . . .	...	"
	48	Exterior of South Transept, Rouen Cathedral —given to . . .	E. Child . . .	...	"
	49	Exterior of Church of St. Lawrence, Rotter- dam—given to . . .	D. R. Hay . . .	...	"
	50	The Castle of Nuremberg, on the Rhine— given to . . .	John Jackson	...	"
	51	The Shrine—a composition . . .	Marquis of Lansdowne	...	R.A.
1831	52	Exterior of Great Entrance to Rouen Cathedral . . .	D. R. Hay . . .	105 0	British Artists.
	53	Interior of Church of St. Sauveur, Caen . . .	Marquis of Lansdowne	...	British Instit <sup>n</sup> .
	54	Ruins—a composition . . .	Robert Vernon	36 15	"
	55	Interior of a Church—a composition . . .	Earl of Essex . . .	21 0	"
	56	Ruins of Cathedral of St. Rule, St. Andrews . . .	Duke of Bedford . . .	26 5	British Artists.
	57	Part of the South Front of the Courtyard of Falkland Palace . . .	...	...	"
	58	Interior of a Church, a composition— given to . . .	John Fawcett . . .	...	"
1832	59	Grand Staircase, Stafford House . . .	Marquis of Stafford . . .	200 0	"
	60	View on the Rhine . . .	Charles Farley . . .	14 0	"
	61	Ruins—a composition . . .	...	105 0	British Artists.
	62	Exterior of St. Lawrence, Rotterdam—a replica . . .	...	26 5	British Instit <sup>n</sup> .
	63	Interior of Lady Chapel, St. Pierre, Caen . . .	James Stewart . . .	26 5	British Artists.
	64	The Fallen Tower, Heidelberg . . .	...	...	"
	65	Edinburgh Castle from the Grassmarket . . .	Lord Wharnccliffe . . .	63 0	"
1834	66	Interior of Seville Cathedral . . .	D. R. Hay . . .	300 0	British Instit <sup>n</sup> .
	67	Exterior of the Tower of the Giralda— Painted at Seville . . .	G. G. Barrett . . .	115 10	British Artists.
	68	Interior of a Flemish Church . . .	General Phipps . . .	36 15	"
	69	Interior of a Church . . .	J. Fairley . . .	52 10	"
	70	Tower of Church of St. Nicholas, Cordova . . .	Cawston . . .	14 0	"
	71	The Tower of the Giralda, Seville . . .	T. Dyson . . .	25 0	"
	72	View on the Rhine . . .	Charles Farley . . .	10 10	R.A.
1835	73	Old Houses on the Durro, Granada . . .	J. Sheepshanks . . .	54 10	"



## LIST OF PICTURES.

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Date.	No.	Subject of Picture.	Buyer.	Price.	First Exhibited.
1835	74	Exterior of Cathedral, Burgos	Captain Barrett	£150 0	R.A.
	75	Fortress of the Alhambra, Granada	Lord Northwick	52 10	
	76	Interior of Chapel in the Cathedral, Bayonne	Gritten	20 0	"
	77	Exterior of Lady Chapel, Bordeaux Cathedral	"	20 0	
	78	Moorish Tower and Bridge, Cordova	"	52 10	British Artists.
	79	Part of Exterior of Cathedral, Burgos	Duke of Sutherland	50 0	
	80	Court of the Lions, Alhambra	Count Jenison	31 10	
	81	Old Houses on the Darro, Granada	Artaria	26 5	
	82	Gate of St. Jean, Bordeaux	Hastings	21 0	
	83	Part of the Castle of Marchinella, Andalusia—given to	Bright		
	84	Interior of the Cathedral, Burgos	Robert Vernon	38 10	
	85	Interior of Chapel in Bayonne Cathedral	Wadmore	37 15	
	86	Gateway of Monastery of the Carmelites, Burgos—given to	J. Clarke		
1836	87	Interior of Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, Granada	William Beckford	262 10	R.A.
1837	88	St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill, with the Lord Mayor's Procession	E. Goodall	42 0	
	89	Exterior of St. Paul's Cathedral, with the Lord Mayor's Procession	J. Clarke		
	90	Ruins of an Abbey—given to	Alexander Perie		
	91	Edinburgh Castle—given to	J. McGregor		
	92	General View of the Alhambra, Granada	Marquis of Lansdowne	315 0	"
	93	General View of the Alhambra—a small replica	Thomas Miller		
	94	Interior of the Mosque of Cordova	F. Hall Standish	105 0	
	95	Tomb of the Percy Family, Beverley Minster—given to	Mrs. H. Bicknell		
	96	Tower of the Church of St. Mark, Seville			
	97	Part of the Alhambra	Count Jenison		
1838	98	High Altar of Cathedral at Seville	F. Hall Standish	105 0	
	99	Exterior of Church of Ferdinand and Isabella, Granada—given to	E. Bicknell		
1840	100	Interior of the Greek Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem	F. Hall Standish	200 0	"
	101	Outer Court of the Temple of Edfou, Egypt	"	200 0	"
	102	Gate of Metwalis, Cairo	H.M. The Queen	105 0	"
	103	Remains of the Portico of the Lesser Temple at Baalbec	E. Bicknell	250 0	"
	104	Statue of the Vocal Memnon, Thebes—Sunrise	"	100 0	"
1841	105	Bazaar of the Coppersmiths, Cairo	G. Knott	210 0	British Instit <sup>n</sup> .
	106	Ruins of Baalbec—Lebanon in the distance	"	420 0	R.A.
	107	Bridge of Toledo	H.M. The Queen	52 10	"
	108	Fountain on the Prado, Madrid	"	52 10	"
	109	Portico of the Great Temple, Dendera, Upper Egypt	D. Barclay, M.P.	330 0	"
	110	Do.—a replica	Rev. W. Hurnard	100 0	"
	111	Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives	Lord Monson	330 0	"
1842	112	Interior of the Church of St. Miguel, Xerez	E. Bicknell	105 0	"
	113	Thebes, looking across the Great Hall, Karnac	Llewellyn	200 0	"

## LIST OF PICTURES.

Date.	No.	Subject of Picture.	Buyer.	Price.	First Exhibited.
1842	114	Termination of the Ravine leading to Petra—given to	E. Bicknell jun.	...	R.A.
	115	Interior of Church of St Helena, Mount Sinai	D. Barclay, M.P.	£210 0	"
	116	Ruins of Temple of Kom Ombo—given to	Mrs. H. Bicknell	...	"
	117	Gateway of Temple of Baalbec—diploma picture	Royal Academy	...	"
1843	118	Ruins on the Island of Philæ, Nubia	J. Pell	100 0	"
	119	Interior of Roslin Chapel	J. Sheepshanks	105 0	"
	120	The Gate of the Mosque of Metwalis, Cairo	"	105 0	"
	121	Entrance to the Crypt, Roslin Chapel	G. Knott	157 10	"
	122	Interior of Church of Stanford-on-Avon	Barness Blaye	126 0	"
1844	123	The Pyramids of Ghezeh—Sunset	"	126 0	"
	124	The Temple called Pharaoh's Bed, Philæ	Grundy	...	"
	125	Interior of Chapel in the Church of St. Jean, Caen	Bacon	210 0	"
	126	Interior of Chapel of the Virgin, St. Pierre, Caen	"	84 0	"
	127	Interior of Roslin Chapel	J. Feilden	100 0	"
	128	Ruins of the Temple at Baalbec	T. Dyson	31 10	"
	129	Ruins of Temple of Erment	"	31 10	"
1845	130	Ruins of the Great Temple of Karnac	J. Arden	400 0	"
	131	Jerusalem from the South-East	Lord Fitz Egeiton	315 0	"
	132	Porch of Roslin Chapel—given to	T. McKelvey	...	"
	133	Interior of Roslin Chapel—given to	P. S. Fraser	...	"
	134	Street in St. Lo, Normandy	W. Wethered	50 0	"
	135	Interior of Melrose Abbey	E. Bicknell	40 0	"
	136	Interior of Church of St. Pierre, Caen	W. Wethered	20 0	"
1846	137	Ruins of the Temple of the Sun, Baalbec	G. Young	105 0	British Instit.
	138	Grand Cairo from the high ground to the East of the City	"	...	R.A.
	139	Tombs of the Caliphs, Cairo	G. Young	105 0	"
	140	Ruins of the Temple of the Sun, Baalbec	James Foster	210 0	"
	141	Street in Grand Cairo	E. Bicknell	52 10	"
	142	High Altar of St. Antoine, Ghent	Art Union	200 0	"
1847	143	Edinburgh from the Castle	S. Jones Loyd, M.P.	525 0	"
	144	Interior, a Recollection of Spain—Composition	J. Arden	110 0	"
	145	West Front of Antwerp Cathedral	R. Newell, n.	210 0	"
	146	Baalbec, Surprise of a Caravan—given to	The Garrick Club	...	"
	147	Craigmillar Castle—given to	J. Meadows	...	"
	148	Ruins of Baalbec	A. Fraser	...	"
1848	149	Chancel of the Collegiate Church of St. Paul, Antwerp	Robert Vernon	350 0	"
	150	Ruins of Temple of Hermonthes, Upper Egypt	"	...	"
	151	Mount St. Michael, Coast of Normandy	James Foster	250 0	"
	152	Mount St. Michael, from the Sands—given to	Mrs. H. Bicknell	...	"
	153	Interior of a Church, composition—given to	"	...	"
1849	154	Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus	Newell	500 0	"
	155	Roberts' Interview with the Pacha of Egypt	"	...	"
1850	156	Interior of St. Gomar, Lierre	E. Bicknell	315 0	"

## LIST OF PICTURES.

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Year.	No.	Subject of Picture.	Buyer.	Price.	First Exhibited.
1851	157	Interior of St. Jacques, Antwerp . . .	S. Rucker . . .	£315 0	R.A.
	158	Shrine of St. Gonaar, Lierre . . .	R. Newsham . . .	105 0	"
	159	The Sanctuary of the Koran, Mosque of Cordova . . .	T. G. Fonnereau . . .	52 10	"
	160	Entrance to the Great Temple of Aboosimbel in Nubia . . .	" . . .	52 10	"
	161	Remains of the Eastern Portico of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, Mount Lebanon in the distance . . .	S. Rucker . . .	157 10	"
	162	View looking from under the Portico of the Great Temple of Edfou, Upper Egypt . . .	Gambart . . .	80 0	"
	163	Ruins, Egypt—given to . . .	F. Rogers . . .		
	164	The Sea of Galilee—given to . . .	Mrs. H. Bicknell . . .		
	165	The Simoom—given to . . .	Charles Dickens . . .		
	166	Portico of the Temple of Philæ . . .	...	250 0	British Institn.
	167	Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh . . .	W. H. Playfair . . .	200 0	
	168	High Altar of St. Jacques, Bruges . . .	...		R.A.
	169	Entrance to the North Transept, Crystal Palace . . .	H.M. The Queen . . .		
	170	Surprise of the Caravan—Scene in Syria . . .	James Davis . . .	500 0	"
	171	Interior of St. Ann's, Bruges . . .	T. Jackson . . .	400 0	"
1852	172	Interior of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna . . .	T. Cubitt . . .	500 0	"
	173	Venice—the Piazzetta and Ducal Palace . . .	" . . .	400 0	"
	174	Exterior of Antwerp Cathedral . . .	" . . .	300 0	"
	175	Lucerne—given to . . .	Mrs. H. Bicknell . . .		
1853	176	Proposed restoration of the Temple of the Sun at Tivoli on a rock called Dunsapie, near Edinburgh . . .	S. Christie, M.P. . .	84 0	"
	177	Gibraltar and the African Coast—given to . . .	Mrs. H. Bicknell . . .		
	178	Entrance to Carmona—given to . . .	J. Merewether . . .		
	179	Elgin Cathedral, from the Lossie . . .	Gambart . . .	50 0	
	180	Dunblane Cathedral . . .	" . . .	50 0	
	181	Ruins of the Temple of Kom Ombo, Morning . . .	" . . .	125 0	
	182	Ruins of the Temple of Kom Ombo, Evening . . .	" . . .	125 0	
	183	Caerlaverock Castle . . .	" . . .	125 0	
	184	Church of the Jesuits, Grand Canal, Venice . . .	" . . .	125 0	
	185	Venice, the Ducal Palace . . .	Lord Londeshorough . . .	525 0	"
	186	Rome from Mount Onofrio—Finished Sketch for the Edinburgh picture . . .	Mrs. H. Bicknell . . .		
	187	Inauguration of the International Exhibition, May 1851 . . .	H.M. The Queen . . .	630 0	"
	188	Interior of Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna . . .	J. Davis . . .	525 0	"
	189	Street in Verona . . .	J. H. Turner . . .	136 10	"
	190	Bethlehem, looking towards the Dead Sea . . .	W. Basball . . .	165 0	"
1854	191	View on the Canal of the Guidecca, Venice . . .	A. Brooks . . .	250 0	"
	192	Town of Tiberias, Mount Hermon in the distance . . .	" . . .	150 0	Winter Exhib <sup>n</sup> .
	193	Saida, looking towards the range of Lebanon . . .	" . . .	150 0	"
	194	The Dogana and St. Maria della Salute, Venice—given to . . .	Mrs. H. Bicknell . . .		
	195	Interior of St. Peter's, Rome—Christmas Day, 1853 . . .	T. Cubitt . . .	1050 0	R.A.
1855	196	Rome from the Convent of St. Onofrio—given to . . .	R. Scottish Academy . . .		

No.	No.	Subject of Picture.	Buyer.	Price.	First Exhibited.
1855	197	Ruins of Temple at Paestum . . . . .	R. Newsham . . . . .	£157 10	
	198	Ruins of Temple of Paestum—different view	W. Williams . . . . .	157 10	
	199	Façade of the Temple of Neptune, Paestum	Llewellyn . . . . .	200 0	
	200	Approach to the Grand Canal, Venice . . .	Jos. Miller . . . . .	150 0	R.A.
	201	St. Peter's, Rome, from the Villa Madama —given to	Mrs. J. Arden . . . . .	...	"
	202	Interior of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna —small replica	W. Wethered . . . . .	157 10	"
	203	The Opening of the Crystal Palace, Syden- ham, finished Sketch—given to	Sir J. Paxton, M.P. Mrs. H. Bicknell		"
1856	204	Tower of Santa Fosca, Torcello—given to	Rev. James White		"
	205	Roslin Castle—given to	Thos. Miller . . . . .	210 0	"
	206	Interior of St. Jacques, Bruges . . . . .	Rollins . . . . .	210 0	"
	207	Monuments of the Scaligeri, Verona . . .		...	"
	208	Monument to Bartolomeo Colleoni, S.S. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice . . . . .	James T. Caird	210 0	"
	209	Mount St. Michael, Normandy . . . . .	T. Baring, M.P.	600 0	"
	210	Interior of Church of St. Gomar, Lierre . .	Aldn. Salomons, M.P.	525 0	"
	211	The Basilica of San Lorenzo, Rome— Interior . . . . .		...	"
	212	The Piazza Navona, Rome . . . . .	E. Bicknell . . . . .	157 10	"
1857	213	Tyre . . . . .		157 10	"
	214	Sidon . . . . .	J. Holdsworth . . . . .	650 0	"
	215	Interior of the Duomo, Milan . . . . .		...	"
	216	San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice . . . . .	Mrs. E. Berry . . . . .	...	"
1858	217	Ruins of Baalbec —given to	Mrs. H. Bicknell	...	"
	218	Distant View of Edinburgh . . . . .		...	"
	219	The Ducal Palace, Venice . . . . .		...	"
	220	The High Altar in the Church of S.S. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice . . . . .	James T. Caird	630 0	"
	221	Edinburgh from the Calton Hill . . . . .	Robert Napier . . . . .	525 0	"
1859	222	Ruins of the Forum Romanum . . . . .	William Herbert	220 0	"
	223	Entrance to Pisa . . . . .	Gambart . . . . .	200 0	"
	224	Exterior of St. Maria della Salute, Venice	James T. Caird		"
	225	View on the Via Appia, Rome—given to	Mrs. H. Bicknell	420 0	"
	226	Market Place, Verona . . . . .	Gambart . . . . .	200 0	"
	227	Interior of Mark's Cathedral, Venice . . .	H. W. Eaton . . . . .	630 0	"
	228	Interior of St. Mark's, Venice—another view	Theophilus Burnand	262 10	"
	229	Interior of Cathedral, Pisa . . . . .	B. Preston . . . . .	525 0	"
	230	The Forum, Rome . . . . .	W. Wethered . . . . .	52 10	"
	231	Forum and Temple of Jupiter, Rome . . .		52 10	"
	232	Arch of Titus, Rome—given to . . . . .	Mrs. H. Bicknell		"
	233	Ruins of Kom Ombo, Nile . . . . .	Rev. James White		"
	234	Ruins of Temple of Neptune, Pozzuolo . .		...	"
	235	Temple of Pallas, Rome . . . . .	Gambart . . . . .	100 0	"
	236	Ruins of the Forum of Nerva, Rome . . .		100 0	"
1860	237	Great Square of St. Mark, Venice . . . . .		525 0	"
	238	Street in Antwerp . . . . .	J. B. Bunning . . . . .	150 0	"
	239	Approach to the Forum, Rome . . . . .	R. Ravenhill . . . . .	210 0	"
	240	The Colosseum, Rome—Evening . . . . .		210 0	"
	241	The Cathedral and Piazza, Brescia . . . .	Plateau . . . . .	157 10	"
	242	Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives— painted on a Proof of his unpub- lished Plate . . . . .		105 0	"



## LIST OF PICTURES.

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Date.	No.	Subject of Picture.	Buyer.	Price.	First Exhibited.
1860	243	On the Grand Canal, Venice—given to	James Mereweather		
	244	Piazza of St. Mark, Venice, looking towards the Canal	Gambart . . . .	£200 0	R.A.
	245	Piazza of St. Mark, Venice, from the Canal	" . . . .	200 0	"
	246	Jerusalem, looking south	" . . . .	400 0	"
	247	Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo, Rome—given to	Mrs. H. Bicknell		
	248	A Fête-Day at St. Peter's, Rome—Interior	Robert Napier . .	840 0	"
	249	Interior of Collegiate Church of St. Paul, Antwerp—given to	Mrs. J. T. Caird		
1861	250	Interior of Church of S.S. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice	Mrs. H. Bicknell		
	251	Temple of the Sun, Baalbec	D. Dunbar . . . .	700 0	"
	252	Interior of Chancel, St. Paul's, Antwerp	A. Burnand . . . .	525 0	"
	253	The Houses of Parliament from Millbank	C. Lucas . . . .	210 0	"
	254	Somerset House and the Adelphi from Hungerford	" . . . .	210 0	"
	255	St. Paul's from Waterloo Bridge	" . . . .	210 0	"
	256	Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey	" . . . .	210 0	"
	257	The New Palace of Westminster from the Thames	" . . . .	525 0	"
	258	Greenwich Hospital from the River	" . . . .	525 0	"
	259	St. Paul's Cathedral from Blackfriars	" . . . .	525 0	"
	260	Interior of Chapel in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Bruges	Lancaster . . . .	420 0	"
1862	261	Egyptian Temple and Pyramids, a composition—given to	Mrs. H. Bicknell		
	262	Egyptian composition—given to	Dr. Bence Jones		
	263	The Ducal Palace from the Grand Canal, Venice	Gambart . . . .	210 0	French Gallery.
	264	The Dogana and Santa Maria, Venice	" . . . .	210 0	R.A.
1863	265	Edinburgh from Calton Hill, looking west	" . . . .	105 0	"
	266	Edinburgh from Calton Hill, looking east	" . . . .	105 0	"
	267	The Brig o' Doon, Ayr—given to	James Ballantine		
	268	Interior of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna	J. B. Bunning . . .	210 0	"
	269	Interior of Milan Cathedral	T. Burnand . . . .	525 0	"
	270	St. Paul's from the River, looking east	C. Lucas . . . .	210 0	"
	271	St. Paul's from the Thames, looking west—sunset	" . . . .	210 0	"
	272	Site of the Capitol from the Tiber, Rome	Gambart . . . .	262 10	"
	273	Interior of Church of St. Jacques, Bruges	" . . . .	262 10	"
	274	Rome, View on the Tiber looking towards Mounts Palatine and Aventine	" . . . .	262 10	"
	275	Interior of Church of St. Jean, Caen	" . . . .	262 10	"
	276	View of the Mausoleum of Hadrian, better known as the Castle of St. Angelo, from the Villa Barberini, Rome	T. J. Miller, M.P. .	630 0	"
	277	Interior of Chapel in the Church of Dixmude	J. Pender, M.P. . .	630 0	"
	278	Interior of Basilica of St. Peter, Rome—small replica of Mr. Napier's	Gambart . . . .	525 0	"
	279	St. Andrews from the Sea—given to	Mrs. H. Bicknell		

Though Roberts repeated many of his subjects, and often painted the same church from a different point, he always varied his figures and the effect of light and shade, so that, though many of his pictures are called replicas, no two are alike. An illustration of the rise of price in some of his pictures is given below.

No.	23 in the foregoing list,	original cost	£s4	o	resold for	£315	o
..	26	..	31	10	..	320	0
..	52	..	105	0	..	367	10
..	68	..	36	15	..	120	0
..	85	..	37	15	..	135	0
..	94	..	105	0	..	300	0
..	98	..	105	0	..	300	0
..	100	..	200	0	..	483	0
..	101	..	200	0	..	378	0
..	118	..	100	0	..	462	0
..	128	..	31	10	..	95	11
..	170	..	500	0	..	840	0
..	171	..	400	0	..	1000	0
..	188	..	525	0	..	1820	0
..	215	..	650	0	..	1070	0
..	237	..	525	0	..	1050	0
..	278	..	525	0	..	945	0

Seven pictures painted for Elhanan Bicknell, costing £1045, sold at the Hernehill sale for £4373:5s.; and on the same occasion one of the Spanish sketches, originally sold to Jennings at £20, brought £430:10s., and another £262:10s.

Mrs. Henry Bicknell, being anxious that the mass of her father's works which had not been seen by the public should be more generally known, had them exhibited in the Architectural Society's Rooms, Conduit Street, London, in February 1865. There were about 70 sketches in oil, and about 800 water-colour drawings and sketches; and the exhibition, which remained open for three months, was visited by many thousands of the lovers of art, and excited universal wonder and admiration, not more at the beauty of the drawings, than the facility of execution which had enabled one artist to produce so great a variety of charming pictures. Such of the drawings and sketches as Mrs. Bicknell did not select to keep were sold in May at Christie's. The sale lasted six days, and consisted of nearly 1100 lots, realising between £16,000 and £17,000.

Roberts contributed illustrations to many publications, of which the following are the most important:—

Bulwer's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 1834.

The *Landscape Annual* for four years, 1835 to 1838.

Roberts' *Picturesque Views in Spain*, published 1837.

The publication of Roberts' great work, *Sketches in the Holy Land, Syria, and Egypt*, commenced in 1842 and was completed in 1849. The large plates measured 19 inches by 13, the vignettes 13 by 9.

He also furnished a number of drawings for *Scotland Delineated*, published in 1847.

His 'Departure of the Israelites from Egypt' was engraved in mezzotint by Quilley—size 28 inches by 18.

'Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus' was lithographed in colours by Louis Haghe—size 42 inches by 27.

'Interior of the Crystal Palace of 1851,' from a picture in the royal collection, was lithographed in colours by Louis Haghe—size 24 inches by 18.

'Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives' was commenced in mezzotint by D. Lucas, but is still unfinished and unpublished—size 36 inches by 20½.







#245

Lot 204 Belgarda 11 June 76

Baillantine, James

*The Life of David Roberts, M.A. Edinburgh, 1866.*

This copy numbered 67, and represents one of an  
unknown sized edition with an original calotype.  
This edition not in the British Museum.





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